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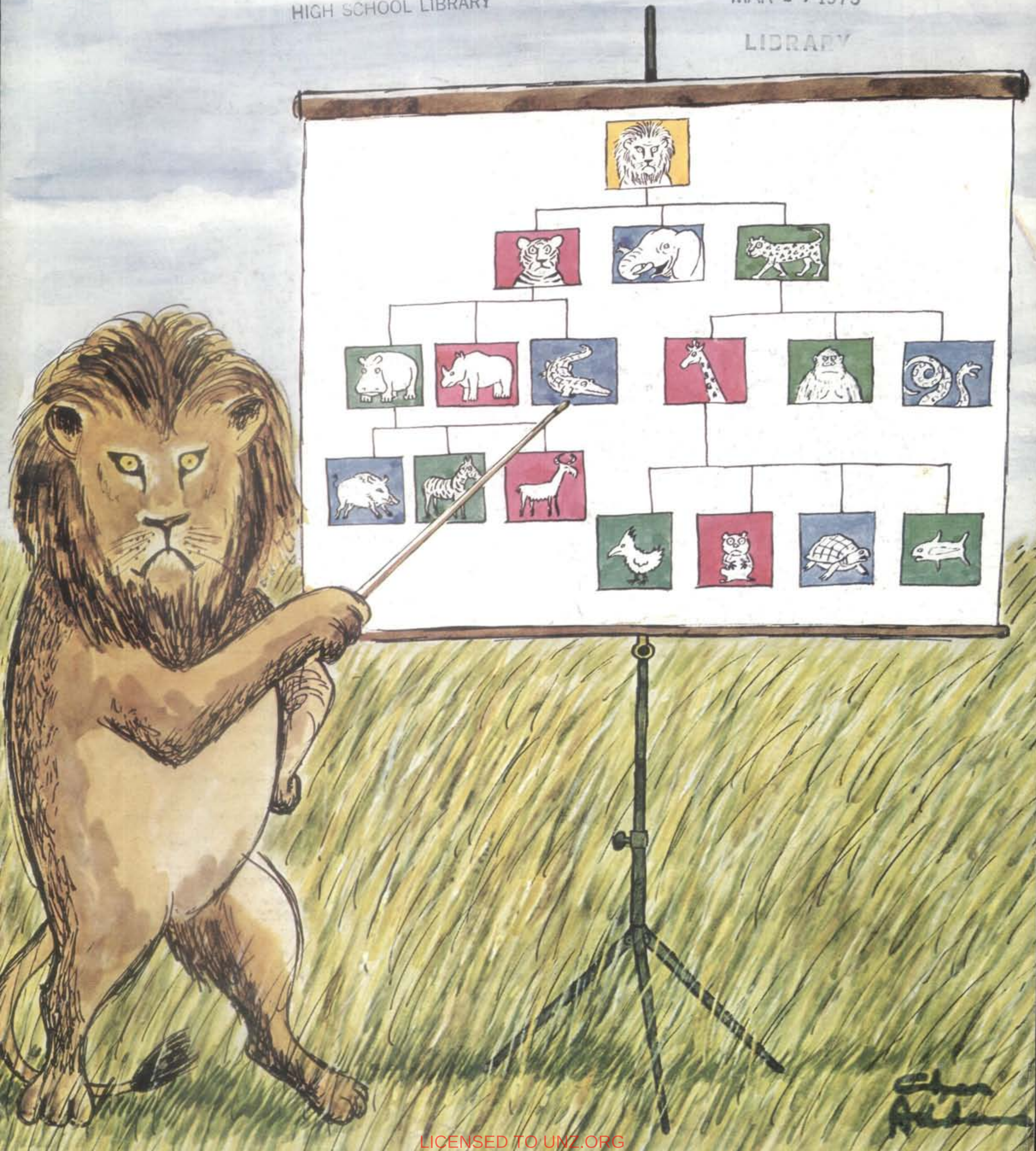

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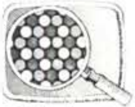

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XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

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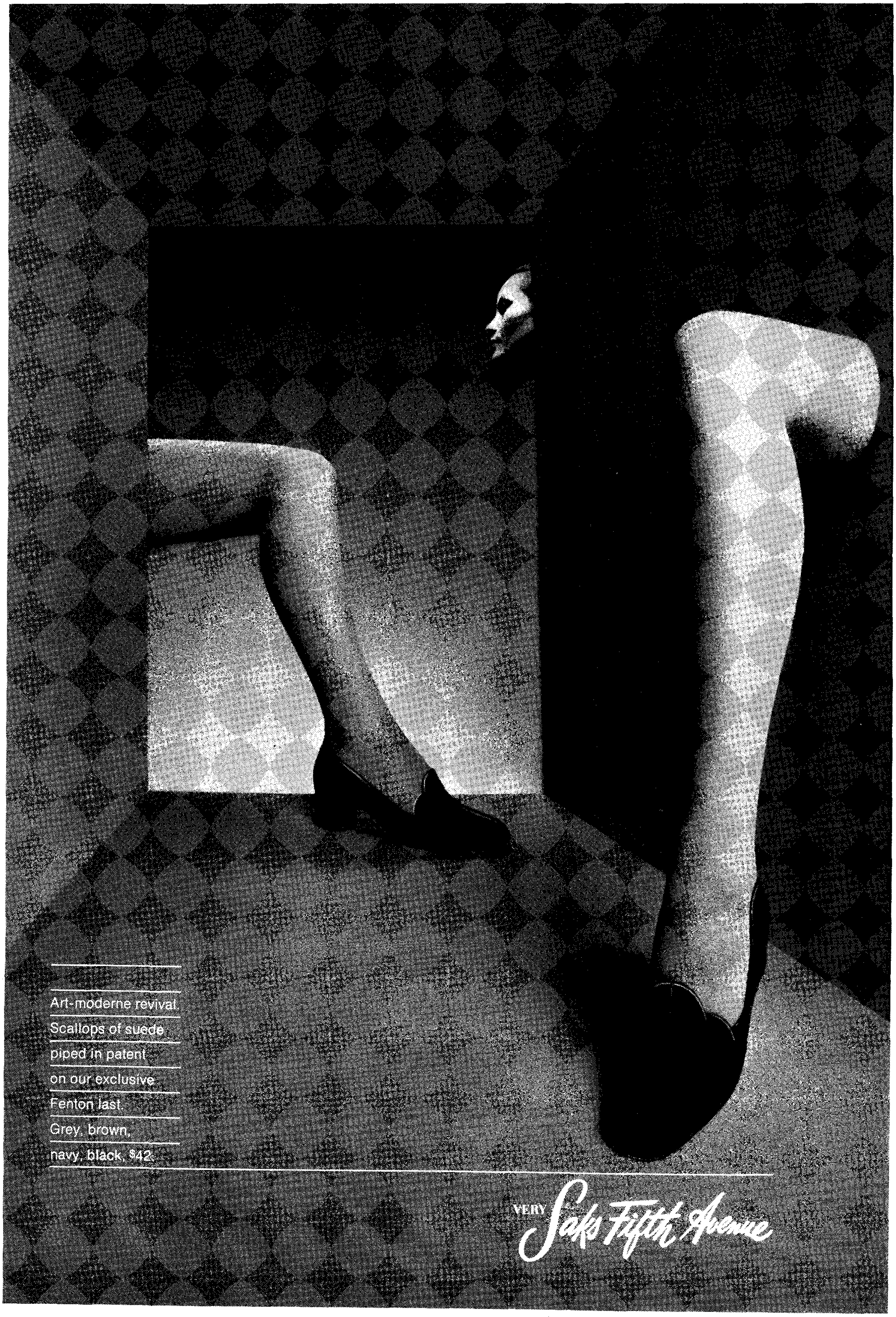
## Color you can count on.

RCA XL-100
100% SOLID STATE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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Aesop's Fables**—A rock opera with a score by William Russo and a text by Jon Swan, and done by the Performing Ensemble of the Chicago Free Theatre. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7 and 10; Saturdays at 7, 10, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

**And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers**—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

**Anna K.**—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. Reopens Thursday, Sept. 7. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**The Beggar's Opera**—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell in a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Returns for a limited engagement on Friday, Sept. 15. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 13-14. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Crazy Now**—A musical with a score by Norman Sachs, and a book and lyrics by Richard Smithies and Maura Cavanagh. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 7. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope**—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Don't Play Us Cheap!**—An all-black musical by Melvin Van Peebles that smells curiously of burnt cork. With an excellent cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Grease**—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Hark!**—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Man of La Mancha**—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**The Real Inspector Hound and After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Small Craft Warnings**—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there is a superior performance by William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Sometimes a Hard Head Makes a Soft Behind**—An all-black play by J.E. Gaines. The setting is Harlem. There is one strong scene in which the dramatist himself appears as a deadly calm, menacing pusher, but the other scenes, for all the authenticity of their details, are not very strong. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 10.)

**Sugar**—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . 29

"EDWARDS, AMELIA" . . . . . . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 34

"WICKLOW" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 35

"A ROOM IN LINDEN" . . . . . . . . . . *Benedict Kiely* 36

"SUBPLOT" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Jack Butler* 40

A REPORTER AT LARGE (ATLANTIC CITY AND MONOPOLY) . . . . *John McPhee* 45

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 67

THE ART WORLD . . . . . . . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 72

LETTER FROM ROME . . . . . . . . . . *William Murray* 84

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . . . . . . *Audax Minor* 96

THE SPORTING SCENE (THE OLYMPICS) . . . . . . . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 98

"AFTER THE RAIN" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Anthony Hecht* 111

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 112

BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . *John Updike* 115

BRIEFLY NOTED . . . . . . . . . . 124

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

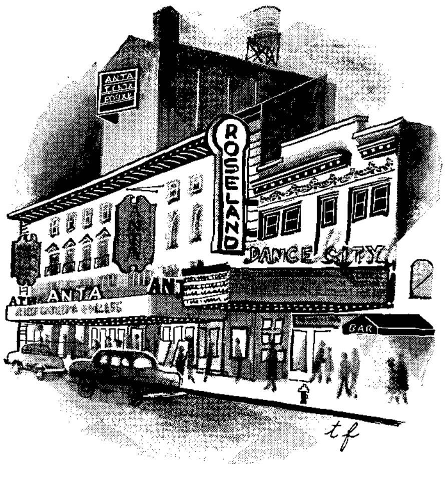
Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**That Championship Season**—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Moves uptown, after a week's vacation, for a Broadway opening on Thursday, Sept. 14; previews Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 11-13. Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Long Runs**—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,142 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Art Carney and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## DANCE PROGRAMS

**Antonio Gades Spanish Dance Company**—A two-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Sept. 6, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 17. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)



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## MISCELLANY

**Rodeo**—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, girls' barrel-racing, and more. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 6-8, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

**National Mexican Festival and Rodeo**—Marches, drills, and riding events set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their eleven-year-old son, Toñito, head the troupe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 17, at 2 and 6.)

# NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Arthur's Tavern,** 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine and twelve-thirty, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to two, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up *autres temps, autres mœurs*. Closed Sundays.

**Bitter End,** 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—"Spanish Pipedream," with its happy-go-dropout lyrics ("Blow up your TV, throw away your paper . . .") is one of the best of John Prine's songs. The young singer-sage will perform through Monday, Sept. 11. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

**Boomer's,** 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Thursdays through Sundays, Sept. 7-10 and Sept. 14-17, pianist and composer Bobby Timmons will be in charge of a trio. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. A duo led by pianist Hall Overton starts Tuesday, Sept. 12. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist sub for the regulars. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Cellar,** 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Music Wednesday through Saturday from ten to four. The food is intended to please both palate and soul.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams is at the Steinway, assisted by a bassist, and everything is as it should be. She finishes her engagement Tuesday, Sept. 12. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 13-16, Eddie Heywood will be back at the keyboard. On Sundays, Dick Katz, piano, and Lyn Christie, bass, do the job. Eight until one. Dining.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk—entertain with generally good cheer. Bassist Richard Davis and saxophonist Clifford Jordan will lead a quintet, alternating with a foursome headed by guitarist Pat Martino, in an all-jazz program through Saturday, Sept. 9. Singer-pianist Kate McGarrigle and singer Joanne Beretta open Tuesday, Sept. 12. Sounds from nine.

**Gaslight,** 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—One of the more significant coffeehouses, in which one often is able to find an answer to the question "What's happening?"—musically, at any rate. Entertainment every night.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with a bassist six nights a week, from nine-thirty to three. From five-thirty to eight, singer-pianist Tad Bruce does some subdued and tasteful tunes. Snacks.

**Guitar,** 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 6-9, and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 12-16, Joe Puma and Chuck Wayne will be playing twin guitars, trading sets with a skilled classicist named Bill Matthews. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

**Half Note,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds, and sometimes there is brilliance, too, in this old jazz room. The frequently scintillating J.P.J. Quartet, powered by Budd Johnson's lyrical soprano and tenor saxes, arrives Tuesday, Sept. 12. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

**Max's Kansas City,** 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Four girls known as Birtha remain through Sunday, Sept. 10. Bobby Whitlock, a singer, guitarist, and songwriter who in the past has worked with Delaney & Bonnie and Eric Clapton, will come in with a band on Tuesday, Sept. 12. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight, after which people may dance to records until two. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight until two, Barbara Carroll brings her practiced hands to the pianoforte. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Muggs,** 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mel Dancy sings and plays jazz piano, accompanied by Skip Crumby-Bey on bass, in a relaxed setting. Music Mondays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Dining.

**Red Garter,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old mov-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

**Tony's Place,** 241 E. 86th St. (348-2233)—A new uptown jazz room consisting of a bar and a back room with space for dancing. Ruby Braff, one of the most melodic of cornettists, is conducting his experienced, tightly knit quartet (Hank Jones on piano, George Mraz on bass, Dottie Dodgion on drums) Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to two-forty-five. Snacks.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Bill Evans, who picked up a couple of Grammy awards earlier this year, is leading his carefully matched trio in this old Village landmark. From nine, and between Evans sets, Bill Rubenstein takes comfortable command of the piano. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up. Dining.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The sound is day-after-tomorrow, with pianist McCoy Tyner directing his quartet through Sunday, Sept. 10, and reed man Pharoah Sanders bringing in his sextet on Tuesday, Sept. 12. Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band takes over. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson Monday through Wednesday, and by Joanne Brackeen and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

**Your Father's Mustache,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from seven to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

**L'Etoile,** 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

**Hippopotamus,** 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, The Vix do pop songs. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

**Thursday's,** 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

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**Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, David Brenner will fill in for Mr. D. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7.

**Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Songs and funny sayings are the order of the evening by a bunch of new talent. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7, and Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 11-13, the comic will be David Brenner, a busy man around town. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays.

**Improvisation,** 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

**Mercer Arts Center,** 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Nine to one each night.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**Alpine Cellar,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Olga Guillot, the Latin-American soprano here, suffers (and gloriously) a rage to live and to love, and her efforts certainly make this small world go around. She is counterbalanced by a troupe of singers and prancers known as Los Muchachos de San Juan. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The **café** has a seven-day week, with Phil Wayne's threesome calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Herb Winner's crew on Sundays and Mondays.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **green tulip,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, a singer-guitarist named Robert Miano tiptoes through the tulips at dinner. Discothèque dancing every night but Sunday from ten until one. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violin music susurrates from five to seven and from eight to midnight every night.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Carmen McRae, a fine broth and a fine breath of a soprano, means every word she sings. Dinner and supper are her hours. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday; dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

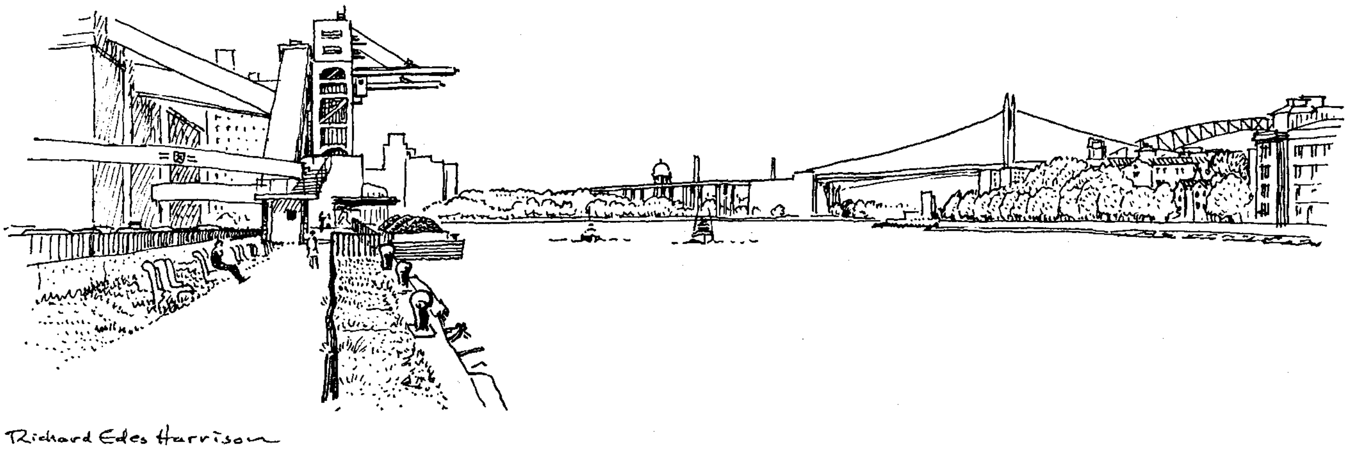
**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **maisonette** there is Mel Tormé, who sets his songs on a sliding scale (even a slithering one) as featly as can be. He appears during dinner and supper; the orchestra of Burt Farber is here all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Beginning Thursday, Sept. 7, Mabel Mercer, ombudswoman to all who have ever played at love, will sing—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us in the **st. regis room** from eight every night but Sunday and Monday. She will be assisted by the impeccable piano of Buddy Barnes.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **empire room** reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 12, and Joey Heatherton will be the soprano at dinner and supper. Dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On Tuesday, Sept. 12, Bobby Short and his two musketeers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, begin a new season for connoisseurs of the sung word. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **duncan's,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays every night but Sunday from eight-thirty to two. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele,



Richard Edes Harrison

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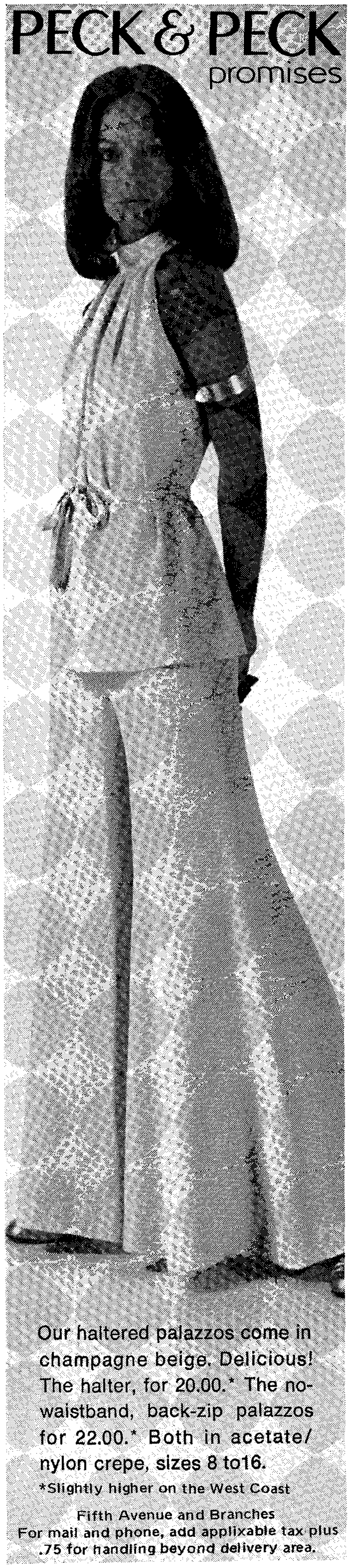

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—*not in the pavement, though, but under it.* There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.)... **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man-jack of the staff. Closed Mondays.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, *nothing* at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. ... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from five to one. On Tuesday, Sept. 12, he will be succeeded by Baldwin Bergersen.... **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Sundays.... **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a *bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano)* Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.... **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol.... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): *In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces* the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. His schedule is Tuesdays through Fridays from five to one, and Saturdays from six to two. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. It will be international, too, when, on Monday, Sept. 11, it begins a new season, for its *doyenne* will be Greta Keller, whose casual singing has a country-house-weekend air of both comfort and rectitude. Dinner and supper are her hours.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**ALBERT BIERSTADT** (1830-1902)—Twenty-five small oils by this nineteenth-century American landscapist in a show that will run concurrently with one at the Whitney; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

**FLORY FA-LONG CHOWE**—Abstract marble and bronze sculptures with suggestions of a figure; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12. (Laverne, 979 Third Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**ARTHUR GETZ**—*The New Yorker* covers and other paintings; through Sept. 20. (Pratt Institute, DeKalb Ave. and Hall St., Brooklyn. Closed Saturdays.)

**PAUL KLEE** (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Friday, Sept. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**SEYMOUR LEICHMAN**—Oil paintings of fantastic subjects; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

**MAGGIE MCCURDY / LUIS LOPEZ-LOZA**—Three-dimensional fabric forms imprinted with designs. / Lyrical abstract canvases by a Mexican. First one-man shows. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Through Sept. 30. Closed Mondays.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Ben Bishop, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Shirlee Greenberg, Martin Hurtig, Golda Lewis, and other gallery artists; starting Thursday, Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **AMERICAN ART,** 133 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, and prints by contemporary American Indians; through Saturday, Sept. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **FELDMAN,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Ed Moses, constructions by Jud Fine, and conceptual work by Arakawa; through Sept. 30.... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, including many done during the summer, by gallery artists, among whom are Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Stephen Etnier, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, including Nevelson, Jensen, and Trova; through Sept. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEST SIDE GALLERY,** 250 W. 72nd St.: Collages by Seymour Franks, miniatures in oil by George Dworzan, and semi-abstract pastels by Joseph Wolins; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2:30 to 7:30.)... **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Hague, Agostini, De Niro, Stankiewicz, Lanyon, Urry, and others; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Goya portrait, "Pepito Costa y Bonells," is being shown in the European Paintings galleries.... ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sunday, Sept. 10. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Monday, Sept. 11.... ¶ Collages, prints, and graphic designs and advertisements by Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948), a pioneer in collage, including examples from 1918 on through his last works, done in England; through Sunday, Sept. 10.... ¶ Forty

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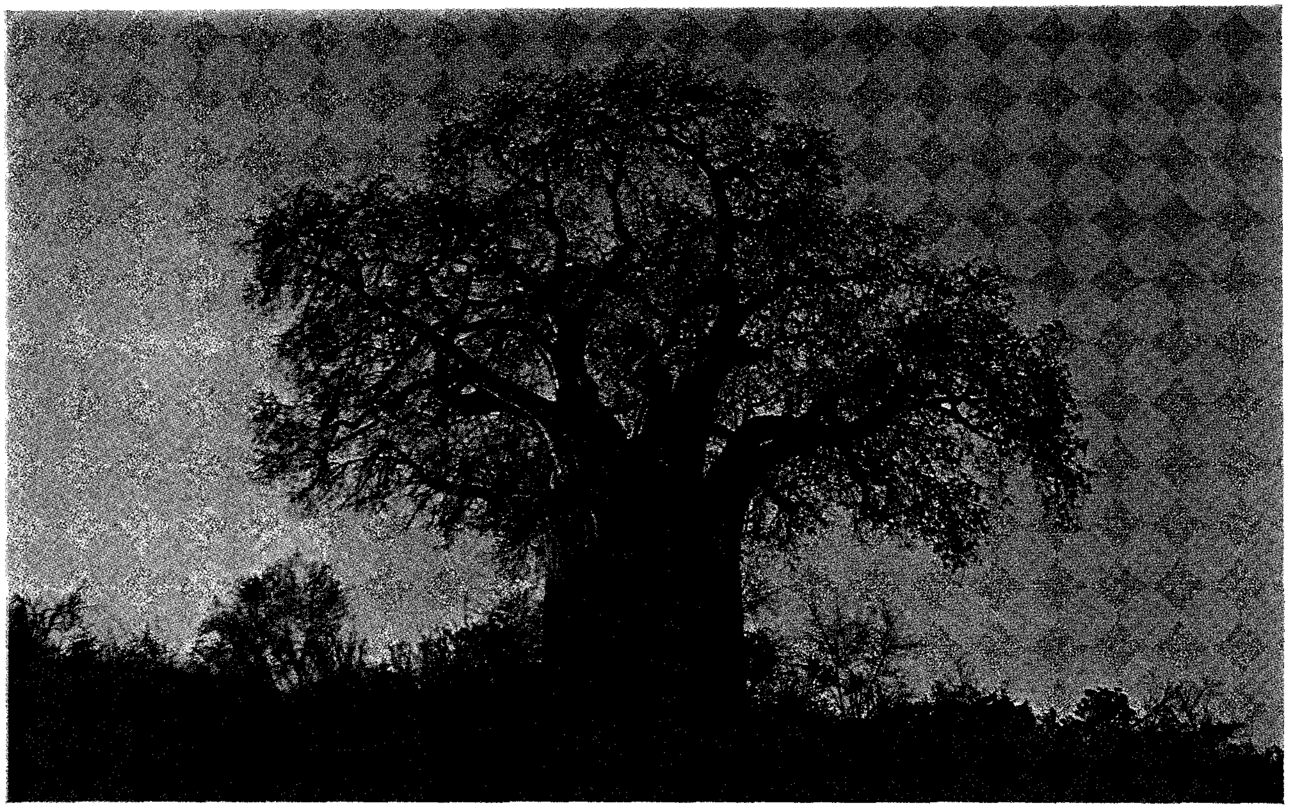

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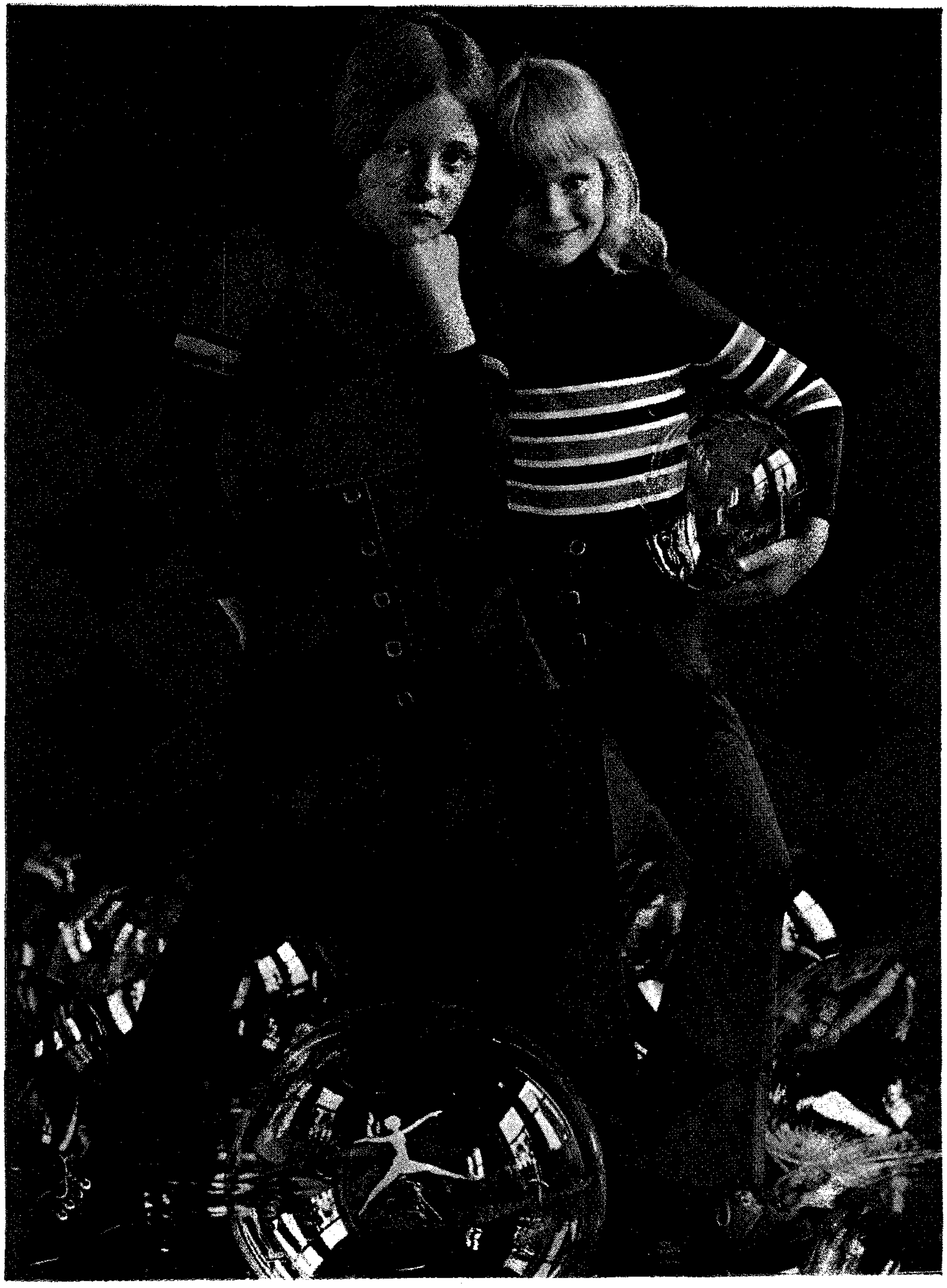

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures done since 1945 by Léger, de Kooning, Pollock, Lichtenstein, and many others; starting Friday, Sept. 8.... ¶ Works in many mediums by kids who participated in the Museum's program in the arts for inner-city children; starting Wednesday, Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Monday, Sept. 11. ... ¶ Paintings of the American West by Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902), a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12. A complementary show will be at the Lewison Gallery, 30 E. 60th St.... ¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Monday, Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—Drawings by prominent nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, among them William Sidney Mount, Thomas Moran, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Eakins, Noguchi, Nevelson, David Smith, and Slivka; through Nov. 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch genre drawings selected from major public and private Dutch collections; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle—Three hundred examples of advertising art produced during the last year and selected for the fifty-first annual exhibition sponsored by the Art Director's Club; starting Friday, Sept. 8.... ¶ Abstract paintings by Gerard Tempest, based on responses to contemporary space explorations; through Sept. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of letters, photographs, maps, prints, designs, and books related to the career of Frederick Law Olmsted, in celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the landscape architect who invented Central Park; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three paintings/collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Sept. 30.... ¶ Prints from the Museum's workshop; through Sept. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA**—Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. ... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 8, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Craig, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, Harry Theyard, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 1: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Kenneth Riegel, and Michael Devlin; Charles Wilson.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 7: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 8: "Susannah," with Nancy Shade, Beverly Evans, Michael Devlin, and Harry Theyard; Ross Reimueller.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Marisa Galvany, Richard Fredricks, and Kenneth Riegel; Charles Wilson.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 15, at 7: A new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with Maralin Niska, Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale; Bruno Maderna.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Nancy Shade, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, John Stewart, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

**SARAH LAWRENCE CHORUS**—Harold Aks and Stuart Diamond directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

**NOTE**—Ralph Kirkpatrick will give a harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Sept. 24, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Sept. 11, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**JOSÉ FELICIANO**—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 3.

### IN THE COUNTRY

**SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8: The Allman Brothers.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 8, at 8: Blood, Sweat and Tears.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 8: Pat Boone and his family. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7, at 8:05. ... ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 8, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2:05.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 12-13, at 7:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 15, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2.

**DOG SHOW**—Westchester Kennel Club. (Sterling Forest Parking Lot No. 2, Route 210, Tuxedo. Sunday, Sept. 10.)

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 9:** Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game, at Yankee Stadium, at 2.... **SATURDAY, SEPT. 16:** Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Rutgers, at Worcester, at 1.... ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, exhibition game. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 10, at 1.)

**HORSE SHOW**—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 7-10.)

**Hunt Racing**—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 9, and Saturday, Sept. 16.)

**Polo**—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

**Racing**—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 14. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 9; the Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 13; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and noon, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 12:15.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 16. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16.

**Soccer**—Barcelona of Ecuador vs. Colombia's Nacional. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Sunday, Sept. 10. Preliminary matches at noon; main match at 4.)

**Tennis**—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 6-9, at noon, and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 1. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

## ET ALIA

**United Nations**—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Architectural Tours**—"Classical Wall Street," a tour focussing on the interior decoration of the Great Hall of the Cunard Building and the main floor of the Custom House, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 10. Henry Hope Reed will be the cicerone. Meets in front of the New York Stock Exchange, 44 Broad St., at 2:30. For reservations, call 838-7262. (In the event of rain, the tour will take place the following Saturday afternoon.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 2: American paintings, including works by Thomas Moran, Gilbert Stuart, and Arthur F. Tait; from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 14, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, at 2: Prints, English and Chinese Export porcelain, silver, and American furniture and decorations; from several collectors, among them Mrs. Seward Webb Pulitzer and the late Countess Laszlo Szechenyi.

**Film Libraries**—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 6 at 2: "Conquering the Woman" (1922), directed by King Vidor, with Florence Vidor; French titles only.... ¶ Sept. 6 at 5:30: "The Street" (1923), directed by Karl Grune.... ¶ Sept. 7 at 5:30: "The Patsy" (1928), directed by King Vidor, with Marion Davies and Marie Dressler.... ¶ Sept. 7 at 8: "Show People" (1928), directed by King Vidor, with Marion Davies and John Gilbert.... ¶ Sept. 8 at 2: "The Patsy" (1928).... ¶ Sept. 8 at 5:30 and Sept. 9 at noon: "The Coward" (1915), directed by Thomas H. Ince and Reginald Barker, and "The Deserter" (1916), directed by Thomas H. Ince and Scott Sidney.... ¶ Sept. 9 at 3: "Show People" (1928).... ¶ Sept. 9 at 5:30: "The Patsy" (1928).... ¶ Sept. 10 at 12:30 and 3: "The Virginian" (1929), directed by Victor Fleming, with Gary Cooper.... ¶ Sept. 10 at 5:30: "Happiness" (1924), directed by King Vidor, with Laurette Taylor and Hedda Hopper.... ¶ Sept. 11 at 2: "The Sky Pilot" (1921), directed by King Vidor, with Colleen Moore.... ¶ Sept. 11 at 5:30: "Happiness" (1924).... ¶ Sept. 12 at 2: "Street Angel" (1928), directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 5:30: "The Jackknife Man" (1920), directed by King Vidor, with Fred Turner and Florence Vidor. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2: "Love Never Dies" (1921), directed by King Vidor, with Madge Bellamy and Lloyd Hughes. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 5:30: "Street Angel" (1928). . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Zagreb '72 in New York," selections from the 1972 International Festival of Animation. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by John Huston: Through Sept. 7: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" (1957), with Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ Sept. 8-9: "The Misfits" (1961), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 and 13: "Key Largo" (1948), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 14: "Across the Pacific" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Griffith, Hill, Kubelka, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, Landow, Keaton, Mekas, Menken, Murnau, Melies, Nelson, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Sept. 6 and 12) at 10. No Mondays.

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

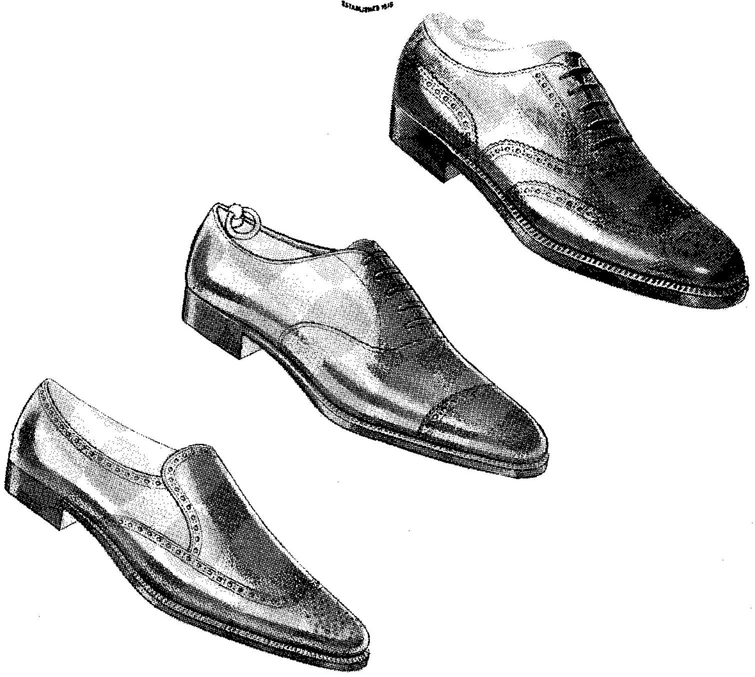
**New York Dance Festival**—Ten free performances—Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8: Charles Weidman Dance Company, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, Violette Verdy and Helgi Tomasson, Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, at 8: Atlanta Ballet, Dayton Ballet Company, Sacramento Civic Ballet, and six members of the National Ballet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2:30 (primarily for children): Ballet Hispanico of New York; Bottom of the Bucket, But . . . Dance Theatre; Cynthia Fisk and Mara Bowlin; and Denise Hokanson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 8: Peter Gennaro Dancers; Carmen de Lavallade; Ballet Hispanico of New York; Theatre Dance Collection; and Bottom of the Bucket, But . . . Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 8: Joffrey Ballet II New Youth Ensemble, Loretta Abbott and Al Perryman, and Twyla Tharp Company. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 8: Joffrey Ballet II New Youth Ensemble, Loretta Abbott and Al Perryman, Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, and Twyla Tharp Company. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8: American Concert Ballet Company, Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company, and soloists of the Harkness Ballet Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8: Charles Weidman Dance Company, Bonnie Mathis and Dennis Wayne, Theatre Dance Collection, Patricia McBride and Jean Pierre Bonnefous, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, and Peter Gennaro Dancers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 17, at 8: Rain date. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Jazz Concert**—M'Boom Re: Percussion, the New York Bass Violin Choir, and the Piano Choir. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Monday, Sept. 11, at 8; rain date, Sept. 12. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit**—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sept. 17.

**Flea Market**—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

**Deep Breathing**—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | | |

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
“The Godfather.”

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 9: “San Francisco” and “Cain and Mabel.”
Sept. 10-12: “Blue Skies” and “Puttin’ on the Ritz.”
From Sept. 13: “Flying Down to Rio” and “The Barkleys of Broadway.”

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Sept. 12: “Midnight Cowboy,” “Women in Love,” and “Last Summer.”
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 12: “Frenzy” and another feature, to be announced.
From Sept. 13: “The Graduate.”

**Kips Bay,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 12: “Butterflies Are Free.”
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 12: “The Philadelphia Story” and “Pat and Mike.”
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 12: “Play It Again, Sam.”
From Sept. 13: “Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex.”

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“The Candidate.”

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 12: “Melinda.”
From Sept. 13: “Dulcima.”

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 10: “Cabaret.”
From Sept. 11: “Greaser’s Palace.”

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
“Play It Again, Sam.”

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“The Godfather.”

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex.”

**R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“Slaughter.”

**R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“Bluebeard.”

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Sept. 6: “Niagara” and “There’s No Business Like Show Business.”
Sept. 7: “We’re Not Married!” and “Let’s Make Love.”
Sept. 8-9: “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” and “How to Marry a Millionaire.”
Sept. 10-11: “All About Eve” and “The Prince and the Showgirl.”
Sept. 12: “The Asphalt Jungle” and “Clash by Night.”
From Sept. 13: “The Ruling Class.”

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Marjoe.”

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“The New Centurions.”

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“Fat City.”

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Sept. 6: “Kwaidan” and “Women in the Dunes.”
Sept. 7: “8½” and “Belle de Jour.”
Sept. 8: “Z” and “La Femme Infidèle.”
Sept. 9: “Sunday Bloody Sunday” and “Stolen Kisses.”
Sept. 10: “Topaz” and “Lover Come Back.”
Sept. 11: “Whistle Down the Wind” and “Il Posto.”
Sept. 12: “Closely Watched Trains” and “The Fifth Horseman Is Fear.”
Sept. 13: “In Cold Blood” and “Repulsion.”
Sept. 14: “Charlie Bubbles” and “Freud.”

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“And Now for Something Completely Different.”

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
“Deliverance.”

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 12: “Butterflies Are Free.”
From Sept. 13: “Frenzy” and “Play Misty for Me.”

**Juliet 1,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“Play It Again, Sam.”

**Juliet 2,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“Blacula.”

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 12: “Melinda.”
From Sept. 13: “Dulcima.”

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“A Clockwork Orange.”

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
“The New Centurions.”

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“Superfly.”

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
“Thunderball” and “You Only Live Twice.”

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
“Slaughter.”

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
“Bluebeard.”

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
“Play It Again, Sam.”

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 12: “A Clockwork Orange.”
From Sept. 13: “Without Apparent Motive” and another feature, to be announced.

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
“The Sorrow and the Pity.”

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 12: “Fat City.”
From Sept. 13 (tentative): “The Man.”

**Elgin,** 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 6: “Knife in the Water” and “Ashes and Diamonds.”
Sept. 7-8: “The General” and “The Gold Rush.”
Sept. 9-10: “Citizen Kane” and “Sunrise.”
Sept. 11-12: “Ugetsu” and “Ikiru.”
Sept. 13-14: “Potemkin” and “Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II.”

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
“The Godfather.”

**Forum,** B’way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Sept. 12: “Stigma.”
From Sept. 13: “The Man.”

**Rivoli,** B’way at 49th. (247-1633)
“Fiddler on the Roof.”

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Napoleon and Samantha” and “Pinocchio.”

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
“Last of the Red Hot Lovers.”

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 10: “Greaser’s Palace.”
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 12: “Prime Cut” and “Big Jake.”
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex.”

**Lincoln Art,** 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): “Fat City.”

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“La Salamandre.”

**Paramount,** B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“The Godfather.”

**Cinema Studio,** B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
“A Clockwork Orange.”

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 12: “Without Apparent Motive” and “The Sicilian Clan.”
From Sept. 13: “Slaughterhouse-Five” and another feature, to be announced.

**Beacon,** B’way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Sept. 12: “Prime Cut” and “The Boys in the Band.”
From Sept. 13: “Slaughterhouse-Five” and “Minnie and Moskowitz.”

**Loews 83rd St.,** B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
“Play It Again, Sam.”

**New Yorker,** B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 13: “The Gang’s All Here.”
From Sept. 14 (tentative): “The Decameron” and “Fellini Satyricon.”

**Symphony,** B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 12: “Lovers and Other Strangers” and “Jenny.”
From Sept. 13: “Fuzz” and “Cold Turkey.”

**Thalia,** B’way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 6: “The Misfits” and “A View from the Bridge.”
Sept. 7: “Claire’s Knee” and “Bed and Board.”
Sept. 8: “Women in Love” and “The Wild Child.”
Sept. 9: “The Touch” and “Take the Money and Run.”
Sept. 10: “The Barber of Seville” and “An Evening with the Royal Ballet.”
Sept. 11: “Beauties of the Night” and “Beauty and the Devil.”
Sept. 12: “Arsenic and Old Lace” and “The Big Sleep.”
Sept. 13: “The World of Apu” and “Devi.”
Sept. 14: “To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed” and “Seduced and Abandoned.”

**Riverside,** B’way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 12: “The Other.”
From Sept. 13: “Swinging Stewardesses.”

**Riviera,** B’way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
“A Clockwork Orange.”

**Olympia,** B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 12: “Slaughterhouse-Five” and “The Groundstar Conspiracy.”
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**All About Eve** (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz’s most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don’t interest anyone outside the business but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter as her secretary is after her guts and her dressing room. (Cinema I; Sept. 10-11.)

**And Now for Something Completely Different**—For the last two or three years, the silent minority of England has been awash in love for a B.B.C.-TV series called “Monty Python’s Flying Circus,” which has collected as many silent adherents as the “Goon Show” did when it was on radio. There are six actor-writers, and two girls for decoration; their peculiar preoccupations, which here include physical-training practice against assault by fresh fruit, a staunch stand against a dangerous onset of marauding grannies, and the breakdown of a restaurant manager over a customer who complains mildly about “a bit of a dirty fork,” are directed and compiled (or piled together, perhaps) by Ian Macnaughton. Suitable for the nutty of all ages. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Arsenic and Old Lace** (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia; Sept. 12.)

**Ashes and Diamonds** (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda’s wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing one of two patriots of the Warsaw uprising who arrive at a banquet with orders to kill. When he is killed himself, in a chase that leads through a yard full of laundry, he looks like a child playing ghost wrapped in a sheet. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: far-sighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Elgin; Sept. 6.)

**The Asphalt Jungle** (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. The rogues’ gallery includes Sterling Hayden, Sam Jaffe, James Whitmore, and Louis Calhern; Jean Hagen and Marilyn Monroe are among the ladies. From the W. R. Burnett novel. (Cinema I; Sept. 12.)

**The Barber of Seville** (1947)—Rossini’s opera,

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Tito Gobbi, Giulio Neri, Giulietto Simionate, and Irene Genna. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 10.)

**The Barkleys of Broadway** (1949)—With Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, directed by Charles Walters. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 13.)

**Beauties of the Night** (1954)—René Clair's film, with Lollobrigida and Gérard Philipe. Philipe is a small-town music teacher bent on a series of dream conquests. Clair's distinctive light irony is not at its best or most full of character, though the film contains a rather funny intermittent complaint about noise, with the hero connecting high romantic troubles with the sound of a garage beneath his window. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

**Beauty and the Devil** (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

**Bed and Board** (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Thalia; Sept. 7.)

**Belle de Jour** (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 7.)

**Big Jake** (1971)—A Western with John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Playboy; through Sept. 12.)

**The Big Sleep** (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Thalia; Sept. 12.)

**Blacula**—With William Marshall and Denise Nicholas, directed by William Crain. (Juliet 2.)

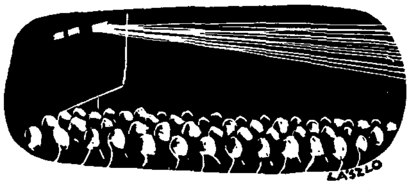
**Bluebeard**—Richard Burton as Bluebeard; Joey Heatherton as his wife. She finds his mother's mummy rotting to bits in a spare-room rocking chair. Many other deaths ensue (six former wives—including Nathalie Delon and Raquel Welch—found in a refrigerator, along with a prostitute who didn't even get a wedding ring out of things). Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Trash, fairly funny. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**Blue Skies** (1946)—With Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Joan Caulfield, directed by Stuart Heisler. The Irving Berlin songs include "Heat Wave," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "How Deep Is the Ocean," "Always." The story is about a night-club proprietor who undermines his wife's faith by selling every bistro he gets hold of as soon as he has made a success of it, which she solemnly takes to be an indication that he has no real stability. Joan Caulfield's performance could be reënacted in Peck & Peck's window without exactly stopping Fifth Avenue traffic, but Bing and Astaire flourish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10-12.)

**The Boys in the Band** (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch, a nellie, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Beacon; through Sept. 12.)

**Butterflies Are Free**—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Kips Bay and 72nd St. Playhouse; through Sept. 12.)

**Cabaret**—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Fine Arts; through Sept. 10.)



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**Cain and Mabel** (1936)—Lloyd Bacon directed Marion Davies and Clark Gable in this Promethean-scaled musical about a prize-fighter and a showgirl. The music doesn't compensate for the muscle-bound plot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 9.)

**The Candidate**—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. (Sutton.)

**Charlie Bubbles** (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, is enough to alienate anybody. (Beekman; Sept. 14.)

**Citizen Kane** (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin; Sept. 9-10.)

**Claire's Knee** (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 7.)

**Clash by Night** (1952)—Directed by Fritz Lang, with Barbara Stanwyck and Paul Douglas. (Cinema I; Sept. 12.)

**A Clockwork Orange**—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (U. A. East, Cinema Studio, and Riviera. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 12.)

**Closely Watched Trains** (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more clearly remembered in viewers' minds than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forebears. In Czech. (Beekman; Sept. 12.)

**Cold Turkey** (1971)—Satirical farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (Symphony; starting Sept. 13.)

**The Decameron**—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 14, tentative.)

**Deliverance**—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)

**Devi** (1962)—Sharmila Tagore is the young girl who is led to believe she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali in Satyajit Ray's subtle, ironic film about Indian superstitions, which was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. Ray's feeling for the beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century land-owning class makes this one of the few honest films ever made about decadence. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 13.)

**Dulcima**—With Carol White and John Mills, directed by Frank Nesbitt. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Sept. 13.)

**8½** (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Beekman; Sept. 7.)

**An Evening with the Royal Ballet** (1965)—Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan do Covent Garden proud, if you like ballet—and, if so, if you like ballet on film. Fonteyn and Nureyev carry it. Ravel's "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," a Nureyev cadenza of leaps, and Tchaikovsky's "Aurora's Wedding." (Thalia; Sept. 10.)

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex**—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired send-up of Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. There is a sketch called "What Happens During Ejaculation?" that takes place in a sort of Dr. Strangelove war room, and a love tale of great delicacy about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls in love with an Armenian shepherd patient's sheep. (Coronet and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Sept. 13.)

**Fat City**—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who thinks he is aging; he is just about to hit thirty. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

**Fellini Satyricon** (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 14, tentative.)

**La Femme Infidèle** (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 8.)

**Fiddler on the Roof**—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**The Fifth Horseman Is Fear** (1964)—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. Directed and written by Zbyněk Brynych. (Beekman; Sept. 12.)

**Flying Down to Rio** (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances include "The Carioca," and the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include

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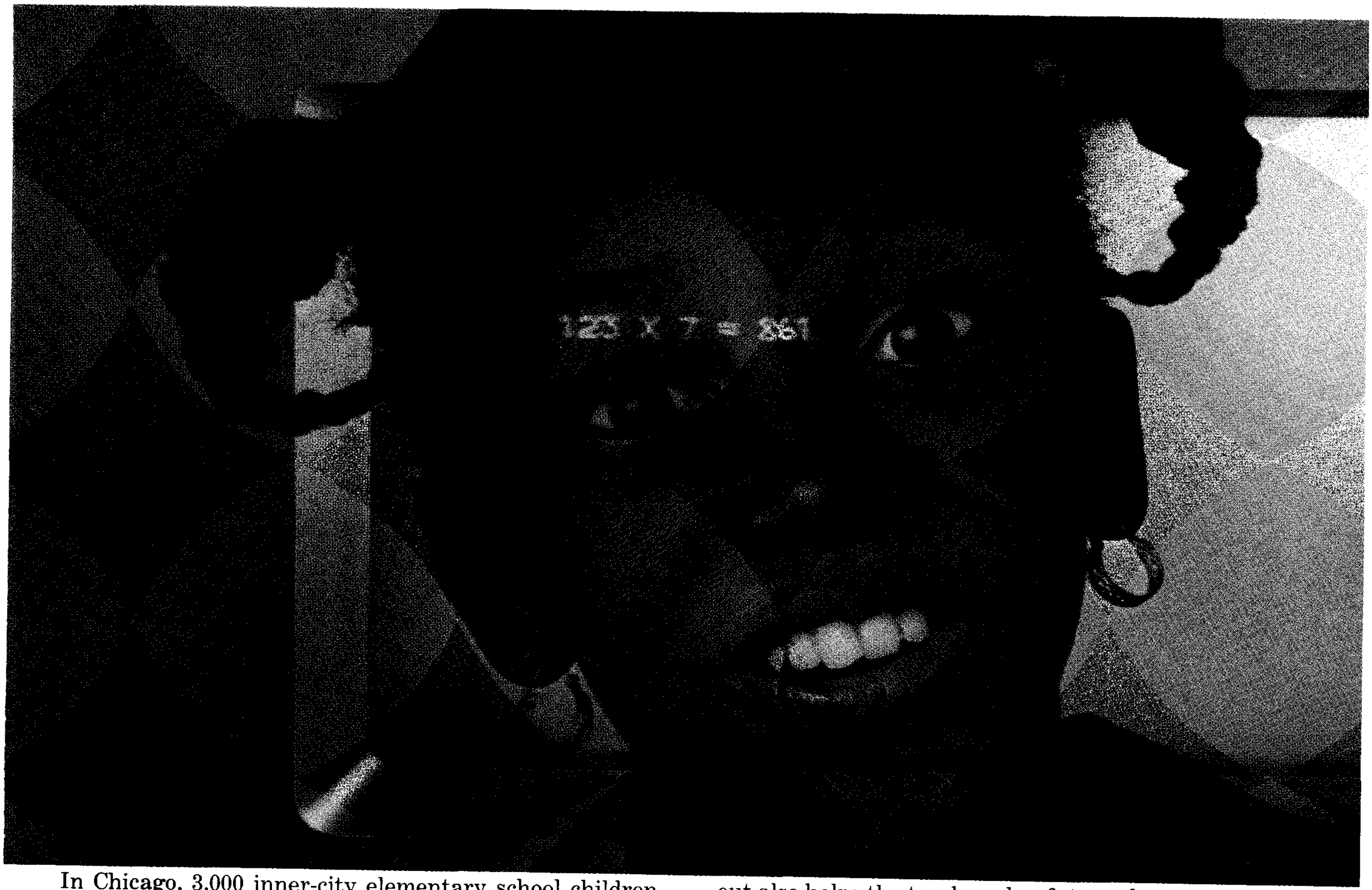

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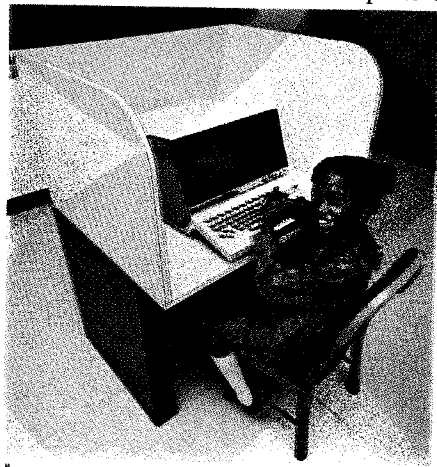

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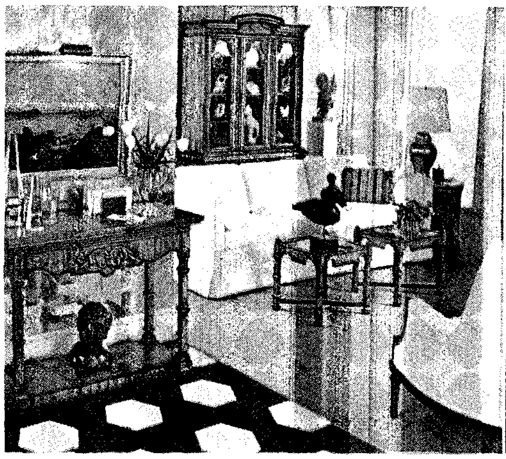

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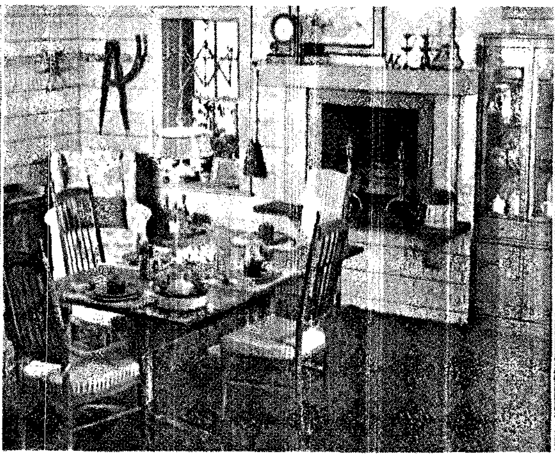

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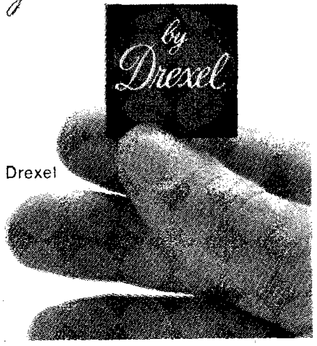

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 13.)

**Frenzy**—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt.) Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Gramercy; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 13.)

**Freud** (1962)—John Huston's conscientious attempt to tell us how young Dr. Freud came to develop the theory of psychoanalysis. The picture suffers from a certain patness and from Montgomery Clift's failure to embody the truly heroic central figure. (Beekman; Sept. 14.)

**Fuzz**—Don't fog your head with this. (Symphony; starting Sept. 13.)

**The Gang's All Here** (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (New Yorker; through Sept. 13.)

**The General** (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself; stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. To be seen at all costs. (Elgin; Sept. 7-8.)

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes** (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank Heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos's famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Cinema I; Sept. 8-9.)

**The Godfather**—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Art, Baronet, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Paramount.)

**The Gold Rush** (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Elgin; Sept. 7-8.)

**The Graduate** (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Gramercy; starting Sept. 13.)

**Greaser's Palace**—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Festival; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; starting Sept. 11.)

**The Groundstar Conspiracy**—Spy melodrama that opens with a big explosion set off by the theft of secret stuff from a space project in the Pacific Northwest. The thief loses his memory and, after extensive doctoring, still can't remember who hired him. The action is packed, as they say, and incredible. George Peppard plays a steel-faced security officer for the project. (Olympia; through Sept. 12.)

**How to Marry a Millionaire** (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials that we see now. (Cinema I; Sept. 8-9.)

**Ikiru** (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 11-12.)

**In Cold Blood** (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Beekman; Sept. 13.)

**Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II** (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Elgin; Sept. 13-14.)

**Jenny** (1970)—With Marlo Thomas and Alan Alda, directed by George Bloomfield. (Symphony; through Sept. 12.)

**Knife in the Water** (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Elgin; Sept. 6.)

**Kwaidan** (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Beekman; Sept. 6.)

**Last of the Red Hot Lovers**—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Music Hall.)

**Last Summer** (1969)—Directed by Frank Perry, written by Eleanor Perry. A fable about the decline into adult barbarism of three illustrative and well-heeled sixteen-year-olds horsing around on what looks like Fire Island. Preachy and trite. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

**Let's Make Love** (1960)—Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand. They do. Milton Berle and Marilyn's innocent, touching sweater are the graces that just save George Cukor's picture from an odd stolidity. (Cinema I; Sept. 7.)

**Lover Come Back** (1962)—Jerry Webster, Madison Avenue hero of Delbert Mann's appallingly flip satire, is played with fitting idle thuggishness by Rock Hudson. His boss, given a mood of twitching concentration by Tony Randall, tries to persuade him that it's better that a product should be invented before it's sold. Doris Day is unusually gravelly as a rival executive. Male steamrollering is matched by female venom; the bob to nineteen-sixties Victorianism is that the hero has the last laugh by (naturally) getting Doris Day pregnant. Good hand grenade for Women's Liberation. (Beekman; Sept. 10.)

**Lovers and Other Strangers** (1970)—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renee Taylor. (Symphony; through Sept. 12.)

**The Man**—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (Forum; starting Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Sept. 13, tentative.)

**Marjoe**—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preserve-us humor. (Cinema II.)

**Melinda**—A black celebrity (Calvin Lockhart) fends off a pretty rough time at the hands of a suave white crime-syndicate chief. The prettiest person, played by Vonetta McGee, gets slashed to pieces early in the picture, which is a nasty bit of work. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 12.)

**Midnight Cowboy** (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

**Minnie and Moskowitz**—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Beacon; starting Sept. 13.)

**The Misfits** (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Thalia; Sept. 6.)

**Napoleon and Samantha**—From the Disney Studios, with Michael Douglas and Will Geer. Directed by Bernard McEveety. (Guild.)

**The New Centurions**—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This ghastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Columbia I and Loews Orpheum.)

**Niagara** (1953)—Exceptionally good script by Charles Brackett, directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe magnetically scheming and Joseph Cotten as her psychotic husband. (Cinema I; Sept. 6.)

**The Other**—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a lot more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Riverside; through Sept. 12.)

**Pat and Mike** (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warm-ups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 12.)

**The Philadelphia Story** (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did

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the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 12.)

**Pinocchio** (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild.)

**Play It Again, Sam**—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Plaza, Juliet 1, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.... ¶ 34th St. East; through Sept. 12.)

**Play Misty for Me**—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 13.)

**Il Posto** ("The Sound of Trumpets;" 1961)—A masterpiece by Ermanno Olmi, full of calm good humor, about a boy who goes through a series of ponderous I.Q. tests for his first job and lands a post as a porter in an office where the clerks squat in rows like drugged hens. The hero is played by Sandro Panzeri, whose face has the wary repose of a silent comedian's; Olmi observes him with respect and a total absence of little-man patronage. The observation of the strained dignity of people who have too little to do is precise, comic, and pained. The abrupt way that Olmi's characters reveal themselves sometimes has the same sort of desperately preoccupied candor as the people in Chekhov. In Italian. (Beekman; Sept. 11.)

**Potemkin** (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical sound track. (Elgin; Sept. 13-14.)

**Prime Cut**—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited and nasty. (Playboy and Beacon; through Sept. 12.)

**The Prince and the Showgirl** (1957)—With Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier, directed by Olivier. (Cinema I; Sept. 10-11.)

**Puttin' on the Ritz** (1930)—With Harry Richman, Joan Bennett, and James Gleason, directed by Edward H. Sloman. Ritzy indeed, with songs by Irving Berlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10-12.)

**Repulsion** (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Beekman; Sept. 13.)

**The Ruling Class**—With Peter O'Toole and Alastair Sim, directed by Peter Medak. (Cinema I; starting Sept. 13.)

**La Salamandre**—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris.)

**San Francisco** (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 9.)

**Seduced and Abandoned** (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style" (which probably owed a good deal to the furiously masculine but furtively henpecked Sicilian melancholy of the character played by Marcello Mastroianni). This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

**The Sicilian Clan** (1970)—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 12.)

**Slaughter**—Lousy sex-and-bashing melodrama about a black Green Beret captain seeking revenge for his father's murder by a Cleveland gang. The plot is a ball of knitting wool toyed with by a kitten. Jim Brown plays the character called Slaughter, and slaughter he does. Rip Torn, good actor, looks demonic, and Stella Stevens looks dishy. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

**Slaughterhouse-Five**—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Olympia; through Sept. 12.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St. and Beacon; starting Sept. 13.)

**The Sorrow and the Pity**—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

**Stigma**—VD strikes an island in a well-constructed warning melodrama written and directed by David E. Durston. Philip M. Thomas plays a black doctor in a bigoted white community. If you can face a sermon packaged as a suspense story, you can face this curious kick-you-in-the-face soap opera, which has authentic flashes of recognizable humanity mixed with phoney piety and bogus communalism. (Forum; through Sept. 12.)

**Stolen Kisses** (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 9.)

**Sunday Bloody Sunday** (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Beekman; Sept. 9.)

**Sunrise** (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director, F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu, Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (Elgin; Sept. 9-10.)

**Superfly**—With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

**Take the Money and Run** (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Thalia; Sept. 9.)

**There's No Business Like Show Business** (1954)—With Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey, and Donald O'Connor, directed by Walter Lang. (Cinema I; Sept. 6.)

**Thunderball** (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war ballet. (86th St. East.)

**To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed** (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 14.)

**Topaz** (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. The spy thriller he made in the thirties here has become larger, slower, and duller. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Beekman; Sept. 10.)

**The Touch** (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Thalia; Sept. 9.)

**Ugetsu** (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 11-12.)

**A View from the Bridge** (1962)—A complicatedly wrongheaded attempt to make a neo-realist Greek tragedy about a longshoreman in Brooklyn. Sidney Lumet directed, from Arthur Miller's play; acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, Carol Lawrence, and Jean Sorel. (Thalia; Sept. 6.)

**We're Not Married!** (1952)—With Ginger Rogers and Fred Allen; directed by Edmund Goulding. (Cinema I; Sept. 7.)

**Whistle Down the Wind** (1962)—Describable as "The Greengage Winter." Bryan Forbes made it, from a Mary Hayley Bell novel about a family of three motherless children in the dark North of England who hide three about-to-be-drowned kittens in a barnful of hay. Hayley Mills later discovers the barn to be shared by a bearded murderer on the run (Alan Bates), who understandably exclaims "Jesus Christ!" when he sees her and makes the dopey girl take this to be a piece of self-identification. One child even extends the allegory by denying the wanted man thrice. None of this girl's soppiness would be shared by her small brother, a lugubrious ironist who much more accurately represents the tone of the Keith Waterhouse-Willis Hall screenplay. (Beekman; Sept. 11.)

**The Wild Child** (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 8.)

**Without Apparent Motive**—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 13.)

**Woman in the Dunes** (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Beekman; Sept. 6.)

**Women in Love** (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Thalia; Sept. 8. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

**The World of Apu** (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 13.)

**You Only Live Twice** (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the old Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano. Lewis Gilbert directed. (86th St. East.)

**Z** (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 8.)

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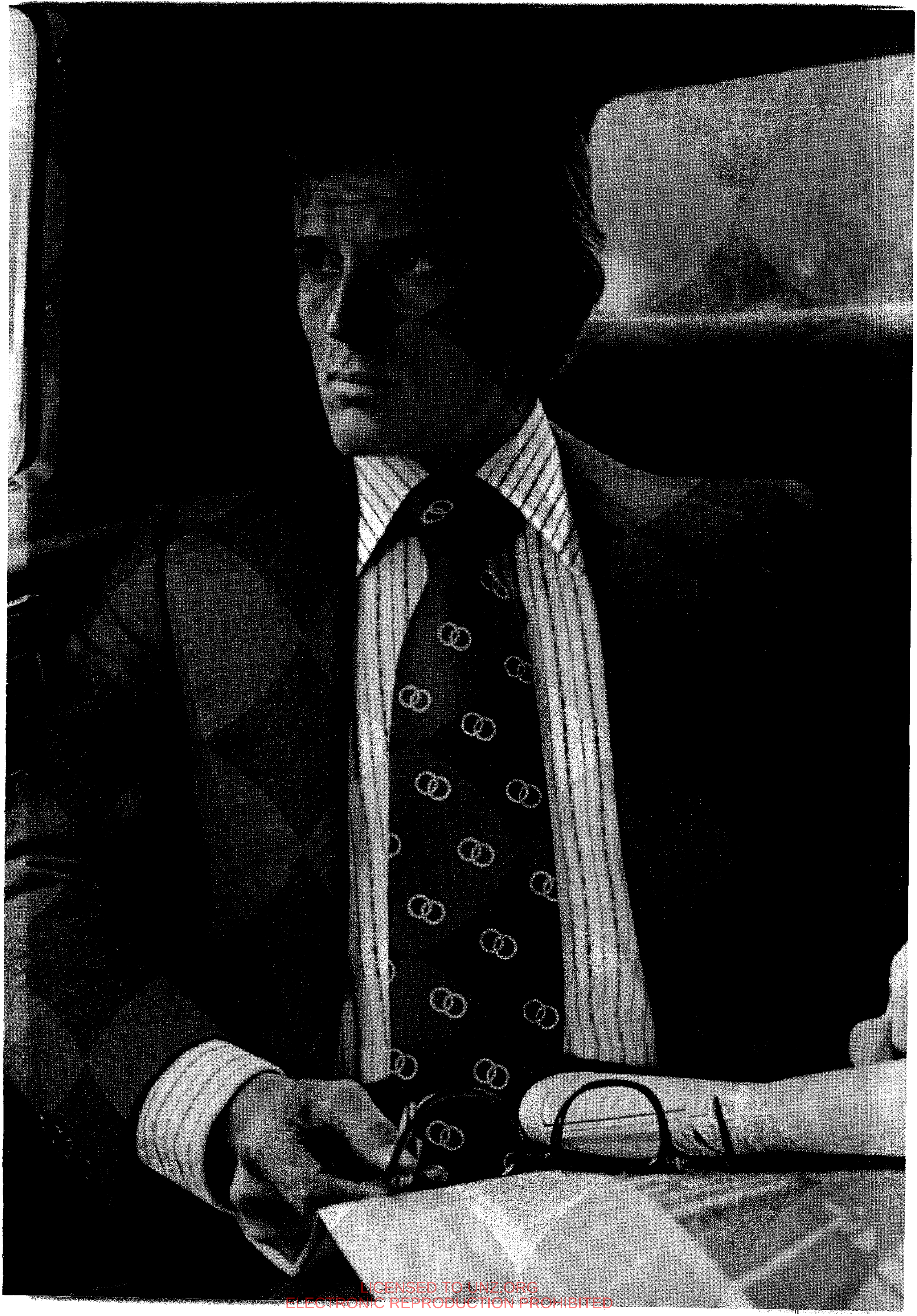

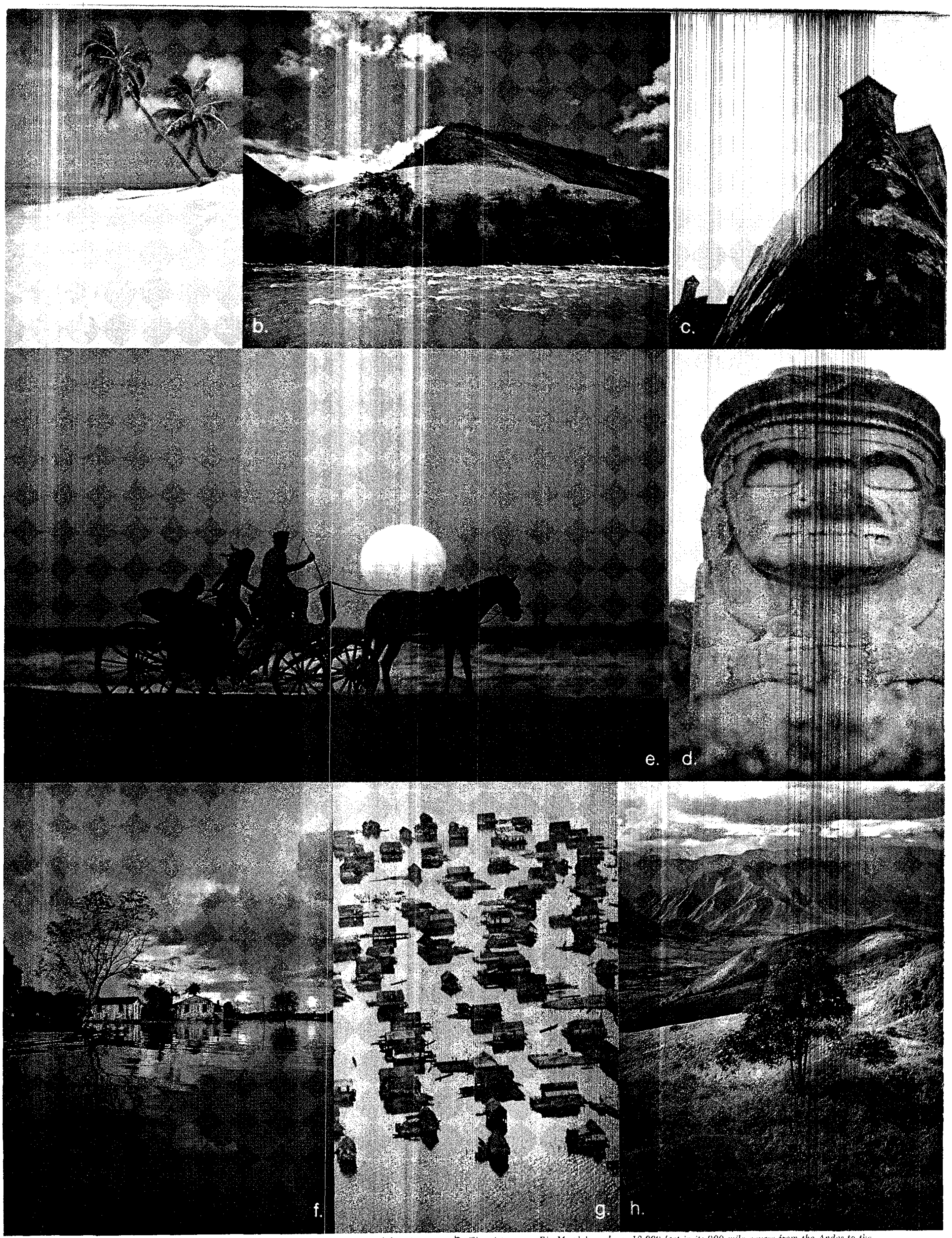

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THE most important political words of the last week or two have come not from President Nixon or Senator McGovern but from Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whose undelivered speech accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1970 has just been published in Sweden by the Nobel Foundation. Over here, parts of the speech were published in the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post,* to both of which we are grateful. Solzhenitsyn spoke for no one political party, for no one people, for no one nation; he spoke for himself, and for us all. With a depth of feeling and an eloquence that are awesome, he spoke about the place of literature in a nation's life. "Woe to that nation whose literature is disturbed by the intervention of power," he wrote. "Because that is not just a violation against 'freedom of print,' it is the closing down of the heart of the nation, a slashing to pieces of its memory." Living in a country whose government tries to control the written word and the spoken word in all their manifestations, he dared to say, "Suppression of information renders international signatures and agreements illusory: Within a muffled zone it costs nothing to reinterpret any agreement, [or] to forget it, as though it had never really existed. (Orwell understood this supremely.) A muffled zone is, as it were, populated not by inhabitants of the earth but by an expeditionary corps from Mars: The people know nothing intelligent about the rest of the earth and are prepared to trample it down in the holy conviction that they come as 'liberators.' " And he went on, "Whereas there are no internal affairs left on our crowded earth! And mankind's sole salvation lies in everyone making everything his business: In the people of the East being vitally concerned with what is thought in the West, the people of the West vitally concerned with what goes on in the East." And, "Any man who has once acclaimed violence as his method must inexorably choose falsehood as his principle." And, finally, "One word of truth shall outweigh the whole world." Solzhenitsyn's words constitute a political act of vast courage. They transform the landscape. They will linger in the air.

## *On Old Broadway*

FOOTNOTE TO "BLACULA": "Blacula," which recently opened at the Criterion and Juliet 2 Theatres, is a vampire film for black audiences—the very first vampire film for black audiences. We have an acquaintance named Charlie Felleman who works for American International Pictures, the producers of "Blacula," and he told us all about it. According to Felleman, "Blacula" is American International Pictures' ninety-ninth suspense-horror movie. American International's *hundredth* suspense-horror movie, Charlie says, will be "Blackenstein." Charlie Felleman sent us a lot of material about "Blacula."

Contents of Charlie Felleman's "Blacula" information kit:

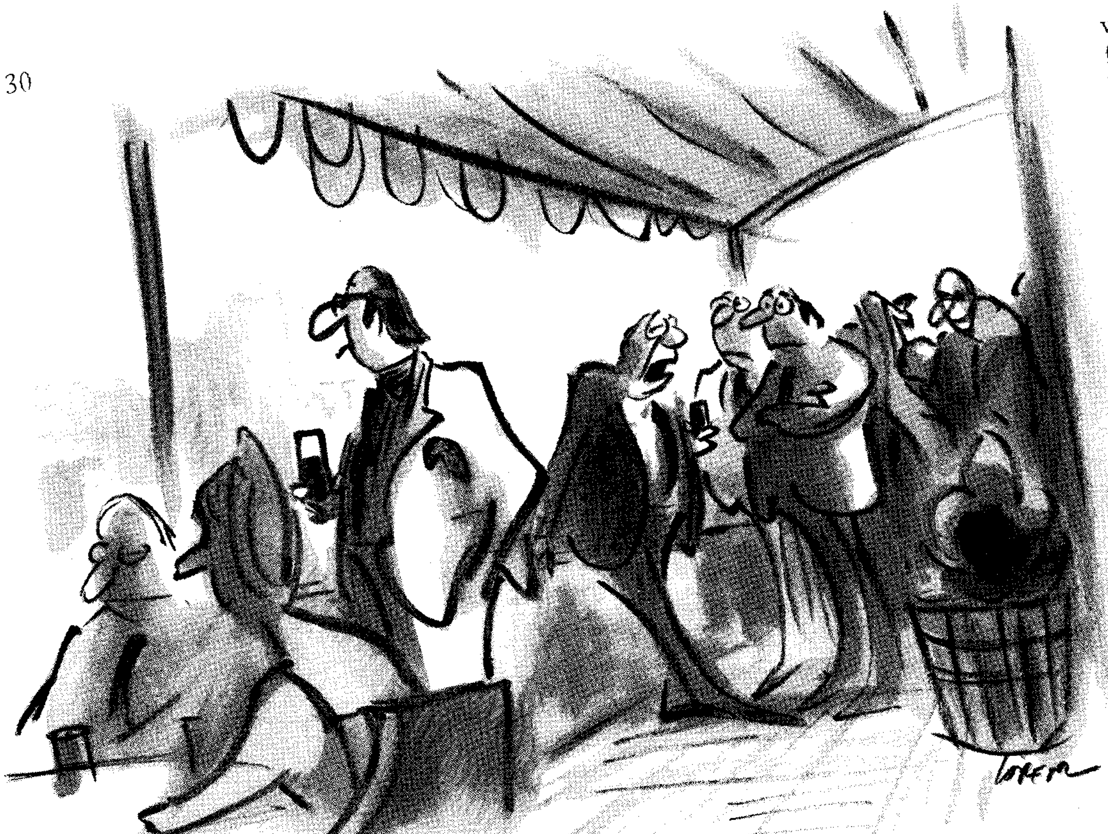
(1) PRESS RELEASE NO. 1. This announced that two hundred vampires would be admitted free to the opening of "Blacula." "Vampires who wish to gain free admission to the Juliet 2 and Criterion Theatres . . . must appear in long flowing black capes."

(2) PRESS RELEASE NO. 2. This was an announcement by Samuel Z. Arkoff, president and chairman of the board of American International Pictures, that "Blackenstein" is being put into immediate production and that dates are being accepted for Christmas bookings.

(3) LOTS OF PICTURES. Felleman sent us about eighty stills from "Blacula."

(4) MAT BOOK. A mat book is a thing that a movie company sends to a local theatre to guide the theatre's advertising campaign. In the "Exploitation" section of the "Blacula" mat book, there were paragraphs on "Vampire Protection," a "De-Fanger Gag," a "Lobby Gag," and "Negro Audience Appeal" ("A host of approaches can be used to stimulate response from Negro patrons. The churches, food markets, and stores they patronize are excellent locations to catch their interest"). Charlie Felleman told us later that a plan to distribute Vampire Protection Kits (each consisting of "a small plastic bag of bay leaves") ran into a snag and never really got off the ground.

We went to a screening of "Blacula." "Blacula" has an unusual plot. There is a brief early plot set deep in the past, and a more lengthy plot set in the present. The early plot introduces an African prince who comes to Europe with a petition objecting to slavery and ends up presenting it to Count Dracula. The petition angers Count Dracula, who curses the African prince, names him Blacula, and turns him into a vampire. This ends



*"It's a real American tragedy—Wunderkind at twenty, Übermensch at thirty, kaputt at forty."*

the plot set deep in the past. It would be unfair to reveal too much of the plot set in the present. Still, we want to mention that "Blacula" is the first vampire film we have seen to feature a warm, human relationship between a vampire man and a non-vampire woman, and the first vampire film to show a vampire suicide.

According to *Variety*, "Blacula" has enjoyed "hefty" grosses in Detroit, "sharp" grosses in Chicago, and "breezy" grosses in Philadelphia. In San Francisco, things are even better.

We had lunch with Charlie Felleman and Vonetta McGee, the young, attractive black actress who plays the non-vampire girl who has the warm, human relationship with Blacula.

"The actors contributed to the script of 'Blacula,'" Miss McGee said. "William Marshall, who plays Blacula, is interested in black culture and history. William added a lot of historical relevance. Most of the script stayed the same from the beginning, but they changed the ending, because they're thinking of a sequel." Miss McGee added that she thought "Blacula" makes a statement. "Blacula is a victim of circumstance, and any minority can relate to that. He was a black prince forced to deal with something he didn't know existed."

"Yeah," said Charlie Felleman. "A terrible craving."

We went to the Criterion Theatre on the day "Blacula" opened to see if anyone had taken advantage of Press Release No. 1 and gained free admission by coming as a vampire. We attracted the attention of a young black woman in the box office of the theatre and put our question. "Oh, yes," she said. "Six people did."

•

THE "BLUEBEARD" PREVIEWS: The promotion that was dreamed up for "Bluebeard," the new chiller in which Richard Burton murders beautiful women, went like this: There were to be two previews of the movie at the Cinerama Theatre, at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street. One of the previews would be at noon, and this one was going to be for beautiful women only. The other would be at midnight, and this one would be exclusively for bearded men. Accordingly, ads were placed in the *News* and the *Post* announcing that the first two hundred girls who wrote in and promised to turn up at the Cinerama Theatre wearing bathing suits would be sent free tickets, and so would the first two hundred fellows who promised to wear beards.

*Noon:* The weather was gray and chilly in front of the Cinerama Theatre—a bad sign. But Sheldon Roskin, veteran P.R. man and also an acquaintance of ours, was in the lobby—a good sign. Roskin has recently been made a partner in the P.R. firm of Solters/Sabinson/Roskin, Inc. (as it now is), so we were glad to have a chance to shake his hand and say "Congratulations!" Roskin said "Thank you," and then he sang a chorus of "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" for us, in honor of the occasion. We asked Roskin how many girls had shown up in bathing suits. He looked a little worried. "Eight," he said. "They're lining up outside the theatre right now." We interviewed them all. They were all shivering quietly. Six of them turned out to be three pairs of sisters. The two loners were: (1) Cathy Browne, a redhead in a polka-dot bikini, high-heeled shoes, and an ankle bracelet, who was on her lunch hour from Rose Marie Reid Swimwear, 1407 Broadway, at Thirty-ninth Street, where she is a bathing-suit model. Cathy has quite a figure. And (2) Sheilah Reeves, twenty-four, from Manhattan, a black girl, who had applied for a ticket and was surprised when she got one. "I've never won a contest before," she said. Now the sisters: Rita Szychowski, from Woodside, had come because she "wanted to do something crazy." Linda Szychowski had come out of curiosity. Cecilia Bailey II (sixteen) and her sister Geneva (fifteen), both black, were also there, from Brooklyn. "Geneva's called Candy," Cecilia explained. "I'm called Cookie. We have two sisters, Peaches and Katy. Peaches' real name is Helen." "What's Katy's real name?" we asked. "Katherine," she said. Finally, there were two Greek girls, Ellen Manos and her sister Joanne, from Bay Ridge. The Manos sisters also were under the impression that they had won a contest. "My mother entered us," one of them said. "She also entered all our aunts and neighbors and cousins. They all won, too, but they didn't come."

Roskin asked the girls to form a line, single file, so a photographer could take their picture entering the theatre. Cathy was put at the head of the line, of course. "Yum, yum, yum, yum, yum," said Roskin.

*Midnight:* Weather warmer. Late-night Broadway crowd streaming by. More than a hundred men with beards, some real, some not, in front of the theatre. Roskin also in front of the theatre. Two young fellows in the line had on black yarn beards, and another man had a small triangle of hair pasted to his chin.

A limousine pulled up to the curb, and Arthur Manson, head of public relations for Cinerama Releasing, which is distributing "Bluebeard," stepped out. Manson was dressed in classic Hollywood clothes: blue blazer, hanky in breast pocket, slacks, Gucci loafers. Manson talked about stunt previews in the old days. "New York has lost its sense of fun," he said. "We used to be able to get tremendous crowds for something like this. Why, we had to turn them away at the screamière for 'Tales from the Crypt,' where what you had to do was scream your way into the theatre." Inside the limousine sat Sybil Danning, a young Austrian actress, who is one of the beautiful women murdered by Richard Burton in "Bluebeard." He drops a chandelier on her, so the ads for the movie, of course, said she got "chandeliered." Someone else got "falconated." Miss Danning got out of the car to have her picture taken with the man who had the triangle of hair on his chin. Manson invited us to join him and Miss Danning and Roskin at Sardi's for a drink. The man with the triangle decided to go home and not see the movie.

In Sardi's, Miss Danning told us she read Goethe, but usually in Italian, not in German, because Italian is a more melodious language. "I enjoy every moment in my life," she said. She said she thought the little things in life were the most beautiful and also the most important.

Manson talked about promoting "Willard," a very successful chiller that features a rat. He had thought the picture would never be a success if the ads for it showed a rat, but the younger people in his department had insisted that the ads had to have a rat. Finally, an experiment was devised. They ran ads for the picture in Scranton without a rat, and in Wilkes-Barre with a rat. "In Scranton, we didn't do all that well," Manson said. "For one thing, since people didn't know what to be frightened of, they screamed whenever a door opened in the picture. In Wilkes-Barre, we did tremendous business."

Roskin talked about life in New York. He said that he had thought of taking up jogging, but that the one time he had jogged, in Tudor City, where he lives, he had felt silly. "The pigeons looked at me," he said.

Miss Danning chewed the ice from her drink and talked about Hong Kong. "Are you writing down that I chew ice?" she said.

"Yes," we said.

"New York reminds me of Hong Kong," she said. "A big city with a cosmopolitan culture, full of so many different races and kinds of people, perched right on the edge of an enormous, alien country. I don't mind if you write down that I chew ice as long as you write down that you are chewing ice also," she said.

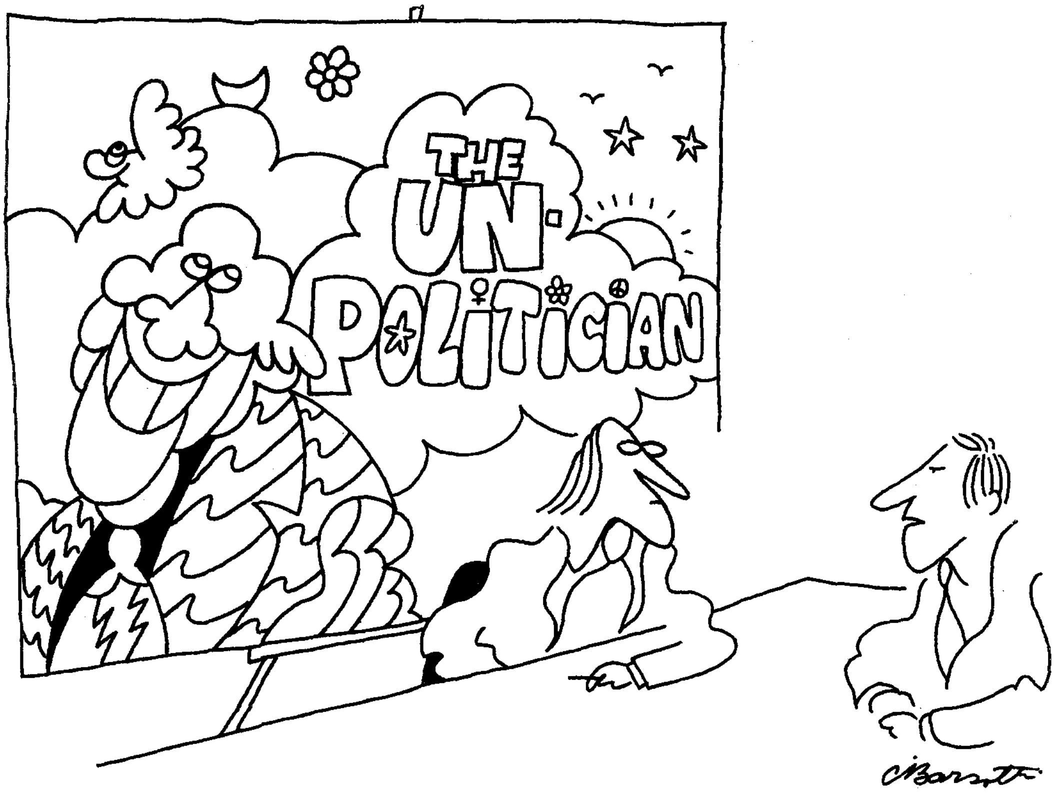
"We'll mention it," we said.

## *Big Band*

WE went up to the St. Regis Roof last week to hear Woody Herman's great big jazz band, and got our ears pinned to the wall by the band's bazooka brass section. It felt good. Since we've listened to quite a bit of rock for the past few years, we're accustomed to volume and power, but this was power of a different sort. It hit us in some nerve endings that we'd almost forgotten about. Rock's power is electronic, so when you listen to it on a big stereo set you're very close to the original music. But the power of brass ensembles is human power, and no stereo set can really reproduce it.

After we had listened to the band for an hour or so, we went up to the bandstand and invited Herman over to our table for a drink. Herman has led some of the greatest jazz bands in history and has worked with some of the greatest jazz soloists, but he has been on the road since the thirties, and we wondered whether he wasn't getting tired of that life. When he came over to our table, we asked him if he still got any fun out of being a leader.

"Yeah, I really do," he said. "It gets harder as you grow older. When the band is good, when the band is making it musically, then I'm a pretty happy old man. But when we have problems—when we can't get the right drummer, or this or that—then I'm very old and very uptight. Then I can't relax or have any fun at all. I still like the music, though. Otherwise, why would I knock myself out trying to find and keep good players? We



*"Look, Stan, I know this is 1972, and I know the youth vote is crucial, but, frankly, I don't think the Senator will go for it."*

could have a calibre of player who could barely play the music, and very, very few people in our audiences would ever know the difference. Maybe two or three people in each town would know. In fact, there are people who enjoy mistakes more than they do good music. There are millions of people like that, unfortunately. You'll be up there blowing, and you're sure this is one of the best performances of this piece you've ever given, and one of these cats will come up and say, 'Man, the way you *used* to play, it was something else.' He means a week ago Thursday, when the whole band happened to be lame. You know, on a lot of the gigs we have to play we could do a much better job for the place and for the people if the band *was* lame. I could save dough by having a lame band, too. But if that was all that was left to me, I'd have to throw in the towel. I've never been in this for the money anyway. You know, in all this time I've had two good years financially—1945 and 1946. The rest of the time, I've been in trouble."

We asked Herman if many young people were listening to his music these days.

"Yeah, they are," he said. "We play jobs where the audience is almost half and half, and we play a lot of concerts and seminars at high schools and colleges. I can't say that bands are going to make it with kids by playing dance music. They probably have to make it as a listening thing. The big band is an established musical form now, like the symphony orchestra. There are probably more people playing big-band jazz now than at any other time in history. You wouldn't believe what's going on in the schools. There are twenty-five to thirty-five *thousand* stage bands, as they call them, in the high schools. That's thirty-five thousand *bands*—not thirty-five thousand players. And some of them are so good they would scare you to death. And there's probably an equal number of bands in the colleges and junior colleges. Man, that's a lot of bands. Those kids alone constitute an audience for this music. Those kids know that this music is about music. It isn't about the dance music of the thirties or forties, or whenever. It's about jazz. It's about excitement. It has nothing to do with nostalgia. Nostalgia is cheap. It's very cheap. You know, like when they pump up old actors and actresses, and they can't even move their left leg. Who needs that?"

"What's coming up for the band?" we asked. "Any new albums?"

"As a matter of fact, we're going to do an album while we're in New York, for Fantasy," Herman told us. "Despite all the things that happened to us on our last album for Fantasy, after which I said I'd never work with them again. We got a good tape on that album, and then they put some young man in a booth with a set of earphones and he became a creative monster, bringing this part up, cutting that part out, until he had completely ruined the album. But this time we've got all the guarantees we want, so we hope it'll go very well. Then, let's see, we're doing an album next month with the Dallas Symphony. We're very excited about that. We're going to do a tour with Buddy Rich. Our bands seem to work very well together. Sometimes you put two bands together and you get a divided audience—half for one band and half for the other. But we seem to be very compatible. Together, we drew four thousand people at a club on Long Island one night in July. Oh, and here's some good news for jazz in New York, I think. The Half Note is moving from downtown up to West Fifty-fourth Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues. It opens in a few weeks. When was the last time a jazz club opened in midtown? We're happy about it, because it's going to give us a New York base. We're going to do four weeks there every year. It's going to be a nice, relaxed place where you can stop by for a drink after work and hear a trio, or come in around nine and hear a good band."

"You really sound enthusiastic," we said.

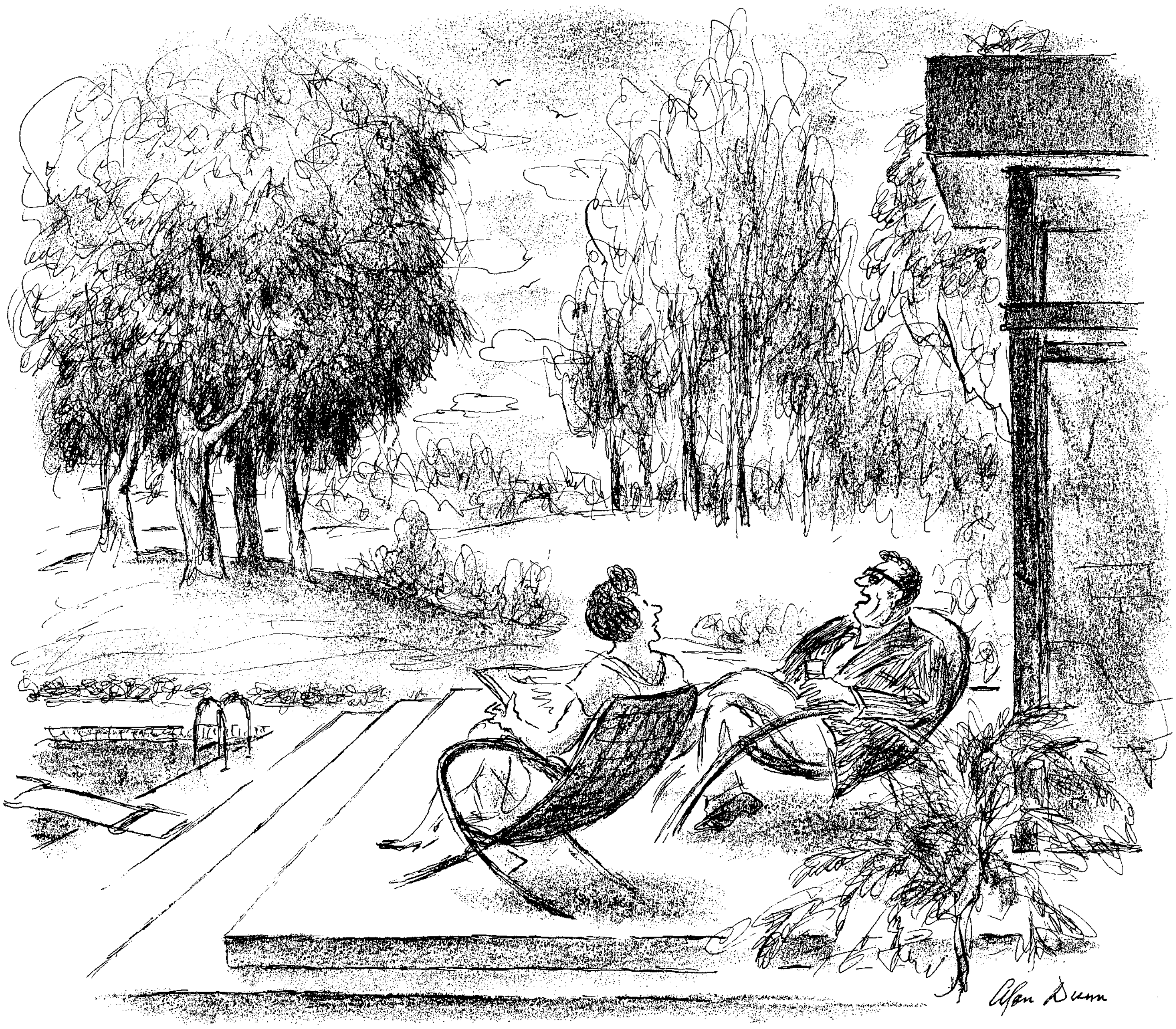
"I *am*," Herman said. "I have never lost my enthusiasm. My God, think of the miles I cover! I couldn't do that without enthusiasm. I bought a little car recently, and I've used it on the road for two weeks. I've already got forty-four hundred miles on it."

## *Tennis Match*

LIKE Pooh Bear's colleague Rabbit, Ethel Kennedy has many friends and relations, and when she holds a tennis tournament they are apt to show up. Mrs. Kennedy held a tennis tournament at Forest Hills Saturday before last—it was a benefit for the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Foundation—and Cliff Robertson, Harry Reasoner, Burt Bacharach, George Plimpton, Gordon Parks, Dustin Hoffman, Art Buchwald, Senator and Mrs. Edward Kennedy, Rafer Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Smith, and Charlton Heston (among others) showed up. All these people are very good at something, but not all of them are very good at tennis. However, Stan Smith, Ken Rosewall, John Newcombe, Arthur Ashe, Charlie Pasarell, Pancho Gonzales, Tom Okker, and Jack Kramer *are* very good at tennis, and they (among others) showed up, too.

The famous folk and the very good tennis players paired up with each other and played doubles on the grass courts of the West Side Tennis Club, and twelve thousand other people watched them. A good proportion of the spectators consisted of the children of the various branches of the Kennedy family. Those who were not each other's brothers and sisters were each other's cousins. They ranged in age from nursery school to college, and most of them had freckles and lots of clean sandy hair. They were literally uncountable, since it was impossible at any given moment to tell how many were in their seats and how many were out getting Cokes.

The great athletic surprise of the afternoon was the emergence of Dustin Hoffman as a creditable tennis player. Mr. Hoffman and his partner, Erik van Dillen, a young member of the American Davis Cup team, were pitted against Charlton Heston and Dennis Ralston in the quarter-finals. Mr. Heston was wearing a pair of aviator sunglasses with orange lenses. In his chariot race with Stephen Boyd in "Ben Hur" he was the underdog, but this time he looked like a winner, and the audience rooted for Mr. Hoffman. Mr. Heston was serving strongly, and


Alan Dunn

*"I ask you, what's wrong with the environment?"*

• •

after five games his side was ahead, 4–1, but then Mr. Hoffman and Mr. van Dillen brought the score up to 4-all, and they won the match, 7–5. Mr. Hoffman concealed his tennis skill behind a smokescreen of peripheral bumbling. Every time he tried to bounce the ball smartly before serving, it got away from him. Once, he hit the ball into the audience. He winced continually. But his lobs kept dropping in.

Most of the matches were close. The very good players, who wore tolerant smiles throughout the day, adjusted their skills so as to keep things more or less even. The Hoffman-van Dillen team reached the finals, as did Eunice Shriver and Pancho Gonzales, who had defeated George Plimpton and Nicki Pilic.

While the finalists were catching their breath before their match, there was an exhibition of political tennis between Senator Kennedy and Senator John Tunney, of California, on one side, and Senator Jacob Javits, of New York, and a "mystery player" on the other. The "mystery player" turned out to be Sargent Shriver, the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate. Since Mr. Shriver's name was listed in the program and his participation had been announced weeks in advance, his presence was not the sort of mystery that comes wrapped in an enigma. "We asked several other players, but they refused," said Alan King, the comedian, who was announcing the match. Considering that Mr. Shriver had spent the morning campaigning in Ohio, he played well, and he and Senator Javits forced Senators Kennedy and Tunney into a nine-point tie-breaker. Senator Javits and Senator Kennedy both favored a short-armed service style reminiscent of Ping-Pong. Senator Tunney's forecourt play was impressive. It was a good match. After one long, exciting rally, Mr. King said, "By the calibre of the tennis, you can realize how much time they spend on the Senate floor." The Kennedy-Tunney team won the match when, with the score in the tie-breaker tied at 4-all, Senator Kennedy punched a volley that caught the wood of his brother-in-law's racquet and rolled away.

By the time the politicians left the court, the sky was beginning to darken menacingly and there were distant rumbles of thunder, but Mr. Hoffman, Mr. van Dillen, Mr. Gonzales, and Mrs. Shriver got in most of their match before the first drops fell. Hoffman-van Dillen beat Gonzales-Shriver, 6–1. All the players hugged each other and came in out of the rain.

# EDWARDS, AMELIA

Amelia Edwards was washing the dishes when she noticed that a dish that she had already washed had a tiny piece of spinach stuck to the back of it.

I am not washing these dishes well, she thought. I am not washing these dishes as well as I used to wash them.

Mrs. Edwards stopped washing the dishes, even though half of them remained unwashed in the sink. She dried her arms on a paper towel and went into the bedroom. She sat down on the bed. Then she stood up again and looked at the bed.

The bedspread had been placed on the bed in a somewhat sloppy manner. She thought: I am not making the bed as well as I used to.

She sat down on the bed again and stared at the floor. Then her eyes moved to the corner of the room near the closet. In the corner, in the place where the two walls met, there was a gray dustball the size of an egg.

I have not vacuumed this room correctly, she thought. Is it because I am thirty-eight now?

No. Thirty-eight is young, relatively.

I am young and vigorous. George is handsome and well paid. We are going to Hawaii in June.

I wonder if I should have a drink?

Mrs. Edwards went out to the kitchen and looked at the vodka bottle.

Then she looked at the plate with the bit of spinach stuck to the back. She scratched the spinach from the plate with her fingernail. She poured some vodka into a glass. She went to the refrigerator to get some ice cubes, but when she opened the door to the freezing compartment it came off in her hands.

Mrs. Edwards regarded the door to the freezing compartment, a rectangular piece of white plastic.

The door to the freezing compartment has come off, she thought.

She placed it on the floor next to the refrigerator. Then she removed a tray of ice cubes from the freezing compartment and made herself a vodka-tonic.

The telephone rang. Mrs. Edwards did not answer it. She was sitting on the bed looking at her vodka-tonic. The telephone rang eleven times.

Perhaps I should listen to some music?

Mrs. Edwards arose and walked into the living room. She found an Angel record: "Don Giovanni Highlights," with Eberhard Wächter, Joan Sutherland, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. She placed the record on the turntable and switched on the amplifier. Then she sat down and listened to the music.

She remembered something she had read in the newspaper:

GIRL, 8, FOUND SLAIN

Mrs. Edwards drank some of her vodka-tonic. Then she noticed that something was wrong with the music. The turntable was slow. The music was dragging.

She got up and lifted the arm of the turntable to see if there was anything the matter with the needle. She scratched the needle with her finger. A scratching noise came out of the speakers. Behind the cabinet on which the turntable sat—between the back of the cabinet and the wall—there was a pair of black socks.

Black socks, she thought.

Mrs. Edwards turned off the amplifier and carried the black socks to the closet. She placed them in the dirty-clothes hamper.

*Take clothes to laundromat,* she thought.

Then she went into the kitchen and made herself another vodka-tonic.

Which she did not drink. She placed the second vodka-tonic on the small table beside the big chair in the living room and looked at it.

I used to put lime juice in my vodka-tonics, she thought. Now I just put in the vodka and the tonic, and the ice. When did I stop putting in the lime juice? I remember buying limes, slicing limes, squeezing limes. . . .

If we had had children, I could have interested myself in the problems of children.

I once won a prize for whistling with crackers in my mouth, she remembered. I whistled best. At a birthday party. When I was eight.

The telephone rang again. Mrs. Edwards did not answer it. Because she was afraid that it was the Telephone Company calling about the telephone bill. The Telephone Company had already called once about the telephone bill. She had told the woman from the Telephone Company that she would send a check right away but had not done so.

The telephone bill is one hundred and twelve dollars, she thought.

I can pay it on the fifteenth. Or I can send them a check and forget to sign it. I have not done that for a long time. Probably that would work, at this time.

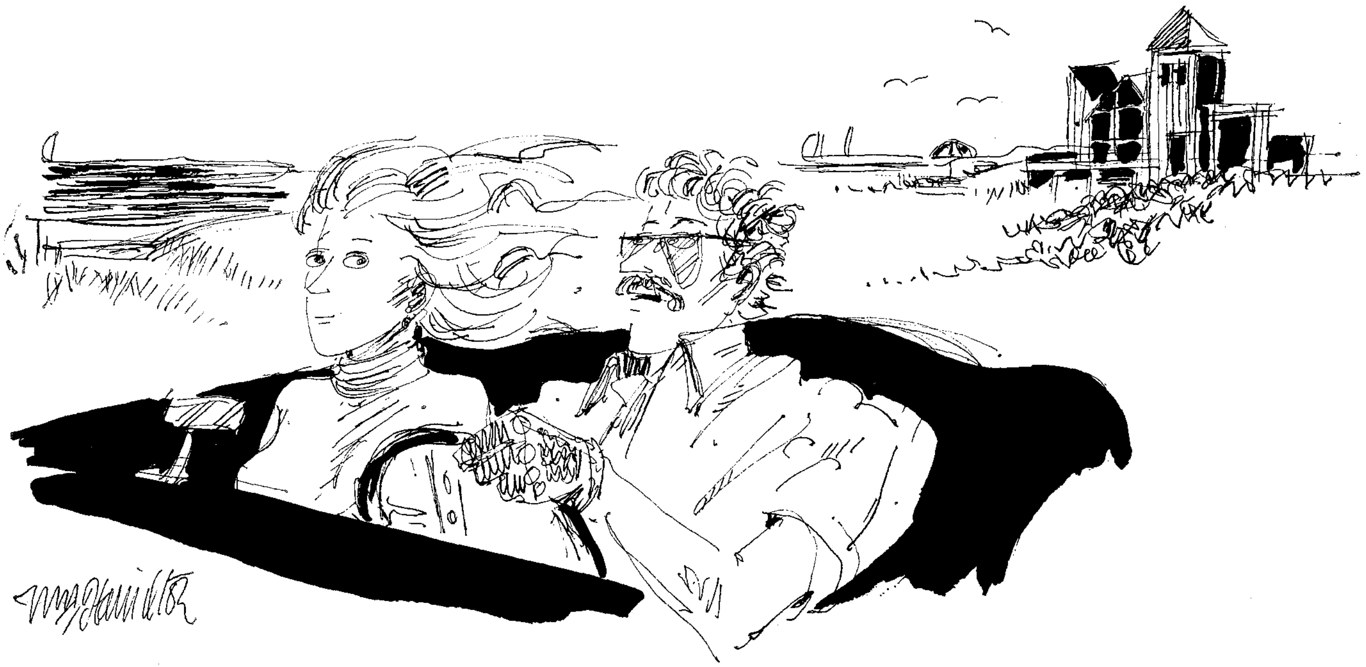
Mrs. Edwards drank some of the second vodka-tonic.

Do I not put the lime juice in because of the war? she wondered. The incredible war? Is that why I don't put the lime juice in?

Behind her—that is, behind the chair in which she was sitting—a large picture fell off the wall. There was a sound of glass breaking.

Mrs. Edwards did not turn around to look.

I never liked that picture. George liked that picture. Our taste in pictures differs. I like Josef Albers. George does not



*"Do you have any idea how much happiness is costing us?"*

• •

understand what Josef Albers is all about. Only I understand what Josef Albers is all about. Our tastes differ. I have not been courted properly in three years. It is ridiculous to have a reproduction of Marie Laurencin hanging in one's home. In the living room.

Once, I would have refused to have a reproduction of Marie Laurencin hanging in my home.

Not that she is bad. She is not bad at all. She is rather good, if one likes that sort of thing. But I do not like that sort of thing. Once, I would have fought about it. Tooth and nail.

She thought: A long time ago.

She thought: Did I remember to have photostats made, front and back, of the two checks for $16.22 each that the Internal Revenue Service says we didn't send it for the maid's Social Security for the first two quarters of 1970? That we did send? Because I have the cancelled checks?

No, I did not. I must take the checks to the photostat place and have the photostats made front and back and then send them with a letter to the Internal Revenue Service.

I will not have another vodka-tonic. Because I have will power.

When I lived in the city I had a dog. I would go out and walk my dog at ten o'clock in the morning. I would see all the other people walking their dogs. We would smile at one another over our dogs.

If I have will power, why don't I take my anti-alcohol pills?

Because I would rather drink.

Marie Laurencin had a good time. In life. Relatively. 1885-1956.

Am I a standard-issue American alcoholic housewife? Assembled by many hands, like a Rambler, like a Princess telephone?

But there is my love for the work of Josef Albers.

But perhaps every one of us has a wrinkle—kink would not be too strong a word—which enables us to think of ourselves as . . . Marginal differentiation, as they call it in George's business.

Three years.

Mrs. Edwards looked at her fingernails. There was a time, she thought, when I cared about my cuticles.

Mrs. Edwards thought about Duke Ellington. She knew everything about Ellington there was to know. She thought about Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, Ivie Anderson, Tricky Sam Nanton, Ray Nance the fiddler, Jimmy Blanton. She thought especially hard about Barney Bigard. She thought about "Transblucency," "What Am I Here For?," and "East St. Louis Toodle-oo." This music had made her happy, when she was young.

But the turntable—

I have done something wrong, she thought.

At this point, the water, which had been accumulating for many days, walked up the stairs from the basement and presented itself in the living room.

*Living room*, Amelia thought. What does that mean?

There is water on the floor of the *living room.*

Chagall is soft, she thought. All those floating lovers. Kissing above the rooftops. He has radically misperceived the problem.

The telephone rang but Mrs. Edwards did not answer it, because she knew that the caller was a professional woman-terrorizer who was not very good at it: too tentative. She had talked to him before. His name was Fred.

I do not want to talk to Fred today.

Mrs. Edwards looked at herself and noticed that she had forgotten to put any clothes on. When she had gotten up, after George had left for the office. She was not wearing any clothes.

Then she went into the kitchen and washed the rest of the dishes. Very well, very well indeed. Very carefully. Nobody could object to the way she washed them, nobody in the whole world. —DONALD BARTHELME

• •

## WICKLOW

Things by our sharing them put on sacredness.
Even an ill chance can make holy for us
Places and occasions. See how these hills
Are hallowed by our having been lost among them!
We walked in merriment till we were tired,
Lay down, and slept them into being blest.

—BRENDAN GILL

# A ROOM IN LINDEN

ONE day in the dark maze of yew hedges in the grounds of *this convalescent home in the* suburbs of Dublin, Sister Lua, who has arthritis, looks up at him from her wheelchair, which he's pushing, and says, "Tell me the truth. Don't be modest about it. Are you Nanki-Poo?"

Since he's a bookish young man, it is an exciting thing for him to have history living along the corridor. The poet he was reading just before he left his room writes that there's a wind blowing, cold through the corridor, a death wind, the flapping of defeated wings from meadows damned to eternal April. The poet has never seen it, but he could have been writing about this corridor. On its dull-green walls, a mockery of the grass and green leaves of life, the sun never shines. All day and all night, the big windows at the ends of the corridor, one at the east wing of the house and one at the west, are wide open, and from whichever airt the wind does blow it always blows cold. The rooms on the north side of the corridor are, as one might expect, colder and darker than the rooms on the south side, or would be if their light and heat depended totally on the sun.

Before the nuns got here and turned the place into a convalescent home, it was lived in by a family famous for generations for a special brand of pipe tobacco. The old soldier who is reluctantly, vociferously fading away in a room on the north side of the corridor says, "This house was built on smoke. Just think of that. Smoke."

The old soldier himself belongs to some branch of the family which emigrated to South Africa and made even more money out of Burgundy than the people who stayed at home made out of smoke, and there was always as much soldiering as smoke in the family—and big-game hunting, too, to judge by the fearful, snarling mounted heads left behind and surviving, undisturbed by nuns or convalescents, in the entrance hall.

"You'll be nice to the old man, won't you," Mother Polycarp had said to him. "He'll bore you to death. But he needs somebody to listen to him. He hasn't much longer to talk—in this world, at any rate."

So he talks to the old soldier in the evenings, and in the afternoons to the old priest and historian, dying as methodically and academically as he has lived, checking references, adding footnotes, in a room on the south side of the corridor. At other times the young man reads in his own room, or has visitors, or wheels Sister Lua's wheelchair in the ample bosky grounds, or leaves the grounds on his own and goes through quiet suburban roads to walk slowly, tapping his stick, in the public park that overlooks, across two walls and a railway, the flat sand and the bay. It is not an exciting life, but it's not meant to be.

He wheels Sister Lua round and round the dark cloisters of the yew-hedge maze from the corner where Jesus is condemned to death to the central circle where he is laid in the tomb. He tells her that he is not Nanki-Poo.

"Well, I heard you had poems in that magazine. And I didn't see your name. And there is this poet called Nanki-Poo. And he's very good. About the missions."

"Not me, alas, Sister. I was never on the missions."

"Know you weren't. A university student."

Although she is always sitting down and being wheeled, she is also always breathless and never quite begins or finishes a sentence, and it is necessary to fill in her words and meanings as she goes along. Birdlike, he knows, isn't much of a description, but she is birdlike—little hands like claws because of the arthritis, a little nose like a beak peeking out from under the nun's pucog. To the left corner of her pale, unvarnished little mouth, so often twisted with patience in pain, there's a mole with two hairs. She loves the dark-green maze that grew up, like the house, out of smoke and was used by the nuns as a setting for a Via Dolorosa with life-size figures; and backgrounds of good stone columns and arches robbed from the wreckage of some eighteenth-century mansion.

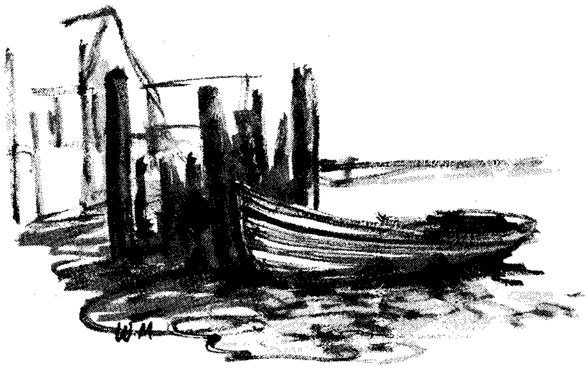
His first faux pas with the old historian had to do with those Stations of the Cross. One dull evening when the talk wasn't going so well, just to make chat he had said, "Don't they have a big day here once a year? People coming in hundreds to do the Stations of the Cross. What day does that happen on?"

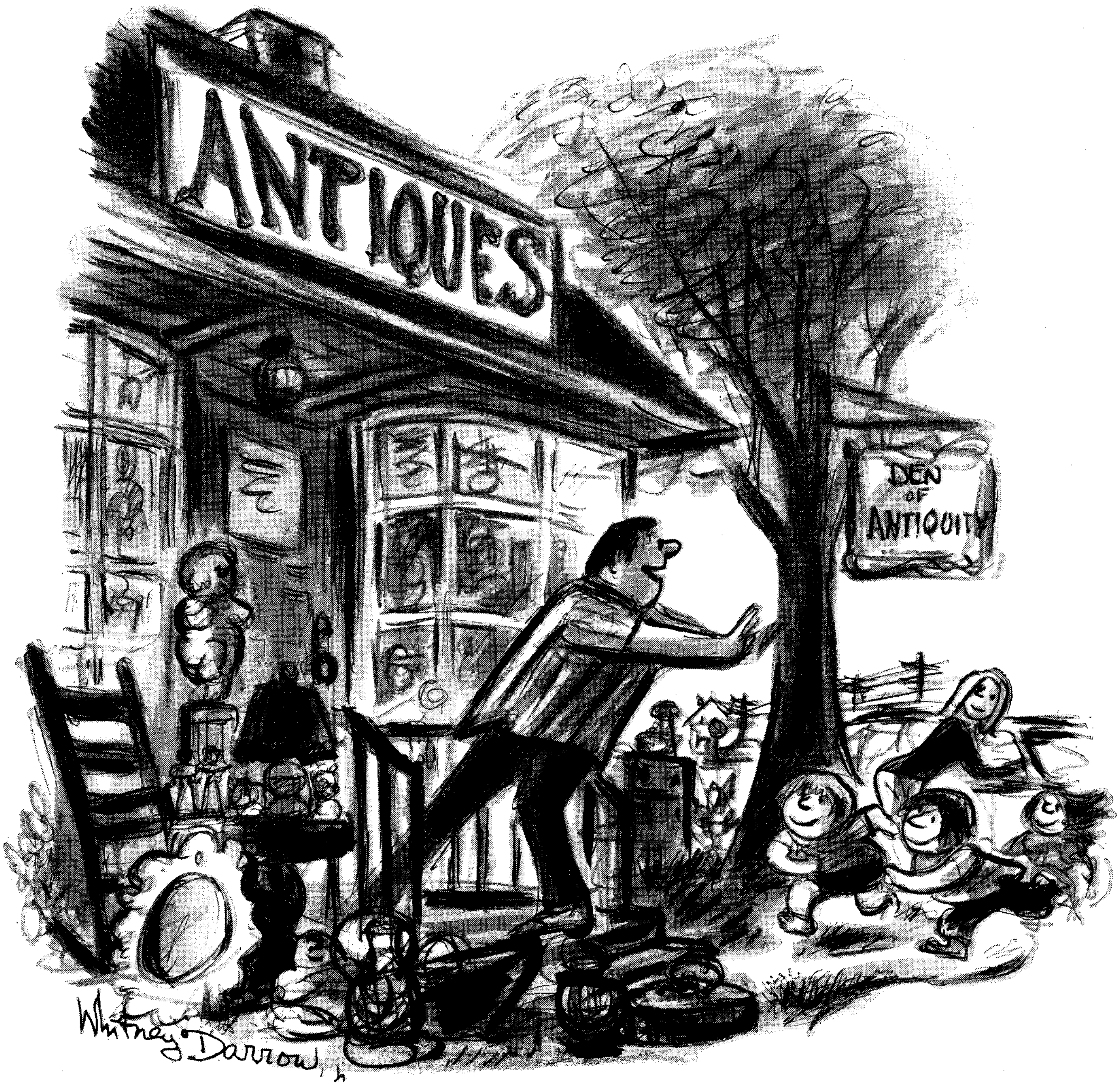
The old man pulled the rug more tightly around his long legs. His feet are always cold. In large bodies, Edmund Burke held, circulation is slower at the extremities, but the coldness of the old man's feet is just the beginning of death. He snuffed black snuff expertly from the hollow between thumb and forefinger, he sneezed, he said with crushing deliberation, "Good Friday, my good young man. Even the younger generation should be aware that the Lord was crucified on Good Friday."

He's a carnaptious old bastard, and even for the sake of Mother Polycarp, the kindly Reverend Mother, who is always thanking God for everything, it's hard to suffer him at times. But he has both made and written history, and poems, too, of a learned sort, and collected folk song, and the best people have written about him and discovered an Old World courtesy and all the rest of that rot behind his rude exterior: the Old World courtesy of a Scandinavian sea rover putting the full of a monastery of shaven-pated monks to the gory hatchet. By comparison, the old soldier, who has actually killed his man in faraway wars, is a gentleman. But then the old soldier is simply fading away, all battles fought and won, all comrades gone before him, all trumpets sounding from the other side. The old priest, still trying to work, has his last days aggravated by a mind that remembers everything and by the pain of a stomach cancer.

He leaves Sister Lua in the charge of a big red-headed nurse and walks down the main avenue toward suburbia and the park by the sea. The old white-haired vaudeville entertainer, who has some sort of shaking paralysis, which he says is an occupational disease, waves to him from his seat by the grotto under the obelisk and gives him three letters to post at the postbox outside the gate. They are, he notices, all addressed to well-known celebrities of screen, stage, and television: one in Dublin, one in London, one in New York. Out there is the world of healthy living people.

Life and playing children are, of course, all around him in the





*"Back! Back to the car, all of you! It's one of those 'If you break it you've bought it' places."*

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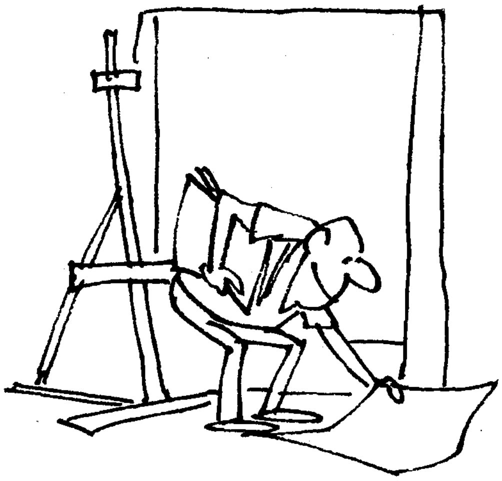
park, but it isn't quite the same thing; there isn't enough of life there to help him stop thinking of old men dying. He is very much on his own, either because of his sullenness or because he thinks that while he may be of interest to himself he couldn't possibly be of interest to anybody else. Nothing humble about it, though. In that park he's really a visitor from a special sort of world, from a cold green corridor damned to eternal December—exclusive, though: a rich old soldier, a famous old historian, the artist who is still in touch with the best people. Only the best die in that corridor.

One old man who sits on a green wooden seat close to the play hall where the children run when it rains talks to him as if he would gladly talk longer. He discourages that old man with abrupt sentences, for he has, at the moment, enough of old men. He walks on beyond him and along by the tennis courts. A stout bespectacled girl with strong tanned legs plays awkwardly with a tall, blond, handsome fellow, who wins every set and enjoys his superiority, while she seems to enjoy being beaten. A stranger from a strange land, he enjoys, as he passes or rests on a seat and watches, the leaping of her legs. So everybody is happy and the park is beautiful. The blond boy isn't even good at the game and he, the stranger, knows that if it wasn't for the stiff hip, still slowly recovering, he could challenge him and beat him easily. But then the stout girl, legs excepted, isn't really interesting.

He himself is blond and doesn't take very well to the sun. So his favorite seat is in a shady corner under dark horse chestnuts whose white candles are fading. He likes the place also because nobody else sits there. Strollers seem to accelerate as they walk past. Once in a while, children run shouting, hooting through the dark tunnel, from one shire of sunshine into another. Through a fence of mournful laurels and copper



beeches he sees the glitter of the sun on the lake. Out of the corner of his left eye he sees a red-headed girl in white shorts flat on her back on the sunny grass. Sometimes she reads. Sometimes she raises her legs and furiously, with flashing thighs, pedals an invisible bicycle, faster and faster until it seems as if she had seven or seventeen legs—until the flash of her thighs takes the shape of a white circle. Her belly muscles must be jingling like springs. The joints in her hips, unlike his own, must be in perfectly lubricated condition. She is at the moment one of the five women in his life: Polycarp, thanking God for the rain and the sunshine, for the hail and the snow; Lua, twisted in her chair; she who, nameless, cycles on her back on the grass; the strong-legged tennis player whose name, he has heard the blond fellow shout, is Phyllis; and A. N. Other.

To the rear of his shady corner, there is a privet hedge and a high wooden fence and a gate with a notice that says "No Admission Except on Business." That's exactly the way he feels. Adam in Eden must have had just such a corner where he kept his tools and experimented with slips and seeds. But then, before Adam and Eve made a mess of a good arrangement, the Garden must have looked after itself and needed none of that sweat-of-the-brow stuff. What would old Thor the thunderer, brooding in his room, biting on his cancer, think of that?

"Belloc," says the old priest, "was a big man who looked as if all his life he had eaten too much and drunk too much. The best way to learn French is to read cowboy-and-Injun stories. They hold the interest better than Racine."

Aware of his own inanity, he says, "Translations." Before that face—oblong, seemingly about twelve feet long, like a head cut out of the side of some crazy American mountain—he is perpetually nonplussed into saying stupidities.

"Cowboys and Injuns, my good young man, are not indigenous to the soil of France."

"There's a city called Macon in Georgia, U.S.A."

"There's a city called everything somewhere in the States. Naturally, they mispronounce the names."

So it goes on. You can't win with the old bastard.

"Darlington," he says, "used to call on Hopkins to take him out for walks. Hopkins was forever and always complaining of headaches. 'What else can you expect,' Darlington would say to him, 'immured up there in your room writing rubbish.' I'm not so sure that Darlington wasn't right."

He is at that time just entering his Hopkins phase, and if he wasn't afraid of that granite face, eyes sunken and black and burning, jawbones out rigid like a forked bush struck by lightning, he would defend the poet, quoting his sonnet about the windhover, which, with some difficulty, he has just memorized. Yet it still is something to hear those names tossed about by a man who knew the men, and was a name himself. He feels grateful to Mother Polycarp, who, as a friend of his family, has invited him to this place for a while, after his year in orthopedic, so that he can read his books and learn to walk at his ease. In all that green cold corridor, which is really a place for old men, he is the only person who is going to live. He searches for something neutral to say. "Wasn't Hopkins always very scrupulous about marking students' papers?"

"He was a neurotic Englishman, my good fellow. They never could make up their minds between imperialism and humanitarianism. That's what has them the way they are. Darlington was English, too, of course, the other sort—the complacent Englishman, thinking that only what is good can happen to him, and that all his works are good. Then a young upstart called Joyce put him in a book. That should have been a lesson to Darlington, if they have books in Heaven or wherever he went to."

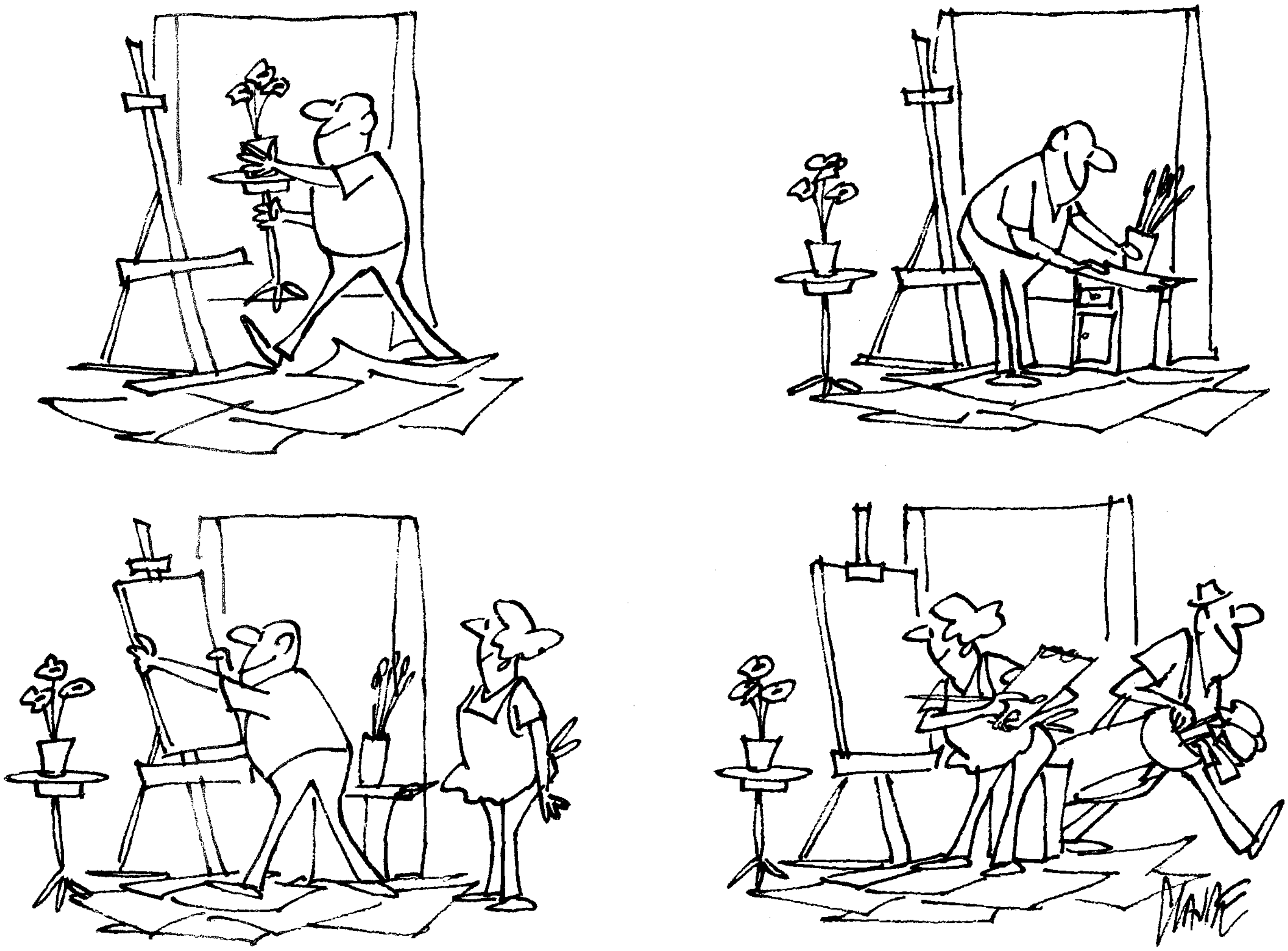
He should, as Mother Polycarp says, be taking notes, thank God, except he feels that if he did so—secretly even, in his room—the old lion might read his mind and take offense. The old man laughs seldom, but he's laughing now, perhaps at some memory of two English Jesuits marooned in Ireland, or at some other memory surfacing for a second in the dark crowded pool behind his square forehead. He has kept his hair, a dirty gray, standing up and out as if it had never encountered a comb. The long bony hands tighten the rug about his knees. The cold is creeping upward.

In the green corridor the young man kneels for a while at the prie-dieu before the shrine—not praying, just thinking about age and death, and looking up at the bearded face of St. Joseph, pure and gentle, guardian of the Saviour Child. With a lily in his hand. Another old man, and, by all accounts, very patient about it. What in hell is St. Joseph, like Oscar Wilde or somebody, always doing with a lily in his hand? An awkward class of a thing for a carpenter to be carrying.

Before his hip betrayed him, he had a half notion of being a priest, but a year in orthopedic, bright nurses hopping all around him, has cured him by showing him that there are things that priests, in the ordinary course of duty, are not supposed to have.

"You're too young," the old soldier says, "to be in this boneyard."

He's a small man with a red boozy face, a red dressing gown, a whiskey bottle and a glass always to his right hand. The whiskey keeps him alive, thank God, Mother Polycarp says. He is, like St. Joseph, gentle, but not so pure, rambling on about dirty doings in faraway places—Mombasa and Delhi are much mentioned—about



Kaffir women, and about blokes who got knocked off in the most comical fashion. He laughs a lot. He doesn't need a considered answer or a balanced conversation; just a word now and then to show he's not alone. He shares the whiskey generously. He has bags of money, and when he dies he'll leave the perishing lot to the nuns.

"They do good, you know. Keep perky about it, too. Who else would look after the likes of me? Ruddy boneyard, though. Elephants' graveyard. Get out of here and get a woman. Make sons. Before it's too late. Would get out myself only nobody would have me anymore, and I couldn't have them. Only whiskey left. But I had my day. When I was your age I laid them as quick as my batman could pull them out from under me. Three women shot from under me at the battle of Balaclava and all that. Fit only for the boneyard now, and the nuns. They don't want it and I can't give it. But there's always whiskey, thank God, as the Mother says. A field behind the barracks where old wind-broken cavalry mounts went on grass with the shoes off until they died. At least we didn't eat them, like the bloody Belgians. Smell of slow death around this place."

He sniffs the whiskey and laughs and then coughs. By night the coughing is constant. Lying awake and listening, the young man has a nightmarish feeling that they are all in prison cells, all dying; which is true. All the living are dying, and after one night the sun will never rise again on the park, and every time the cycling girl spins her legs she's another circle nearer to the grave. His own healthy youth has already collapsed in illness. Life is one collapse after another. The coughing goes on and on. To be a brave soldier and to end up coughing in a lonely room. Let me outa here. No, Sister Lua, I am not Nanki-Poo.

"BUT every day that passes," Mother Polycarp tells him, "brings you a day nearer to getting back to your studies, thank God. You made a great recovery in orthopedic."

She is a tall woman with a long, flat-footed step and more rattlings of keys and rosary beads than seem natural even in a nun. When he tells her that, she laughs and says, of course, that she has the Keys of the Kingdom, thank God. She has a good-humored, wrinkled mannish face, and she is famous everywhere for her kindness and her ability to gather money and build hospitals.

Does she say to the old men, "Every day that passes brings you a day nearer Heaven, thank God"?

She wouldn't mention death as the Gate of Heaven.

He has a feeling that none of them want to go any farther forward; they look backward to see Heaven: on the day a new book was published or a new woman mounted or a new show went well. Heaven, like most things, doesn't last, or could only be an endless repetition of remembered happiness, and would in the end be, like dying, a bloody bore.

In her chair as he wheels her, Sister Lua, chirping like the little robin that she is, prays a bit and chats a bit and, because of her breathlessness and the way she beheads her sentences and docks the tails off them, he has to listen carefully to know whether she is chatting or praying. The life-size figures in the maze of dark yews—fourteen Christs in various postures, with attendant characters from jesting Pilate to the soldiers by the tomb—have acquired a sombre existence of their own. Do they relax at night, yawn, stretch stiff limbs, mutter a curse, light a cigarette, say to hell with show business? He must try that one out on the vaudeville man, shaking his way to the grave, on the seat by the grotto under the obelisk.

"Weep not for me," Sister Lua prays, "but weep for yourselves and for your children."

The Lord is talking to the weeping women of Jerusalem and not doing a lot to cheer them up. Some anti-Semitical Irish parish priest must have written the prayers that Lua reels off. He didn't think much, either, of the kind of recruitment that got into the Roman army: These barbarians fastened him with nails and then, securing the Cross, allowed Him to die in anguish on this ignominious gibbet.

From the prayer book, she has learned by heart not only the prayers but the instructions that go with them. She says, as the book instructs, "Pause a while."

He pauses. The yew hedges are a dark wall to either hand. Twenty paces ahead, the Lord, in an arbor, is being lowered from the Cross. The dying has been done.

"Nanki-Poo. Nanki-Poo."

"Sister, I am not Nanki-Poo."

"But I call you Nanki-Poo. Such a lovely name."

"So is Pooh-Bah."

"Pooh-Bah is horrible. Somebody making mean faces. Nanki-Poo, you must write a poem for Mother Polycarp's feast day. So easy for you. Just a parody. Round Linden when the sun was low, Mother Polycarp the Good did go."

"There's a future in that style."

"You'll do it, Nanki-Poo?"

"At my ease, Sister. Whatever Nanki-Poo can do I can do better."

By the laying of the Lord in the tomb they encounter A. N. Other. She tries to escape by hiding behind the eighteenth-century cut stone robbed from the old house, but Sister Lua's bird's eye is too quick and too sharp for her. "Nurse Donovan, Nurse Donovan, the French texts have arrived."

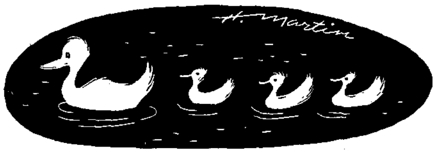
"Yes, Sister Lua."

"When can you begin, Nanki-Poo?"

"Any time, Sister."

"So useful to you, Nurse Donovan—French—when you're a secretary."

She is a small, well-rounded brunette who nursed in the orthopedic hospital until something happened to her health. He is in love with her, has been for some time. Nothing is to come of it. He is never to see her again after he leaves the convalescent home. The trouble is that Sister Lua has decided that the girl must be a secretary and that Nanki-Poo must teach her French, and it is quite clear from the subdued light in the girl's downcast dark eyes that she doesn't give a tinker's damn about learning anything, even French, out of a book. Worse still, on the few occasions on which he has been able to corner the girl on her own he hasn't been able to think of a single thing to talk about except books. How can he ever get through to her that pedagogy is the last thing in his mind?



She wheels Sister Lua away from him to the part of the house where the nuns live. Between the girl and himself Sister Lua has thrown a barbed-wire

## SUBPLOT

Accident or the gods,
Processes busy about their own directions
Touch you, transform you. I found myself
Six feet tall,
Dressed in coachman's piping, a whip coiled
In my right hand—and in my stomach
The same half-digested cricket.
Oh, I remembered—the rat still crouched
In my brand-new brain, and I could almost
Twitch my nonexistent whiskers.
Far below, I saw the bricks of the floor
Ripple for miles. Out of the window,
I saw, for the first time, hills,
Truncated with evening light. Later,
When I drove up the road,
There would be brightnesses overhead
I thought of as stars.

It became dark. She bent over once
To put on her shoes, hand against the mantel,
Each breast succulent, dependent
Against her bodice, the fire
Flickering on their curves. Her hair fell over
Her shoulders like water.

Sitting in the coach outside the dance,
I had hours to settle it all.
Laughter rang from the lighted windows,
Music drifted out. The horses
Whuffled and shuddered. Water lapped
On the stones of the palace pool.
Leaves whispered. Mosquitoes whined and bit me.
I couldn't bring myself to kill them.
I had hours to settle it all.
If I had touched her or run away,
They would have changed me back.
I had hours, hours.

Then the doors burst open, flooding the yard
With light and clamor,
And she fled like a bird down the steps.
All the way back down that country road,
The silver, impassive moon
Rode in the sky in front of me. I lashed blood
From those foaming backs,
I shouted scripture and algebra.
"I will turn blank eyes to the moon," I cried,
"The rest of my nights! I will be clubbed to death
Gnawing on a dead child's foot!"

—JACK BUTLER

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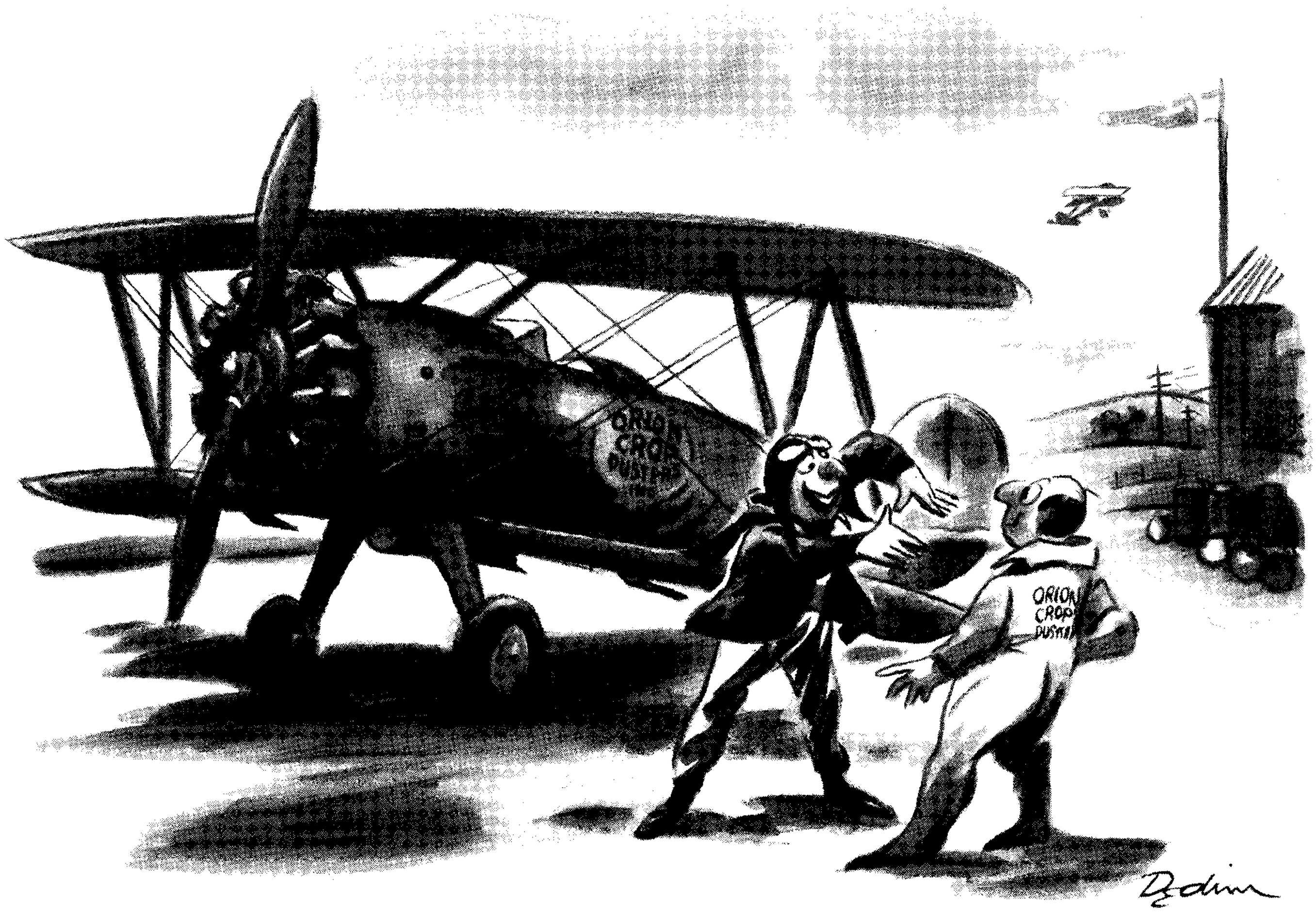


*"There I was, coming in low at a hundred and seventy-five m.p.h. with forty-two acres of broccoli to the left of me, eighteen acres of asparagus to the right of me, eighty acres of carrots straight ahead! Power lines all around! My target: seven acres of badly infested garlic smack in the center. . . ."*

• •

entanglement of irregular verbs. No great love has ever been so ludicrously frustrated.

A WHITE blossom that he cannot identify grows copiously in this suburb. Thanks be to God for the thunder and lightning, thanks be to God for all things that grow.

No, Sister Lua, I am not Nanki-Poo; I am a disembodied spirit, homeless in suburbia, watching with envy a young couple coming, white and dancing, out of a house and driving away to play tennis, am a lost soul blown on the blast between a green cold corridor of age and death and the children running and squealing by the lake in the park.

Beyond the two walls and the railway line, the sea is flat and purple all the way to Liverpool. He envies the young footballers in the playing fields close to where the cycling girl lies flat on her back and rides to the moon on her imaginary bicycle. He envies particularly a red-headed boy with a superb left foot, who centers the ball, repeating the movement again and again, a conscious artist, as careless as God of what happens to the ball next, just so that he drops it in the goal mouth where he feels it should go. The footballer is on talking terms with the cycling girl. He jokes and laughs with her when the ball bounces that way. She stops her cycling to answer him. From his shadowy corner under the chestnuts, Nanki-Poo watches and thinks about his latest talk with the vaudeville man on his seat by the grotto under the obelisk.

The obelisk has also been built on smoke to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of a son of the house who would have been the great-granduncle of the old soldier.

"Vanished somewhere in India, poor fellow," the vaudeville man said. "There was a rumor to the effect that he was eaten by wild beasts. A damn hard thing to prove unless you see it happen. Anyway, he did for a good few of them before they got him. Half of the heads in the hallway below are his."

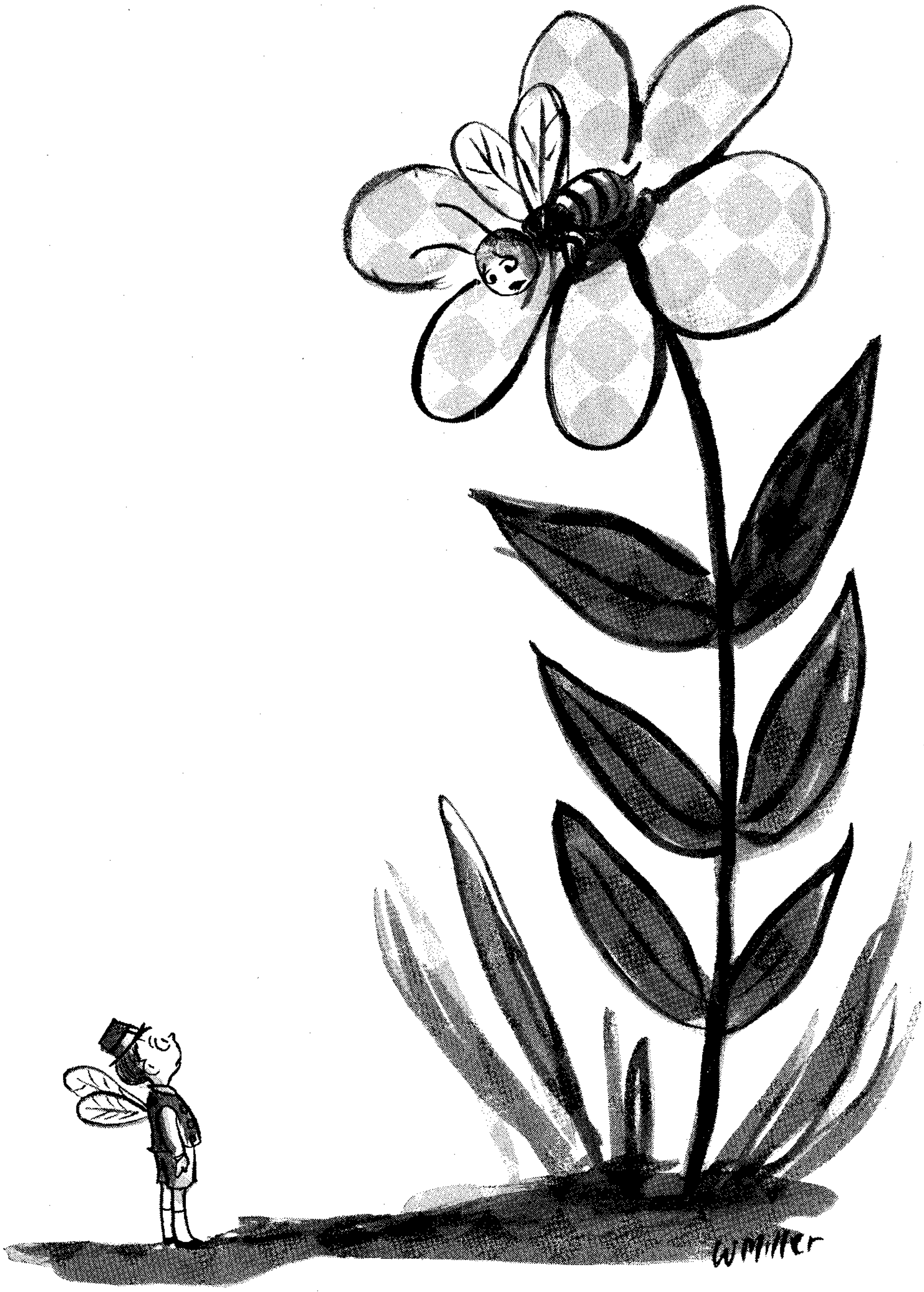
The obelisk stands up on a base of a flowering rockery, and into the cave or grotto underneath the rockery the nuns have, naturally, inserted a miniature Lourdes: the Virgin with arms extended and enhaloed by burning candles, Bernadette kneeling by a fountain of holy water, which is blessed by the chaplain at its source in a copper tank.

"The candles," says the vaudeville man, "keep my back warm."

He wears a faded brown overcoat with a velvet collar. His white hair is high and bushy and possibly not as well trimmed as it used to be. The skin of his shrunken face and bony Roman nose has little purple blotches, and, to conceal the shake in his hands, he grips the knob of his bamboo walking cane very tightly. When he walks, his feet rise jerkily from the ground, as if they did so of their own accord and might easily decide never to settle down again. The handwriting on the envelopes is thin and wavery, as if the pen now and again took off on its own.

"You know all the best people."

"I used to." He is never gloomy, yet



*"I'm sorry, lad, I'm not the one you should be asking. I'm a worker bee, and worker bees don't know much about sex."*

• •

never hilarious. Somewhere in between he has settled for an irony that is never quite bitter.

"You still write to them."

"Begging letters, you know. Reminders of the good old days. They almost always work with show people. I never quite made it, you know—not even when I had the health. But I was popular with my own kind. This one, now." He points to a notable name on one envelope. "We met one night in a boozer in London when I wasn't working. He stood me a large Jameson straightaway, then another, then another. He asked me to dine with him. We talked about this and that. When we parted I found a tenner in the inside breast pocket of my overcoat. While we were dining he had slipped into the cloakroom. No note, no message—just a simple tenner to speak for itself. He wasn't rich then, mark you, although, as the world knows, he did well afterward. But he remembers me. He promises to come to see me. Do you know, now that I think of it, this was the very overcoat."

The cycling girl has stopped cycling and is talking to the red-headed footballer. He stands above her, casually bouncing the ball on that accurate left foot. Whatever he's saying, the girl laughs so loudly that Nanki-Poo can hear her where he sits in gloom and broods on beggary.

She has a good, human, throaty sort of a laugh.

THE night there is no coughing but only one loud single cry from the next room, he knows that the old soldier has awakened for a moment to die. He rises, puts on slippers and dressing gown, and heads down the corridor to find the night nurse. But Mother Polycarp is there already, coming stoop-shouldered, beads and keys rattling, out of the old man's room.

"Thank God," she says, "he died peacefully and he had the Blessed Sacrament yesterday morning. He wandered a lot in his time, but he came home in the end."

He walks down the stairway to the shadowy main hall. Do the animals in the half-darkness grin with satisfaction at the death of a man whose relative was eaten by one or more of their relatives? The front door is open for the coming of the doctor and the priest. Above the dark maze of yew hedge, the obelisk is silhouetted against the lights of the suburb. The place is so quiet that he can hear even the slight noise of the sea over the flat sand. This is the first time he has been out-of-doors at night since he went to orthopedic. Enjoying the freedom, the quiet, the coolness, he walks round and round in the maze until his eyes grow used to the blackness and he is able to pick out the men and women who stand along the Via Dolorosa. They are just as motionless as they are during the day. When he comes back, Mother Polycarp is waiting for him in the hallway.

"Now you're bold," she says. "You could catch a chill. But every day that passes brings you nearer to freedom, thank God, and you can walk very well now."

She crosses herself as she passes the shrine in the corridor. She says, "One thing that you could do now that you are up is talk to himself. Or listen to him. He's awake and out of bed and lonely for somebody to talk to."

The old priest is out of bed but not fully dressed, and, in a red dressing gown that must have been presented to him by Mother Polycarp, he doesn't seem half as formidable as in his black religious habit. There is an open book on the rug that, as usual, covers and beats down the creeping cold from his thighs and knees. He is not reading. His spectacles are in their case on the table to his right hand. Above the light from the shaded reading lamp, his head and shoulders are in shadow. For once, since he is red and not black, and half invisible, Nanki-Poo feels almost at ease with him.

From the shadows his voice says, "Credit where credit is due, young man. The first Chichester to come to Ireland was certainly one of the most capable and successful robbers who ever lived. He stole most of the north of Ireland not only from its owners but even from the robbers who stole it from its owners. Twice he robbed his royal master, James Stuart, the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England. The man who did that had to rise early in the morning. For although King James was a fool about most things, he was no fool about robbery; it was he got the Scots the name for parsimony. Chichester stole the entire fisheries of Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Isles, and nobody found out about it until after he died. '*Age quod agis*,' as the maxim says. 'Do what you do.' At his own craft he was a master. I dealt with him in a book."

"I read it."

"Did you indeed? A mark in your favor, young man."

"As a matter of fact, sir, the copy of it I read had your name on the flyleaf. Father Charles from your monastery loaned it to me when I was in orthopedic."

As soon as the words are out, he knows he has dropped the biggest brick of his career and prays to Jesus that he may live long and die happy and never drop a bigger one. He has never known silence to last so long and be so deafening. Even the bulb in the reading lamp makes a sound like a big wind far away. Blood in the ears?

"They're not expecting me back, so."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"You know damned well what I mean. In a monastery when they know you're dead and not coming back they empty your room. There's another man in it now. They were kind and never told me. That room was all I had, and my books. They have sent me to the death house, as they so elegantly say in the United States. This here is the death house. What do you do here, young man?"

He is asking himself that question. So far, no easy answer has offered itself.

"Books you build around you, more than a house and wife and family for a layman, part of yourself, flesh of your flesh, more than furniture for a monk's cell, a shell for his soul, the only thing in spite of the rule of poverty I couldn't strip myself of, and my talents allowed me a way around the rule, but man goeth forth naked as he came, stripped of everything; death bursts among them like a shell and strews them over half the town, and yet there are men who can leave their books as memorials to great libraries. . . ."

Sacred Heart of Jesus, he thinks, up there in the shadows there may be tears on that granite face. "I'm sorry, sir."

"You didn't know, young man. How could you know?"

"You will be remembered, sir."

"Thank you. The old must be grateful. Go to bed now. You have reason to rest. You have a life to live."

In his room he reads for what's left of the night. He has a life to live.

THROUGH a drowsy, weary morning he feels he wants to leave the place right away. Never again will he see the old soldier. Never again can he face the old scholar.

"Nanki-Poo, Nanki-Poo, you won't see your old friend again."

"No, Sister. He died last night."

"Not him. Your old friend on the seat by the grotto."

Flying from French, A. N. Other cuts across their path through the maze. But she's moving so fast that not even Lua can hail her. Somewhere in the maze and as quietly as a cat, she is stealing away from him forever. Dulled with lack of sleep, his brain is less than usually able to keep up with the chirpings of Lua.

"Is he dead, too?" Let them all die. Let me out of here. I am not Nanki-Poo.

"A stroke—not fatal yet, but, alas, the final one."

"I'll go to see him."

But Mother Polycarp tells him there's no point in that; all connection between brain and tongue and eyes is gone. "He wouldn't know whether you were there or not."

"Couldn't he see me?"

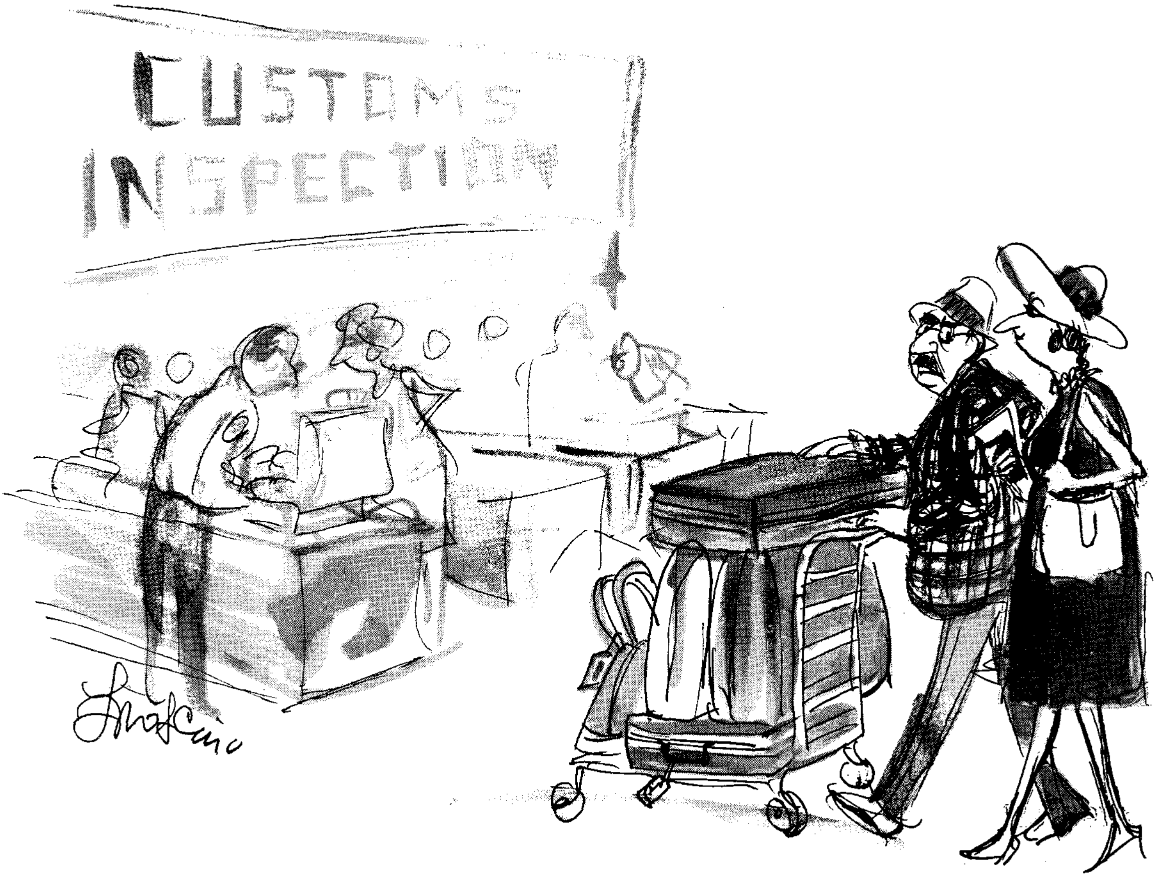
"We don't know. The doctor says, God bless us, that he's a vegetable."

"I wondered had he any letters to send out. I used to post them for him."

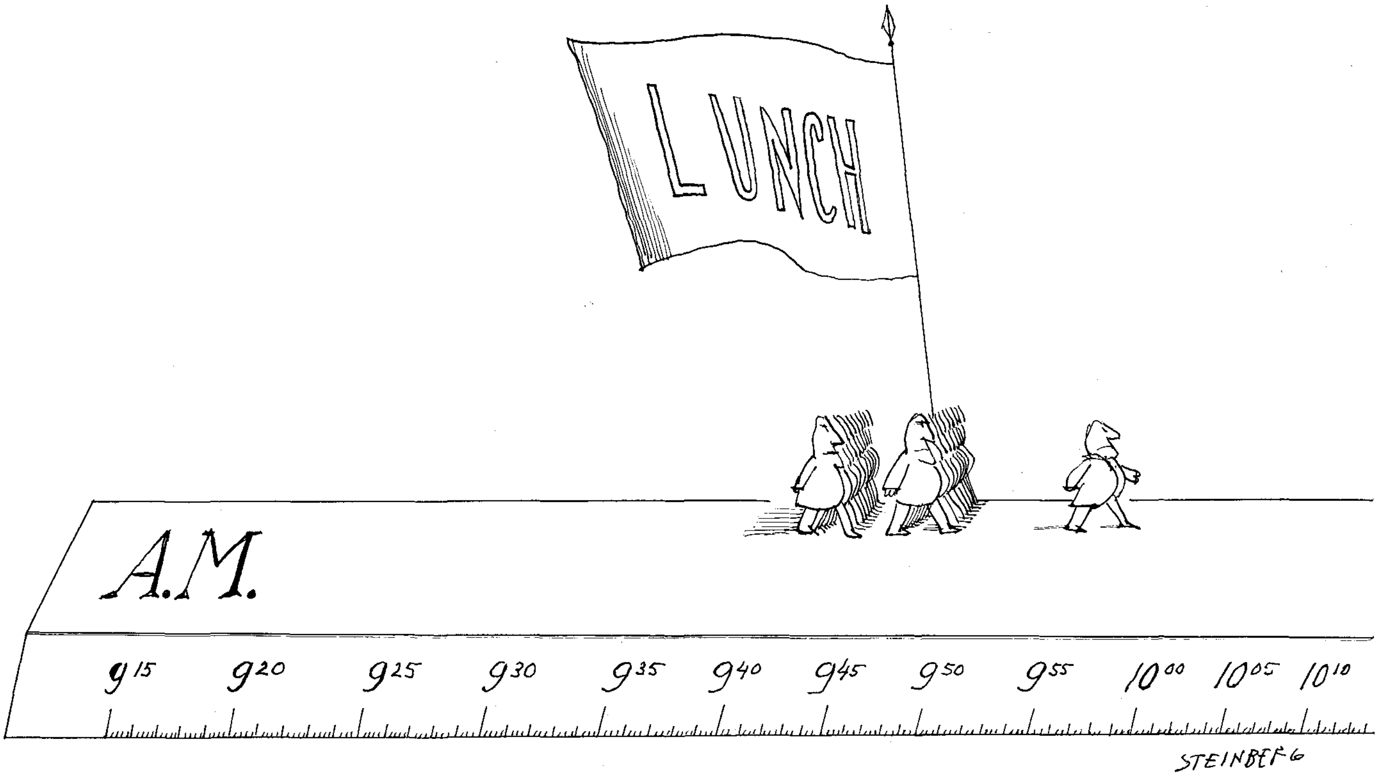
"He can't write anymore."

A silence. So he can't even beg.

"It's a blow to you," she says. "You



*"No, I don't want to know where you've got it hidden. I'm jittery enough just knowing you've got it."*



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were his friend. He used to enjoy his talks with you. But it'll soon be over, thank God. Pray for him that he may pray for us. For some of us death isn't the worst thing, and, as far as we can tell, he's content."

A vegetable has little choice. Refusing to lie down and rest in that green place of death, the young man walks dumbly through the suburb. The white blossoms blind him. When he leaves this place he will do so with the sense of escape he might have if he was running on a smooth hillside on a sunny windy day. But later he knows that the place will be with him forever: the cry in the night, the begging letters sent to the stars, the pitiful anger of an old man finding another man living in his room. Crucified God, there's life for you, and there's a lot more of it that he hasn't yet encountered. He expects little, but he will sit no longer expecting it alone in any dark corner.

He would like to be able to tell the cycling girl a really good lie about how he injured his hip. The scrum fell on me on the line in a rather dirty game, just as I was sneaking away and over—that's how it happens, you know.

Or: An accident on a rockface in Snowdonia, a bit of bad judgment—my own fault, actually.

Or: You've heard of the parachute club that ex-Air Corps chap has started out near Celbridge.

He would prefer if he had crutches, or even one crutch, instead of a stick, which he doesn't even need. A crutch could win a girl's confidence, for no harm could come to her from a fellow hopping on a crutch unless he could move as fast as, and throw the crutch with the accuracy of, Long John Silver.

There he goes, thinking about books again. He'd better watch that.

The red-headed footballer is far away and absorbed in the virtues of his own left foot. For the first time, Nanki-Poo notices the color of her hair, mousy, and the color of her sweater, which today is mauve, because when she lay flat on the grass and he watched from a distance she was only white shorts and bare circling thighs.

He sits down, stiffly, on the grass beside her. She seems not in the least surprised. She has a freckled face and spectacles. That surprises him.

He says, "I envy the way your hips work."

If he doesn't say something wild like that, he'll begin talking about books and his cause is lost.

"Why so?"

"I was laid up for a year with a tubercular hip. I'm in the convalescent over there."

"Oh, I know who you are. Sister Lua told me. You're Nanki-Poo. You write poetry."

He is cold all over. "You know Sister Lua?"

"She's my aunt. I write poetry, too. Nobody has ever printed it, though. Yet. Sister Lua said that someday she'd ask you to read some of it."

"I'd be delighted to."

"I watched you sitting over there for a long time. But I didn't like to approach you. Sister Lua said you were standoffish and intellectual."

She walks back with him as far as the obelisk and the grotto. They will meet again on the following day and take a bus into a teashop in the city. They may even go to a show if Mother Polycarp allows him—as she will—to stay out late.

He suspects that all this will come to nothing except to the reading of her poetry, which, as likely as not, will be diabolical. He wonders if someday she will, like her aunt, be arthritic, for arthritis, they say, like a stick leg, runs in the blood. But with one of his three friends dead, one estranged, and one a vegetable, it is something to have somebody to talk to as you stumble through suburbia. He has a life to live. Every day that passes brings him a day nearer to somewhere else.

So thanks be to God for the rain and the sunshine, thanks be to God for the hail and the snow, thanks be to God for the thunder and lightning, thanks be to God that all things are so.

—BENEDICT KIELY

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It is easier to grate a demon that has been dropped into scalding water for a minute.—*Hartford Courant.*

And it's a lesson for him, to boot.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE SEARCH FOR MARVIN GARDENS

GO. I roll the dice—a six and a two. Through the air I move my token, the flatiron, to Vermont Avenue, where dog packs range.

◆

The dogs are moving (some are limping) through ruins, rubble, fire damage, open garbage. Doorways are gone. Lath is visible in the crumbling walls of the buildings. The street sparkles with shattered glass. I have never seen, anywhere, so many broken windows. A sign—"Slow, Children at Play"—has been bent backward by an automobile. At the lighthouse, the dogs turn up Pacific and disappear. George Meade, Army engineer, built the lighthouse—brick upon brick, six hundred thousand bricks, to reach up high enough to throw a beam twenty miles over the sea. Meade, seven years later, saved the Union at Gettysburg.

◆

I buy Vermont Avenue for $100. My opponent is a tall, shadowy figure, across from me, but I know him well, and I know his game like a favorite tune. If he can, he will always go for the quick kill. And when it is foolish to go for the quick kill he will be foolish. On the whole, though, he is a master assessor of percentages. It is a mistake to underestimate him. His eleven carries his top hat to St. Charles Place, which he buys for $140.

◆

The sidewalks of St. Charles Place have been cracked to shards by through-growing weeds. There are no buildings. Mansions, hotels once stood here. A few street lamps now drop cones of light on broken glass and vacant space behind a chain-link fence that some great machine has in places bent to the ground. Five plane trees—in full summer leaf, flecking the light—are all that live on St. Charles Place.

◆

Block upon block, gradually, we are cancelling each other out—in the blues, the lavenders, the oranges, the greens. My opponent follows a plan of his own devising. I use the Hornblower & Weeks opening and the Zuricher defense. The first game draws tight, will soon finish. In 1971, a group of people in Racine, Wisconsin, played for seven hundred and sixty-eight hours. A game begun a month later in Danville, California, lasted eight hundred and twenty hours. These are official records, and they stun us. We have been playing for eight minutes. It amazes us that Monopoly is thought of as a long game. It is possible to play to a complete, absolute, and final conclusion in less than fifteen minutes, all within the rules as written. My opponent and I have done so thousands of times. No wonder we are sitting across from each other now in this best-of-seven series for the international singles championship of the world.

◆

On Illinois Avenue, three men lean out from second-story windows. A girl is coming down the street. She wears dungarees and a bright-red shirt, has ample breasts and a Hadendoan Afro, a black halo, two feet in diameter. Ice rattles in the glasses in the hands of the men.

"Hey, sister!"

"Come on up!"

She looks up, looks from one to another to the other, looks them flat in the eye.

"What for?" she says, and she walks on.

◆

I buy Illinois for $240. It solidifies my chances, for I already own Kentucky and Indiana. My opponent pales. If he had landed first on Illinois, the game would have been over then and there, for he has houses built on Boardwalk and Park Place, we share the railroads equally, and we have cancelled each other everywhere else. We never trade.

◆

In 1852, R. B. Osborne, an immigrant Englishman, civil engineer, surveyed the route of a railroad line that would run from Camden to Absecon Island, in New Jersey, traversing the state from the Delaware River to the barrier beaches of the sea. He then sketched in the plan of a "bathing village" that would surround the eastern terminus of the line. His pen flew glibly, framing and naming spacious avenues parallel to the shore—Mediterranean, Baltic, Oriental, Ventnor—and narrower transsecting avenues: North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Connecticut, States, Virginia, Tennessee, New York, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois. The place as a whole had no name, so when he had completed the plan Osborne wrote in large letters over the ocean, "Atlantic City." No one ever challenged the name, or the names of Osborne's streets. Monopoly was invented in the early nineteen-thirties by Charles B. Darrow, but Darrow was only transliterating what Osborne had created. The railroads, crucial to any player, were the making of Atlantic City. After the rails were down, houses and hotels burgeoned from Mediterranean and Baltic to New York and Kentucky. Properties—building lots—sold for as little as six dollars apiece and as much as a thousand dollars. The original investors in the railroads and the real estate called themselves the Camden & Atlantic Land Company. Reverently, I repeat their names: Dwight Bell, William Coffin, John DaCosta, Daniel Deal, William Fleming, Andrew Hay, Joseph Porter, Jonathan Pitney, Samuel Richards—founders, fathers, forerunners, archetypical masters of the quick kill.

◆

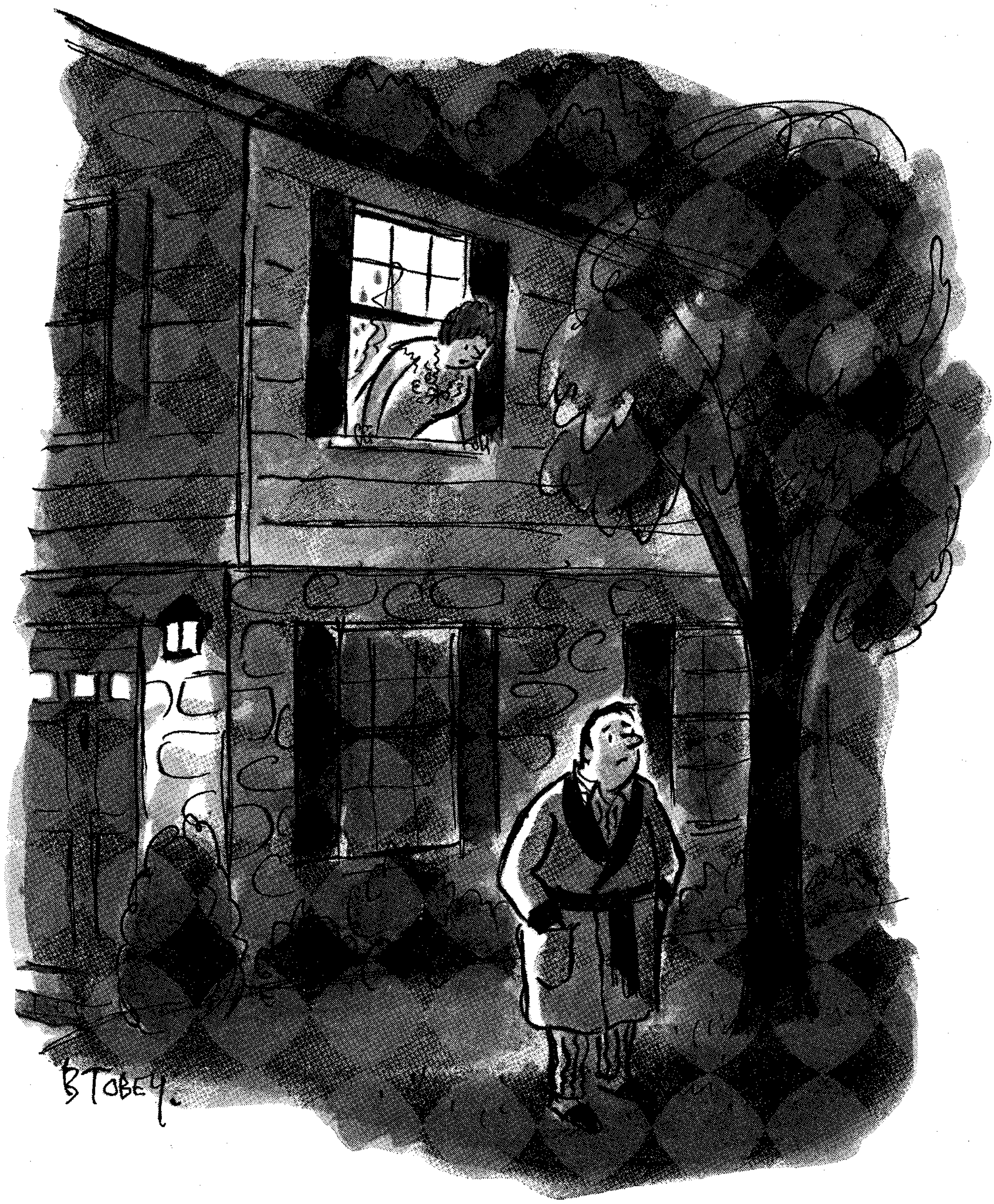
My opponent and I are now in a deep situation of classical Monopoly. The torsion is almost perfect—Boardwalk and Park Place versus the brilliant reds. His cash position is weak, though, and if I escape him now he may fade. I land on Luxury Tax, contiguous to but in sanctuary from his power. I have four houses on Indiana. He lands there. He concedes.

◆

Indiana Avenue was the address of the Brighton Hotel, gone now. The Brighton was exclusive—a word that no longer has retail value in the city. If you arrived by automobile and tried to register at the Brighton, you were sent away. Brighton-class people came in private railroad cars. Brighton-class people had other private railroad cars for their horses—dawn rides on the firm sand at water's edge, skirts flying. Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle—the sort of name that would constrict throats in Philadelphia—lived, much of the year, in the Brighton.

◆

Colonel Sanders' fried chicken is on Kentucky Avenue. So is Clifton's Club Harlem, with the Sepia Revue and the



*"All right, but promise you'll come in and go to bed the instant you do discover the meaning of it all."*

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Sepia Follies, featuring the Honey Bees, the Fashions, and the Lords.

•

My opponent and I, many years ago, played 2,428 games of Monopoly in a single season. He was then a recent graduate of the Harvard Law School, and he was working for Milbank, Tweed, looking up law. Two people we knew—one from Chase Manhattan, the other from Morgan, Stanley—tried to get into the game, but after a few rounds we found that they were not in the conversation and we sent them home. Monopoly should always be *mano a mano* anyway. My opponent won 1,199 games, and so did I. Thirty were ties. He was called into the Army, and we stopped just there. Now, in Game 2 of the series, I go immediately to jail, and again to jail, while my opponent seines property. He is dumbfoundingly lucky. He wins in twelve minutes.

•

Visiting hours are daily, eleven to two; Sunday, eleven to one; evenings, six to nine. "NO MINORS, NO FOOD, Immediate Family Only Allowed in Jail." All this above a blue steel door in a blue cement wall in the windowless interior of the basement of the city hall. The desk sergeant sits opposite the door to the jail. In a cigar box in front of him are pills in every color, a banquet of fruit salad an inch and a half deep—leapers, co-pilots, footballs, truck drivers, peanuts, blue angels, yellow jackets, redbirds, rainbows. Near the desk are two soldiers, waiting to go through the blue door. They are about eighteen years old. One of them is trying hard to light a cigarette. His wrists are in steel cuffs. A military policeman waits, too. He is a year or so older than the soldiers, taller, studious in appearance, gentle, fat. On a bench against a wall sits a good-looking girl in slacks. The blue door rattles, swings heavily open. A turnkey stands in the doorway. "Don't you guys kill yourselves back there now," says the sergeant to the soldiers.

"One kid, he overdosed himself about ten and a half hours ago," says the M.P.

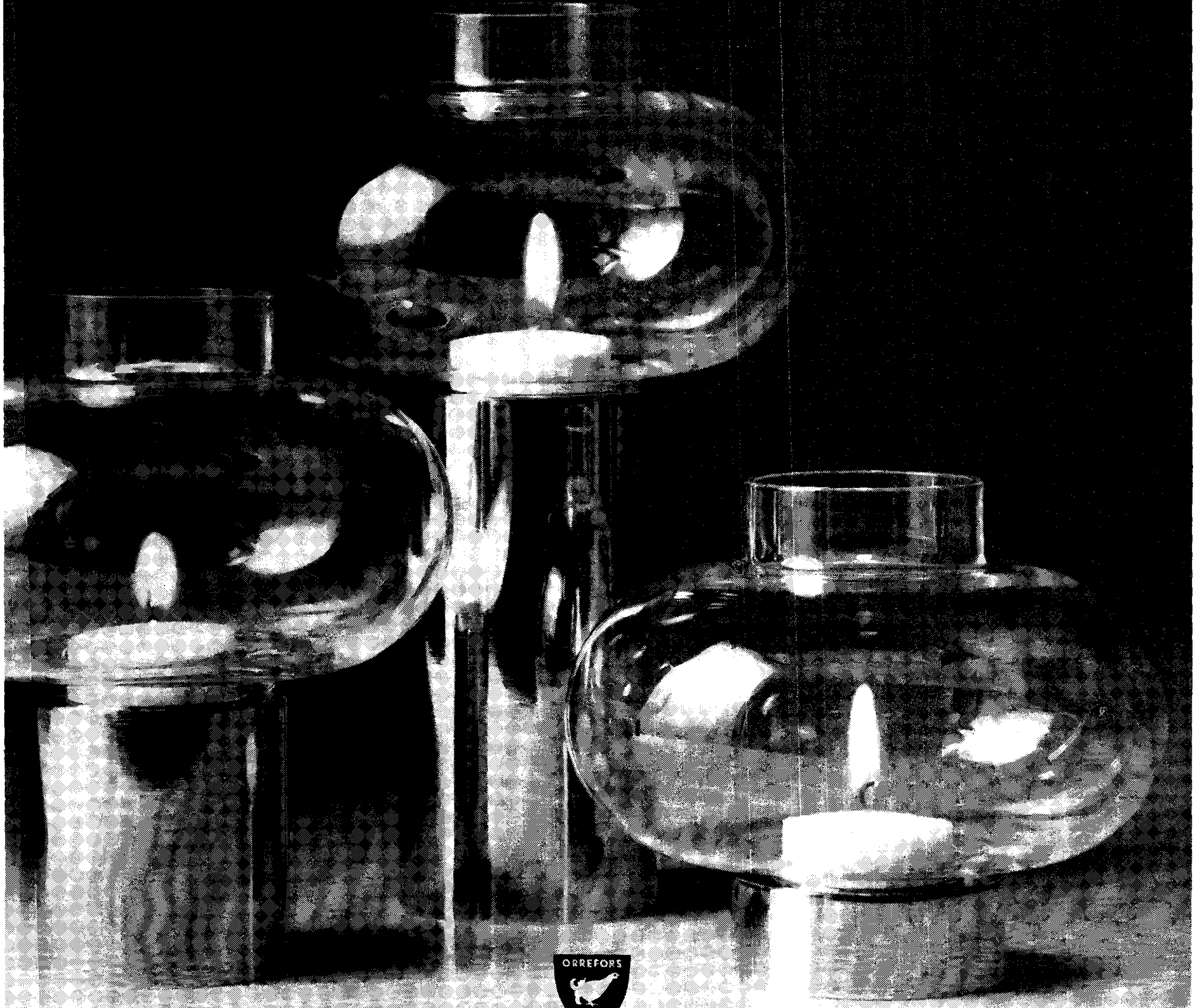
The M.P., the soldiers, the turnkey, and the girl on the bench are white. The sergeant is black. "If you take off the handcuffs, take off the belts," says the sergeant to the M.P. "I don't want them hanging themselves back there." The door shuts and its tumblers move. When it opens again, five minutes later, a young white man in sandals and dungarees and a blue polo shirt emerges. His hair is in a ponytail. He has no beard. He grins at the good-looking girl. She rises, joins him. The sergeant hands him a manila envelope. From it he removes his belt and a small notebook. He borrows a pencil, makes an entry in the notebook. He is out of jail, free. What did he do? He offended Atlantic City in some way. He spent a night in the jail. In the nineteen-thirties, men visiting Atlantic City went to jail, directly to jail, did not pass Go, for appearing in topless bathing suits on the beach. A city statute requiring all men to wear full-length bathing suits was not seriously challenged until 1937, and the first year in which a man could legally go bare-chested on the beach was 1940.

•

Game 3. After seventeen minutes, I am ready to begin construction on

Brighten the night with an original work of art.

Even in Sweden, where the nights are six months long, an Orrefors lamp is more than just a lamp. Here, as there, it sheds beauty as well as light. Each crystal globe is made by hand. Designed to lift the spirit as well as darkness.



"Tubla" crystal candle lamps on chrome bases: From left: $18. $20. $15.
For literature on the Orrefors crystal collection, write: Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106.

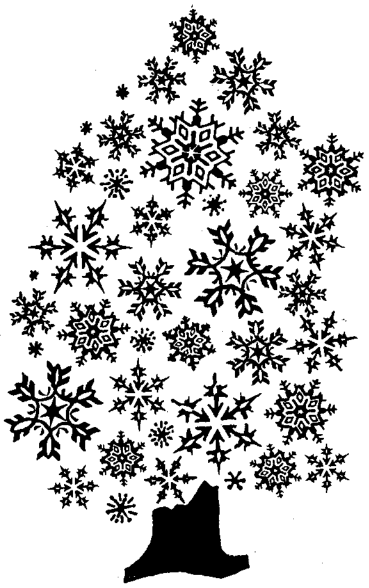
Orrefors

overpriced and sluggish Pacific, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania. Nothing else being open, opponent concedes.

•

The physical profile of streets perpendicular to the shore is something like a playground slide. It begins in the high skyline of Boardwalk hotels, plummets into warrens of "side-avenue" motels, crosses Pacific, slopes through church missions, convalescent homes, burlesque houses, rooming houses, and liquor stores, crosses Atlantic, and runs level through the bombed-out ghetto as far—Baltic, Mediterranean—as the eye can see. North Carolina Avenue, for example, is flanked at its beach end by the Chalfonte and the Haddon Hall (908 rooms, air-conditioned), where, according to one biographer, John Philip Sousa (1854-1932) first played when he was twenty-two, insisting, even then, that everyone call him by his entire name. Behind these big hotels, motels—Barbizon, Catalina—crouch. Between Pacific and Atlantic is an occasional house from 1910—wooden porch, wooden mullions, old yellow paint—and two churches, a package store, a strip show, a dealer in fruits and vegetables. Then, beyond Atlantic Avenue, North Carolina moves on into the vast ghetto, the bulk of the city, and it looks like Metz in 1919, Cologne in 1944. Nothing has actually exploded. It is not bomb damage. It is deep and complex decay. Roofs are off. Bricks are scattered in the street. People sit on porches, six deep, at nine on a Monday morning. When they go off to wait in unemployment lines, they wait sometimes two hours. Between Mediterranean and Baltic runs a chain-link fence, enclosing rubble. A patrol car sits idling by the curb. In the back seat is a German shepherd. A sign on the fence says, "Beware of Bad Dogs."

Mediterranean and Baltic are the principal avenues of the ghetto. Dogs are everywhere. A pack of seven passes me. Block after block, there are three-story brick row houses. Whole segments of them are abandoned, a thousand broken windows. Some parts are intact, occupied. A mattress lies in the street, soaking in a pool of water. Wet stuffing is coming out of the mattress. A postman is having a rye and a beer in the Plantation Bar at nine-fifteen in the morning. I ask him idly if he knows where Marvin Gardens is. He does not. "HOOKED AND NEED HELP? CONTACT N.A.R.C.O." "REVIVAL NOW GOING ON, CONDUCTED BY REVEREND H. HENDERSON OF TEXAS." These are signboards on Mediterranean



**Before you see it in white**

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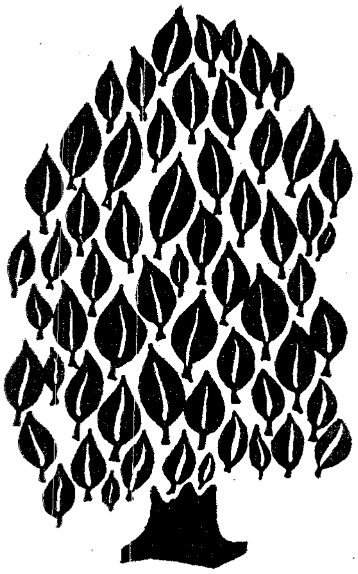

**see it in color.**

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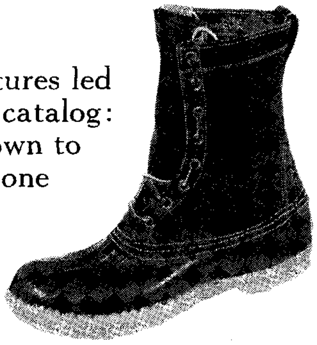
## How a Country Boy from Maine Found Fun and Fame in the Sporting Goods Business Because of Sore Feet

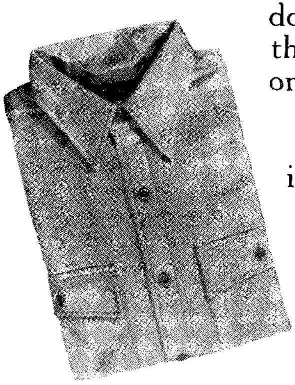
Leon L. Bean left school in 1886 at the age of thirteen. His parents had died and "L.L." worked on a neighbor's farm to earn his keep. He completed his education tramping the Maine woods whenever he could. "L.L." loved to hunt and fish. But the boots of the day were not suited to an active outdoorsman. And, by 1912, he finally got tired of having wet, sore feet.

"L.L." decided to make his own boots. He combined leather tops with all-rubber bottoms. For bare-ground walking they were light in weight, snug-fitting, and cushioned the foot. For wet going and walking in snow, the waterproof bottoms were ideal. Word spread quickly and "L.L.'s" Maine Hunting Shoe was a success. Today it's the most widely used sporting boot in the world.



Continuing to mix pleasure with business, "L.L.'s" outdoor adventures led to other product ideas. In 1917 he put them together in a mail order catalog: "We are not trying to see how much we can sell, but instead to cut down to the bare necessities in order to protect our customers against wasting one dollar on unnecessary equipment."

The Chamois Cloth Shirt was introduced in 1927. "This is the shirt I personally use on all my hunting and fishing trips," said "L.L." and several million sportsmen have since been convinced to wear the same. Fishing tackle was added. "It is no longer necessary for you to experiment with dozens of flies to determine the few that will catch fish. We have done that experimenting for you." More and more sportsmen came to rely on "L.L.'s" products.



By 1934 he could boast: "Our catalog not only goes to every state in the Union, but to every civilized country in the world." And by 1937 "L.L." was selling well over a million dollars worth of hunting, fishing and camping specialties, all personally tested and fully guaranteed.

So many people sought "L.L.'s" advice on outdoor living that, in 1942, he wrote his own book. Through the fifties and sixties his fame continued to spread. He was the subject of many national magazine articles and even a television special. When "L.L." died in 1967 at the age of ninety-four, his passing was acknowledged by hundreds of thousands throughout the world. Not bad for a country boy from Maine.

"L.L.'s" unique approach to selling sporting goods continues in our current catalogs. To celebrate our 60th year, we are using "L.L.'s" favorite painting, "The Old Country Store" by P.B. Parsons, on our Fall Catalog cover. Our current president and grandson of "L.L.," Leon L. Gorman, will be pleased to send you a free copy of our Fall 1972 catalog. Write to:

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Independence Mall East, Philadelphia, Pa.

and Baltic. The second one is upside down and leans against a boarded-up window of the Faith Temple Church of God in Christ. There is an old peeling poster on a warehouse wall showing a figure in an electric chair. "The Black Panther Manifesto" is the title of the poster, and its message is, or was, that "the fascists have already decided in advance to murder Chairman Bobby Seale in the electric chair." I pass an old woman who carries a bucket. She wears blue sneakers, worn through. Her feet spill out. She wears red socks, rolled at the knees. A white handkerchief, spread over her head, is knotted at the corners. Does she know where Marvin Gardens is? "I sure don't know," she says, setting down the bucket. "I sure don't know. I've heard of it somewhere, but I just can't say where." I walk on, through a block of shattered glass. The glass crunches underfoot like coarse sand. I remember when I first came here—a long train ride from Trenton, long ago, games of poker in the train—to play basketball against Atlantic City. We were half black, they were all black. We scored forty points, they scored eighty, or something like it. What I remember most is that they had glass backboards—glittering, pendent, expensive glass backboards, a rarity then in high schools, even in colleges, the only ones we played on all year.

I turn on Pennsylvania, and start back toward the sea. The windows of the Hotel Astoria, on Pennsylvania near Baltic, are boarded up. A sheet of unpainted plywood is the door, and in it is a triangular peephole that now frames an eye. The plywood door opens. A man answers my question. Rooms there are six, seven, and ten dollars a week. I thank him for the information and move on, emerging from the ghetto at the Catholic Daughters of America Women's Guest House, between Atlantic and Pacific. Between Pacific and the Boardwalk are the blinking vacancy signs of the Aristocrat and Colton Manor motels. Pennsylvania terminates at the Sheraton-Seaside—thirty-two dollars a day, ocean corner. I take a walk on the Boardwalk and into the Holiday Inn (twenty-three stories). A guest is registering. "You reserved for Wednesday, and this is Monday," the clerk tells him. "But that's all right. We have *plenty* of rooms." The clerk is very young, female, and has soft brown hair that hangs below her waist. Her superior kicks her.

He is a middle-aged man with red spiderwebs in his face. He is jacketed and tied. He takes her aside. "Don't

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# 'We were getting mighty sick of reconstruction.'

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“Now we’ve got Little Big Oaks. A nice, comfortable, modern mobile home. With that aluminum siding, I just don’t worry about painting anymore. And that goes for our aluminum verandah, too. Which leaves my wife and me more money for easy living than ever before.”

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But back to Mr. Stewart. “Used to be, we were sort of tied down. But now, if my wife and I ever decide to move some place up north—like Natchez—we can just take Little Big Oaks along with us. And like I said, that’s a new kind of easy living.”

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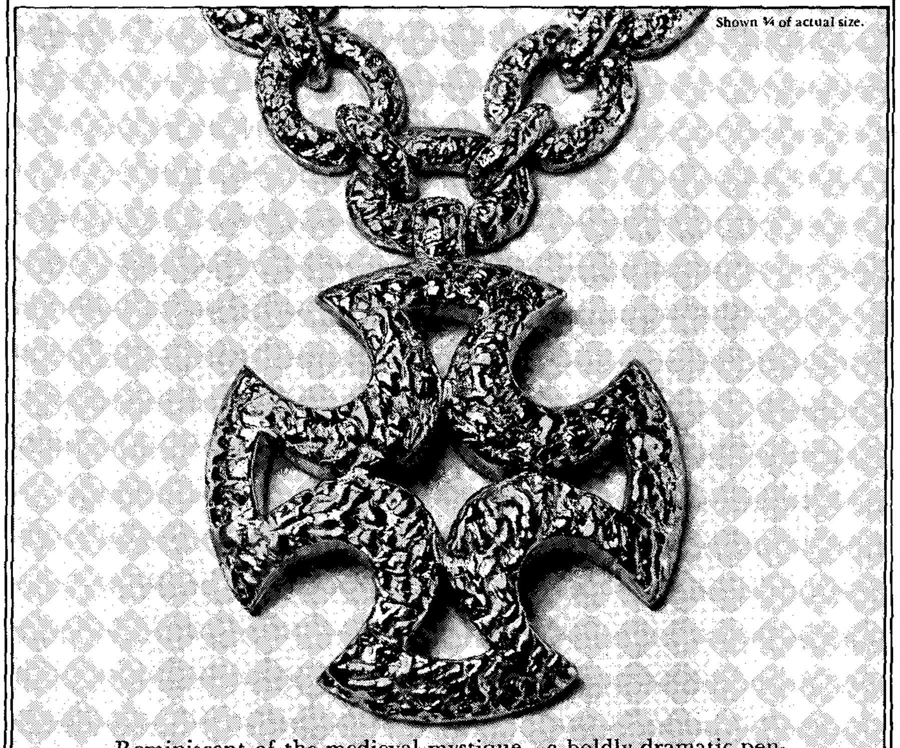

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say 'plenty,' " he says. "Say 'You are fortunate, sir. We have rooms available.' "

The face of the young woman turns sour. "We have all the rooms you need," she says to the customer, and, to her superior, "How's that?"

•

Game 4. My opponent's luck has become abrasive. He has Boardwalk and Park Place, and has sealed the board.

•

Darrow was a plumber. He was, specifically, a radiator repairman who lived in Germantown, Pennsylvania. His first Monopoly board was a sheet of linoleum. On it he placed houses and hotels that he had carved from blocks of wood. The game he thus invented was brilliantly conceived, for it was an uncannily exact reflection of the business milieu at large. In its depth, range, and subtlety, in its luck-skill ratio, in its sense of infrastructure and socio-economic parameters, in its philosophical characteristics, it reached to the profundity of the financial community. It was as scientific as the stock market. It suggested the manner and means through which an underdeveloped world had been developed. It was chess at Wall Street level. "Advance token to the nearest Railroad and pay owner twice the rental to which he is otherwise entitled. If Railroad is unowned, you may buy it from the Bank. Get out of Jail, free. Advance token to nearest Utility. If unowned, you may buy it from Bank. If owned, throw dice and pay owner a total ten times the amount thrown. You are assessed for street repairs: $40 per house, $115 per hotel. Pay poor tax of $15. Go to Jail. Go directly to Jail. Do not pass Go. Do not collect $200."

•

The turnkey opens the blue door. The turnkey is known to the inmates as Sidney K. Above his desk are ten closed-circuit-TV screens—assorted viewpoints of the jail. There are three cellblocks—men, women, juvenile boys. Six days is the average stay. Showers twice a week. The steel doors and the equipment that operates them were made in San Antonio. The prisoners sleep on bunks of butcher block. There are no mattresses. There are three prisoners to a cell. In winter, it is cold in here. Prisoners burn newspapers to keep warm. Cell corners are black with smudge. The jail is three years old. The men's block echoes with chatter. The man in the cell nearest

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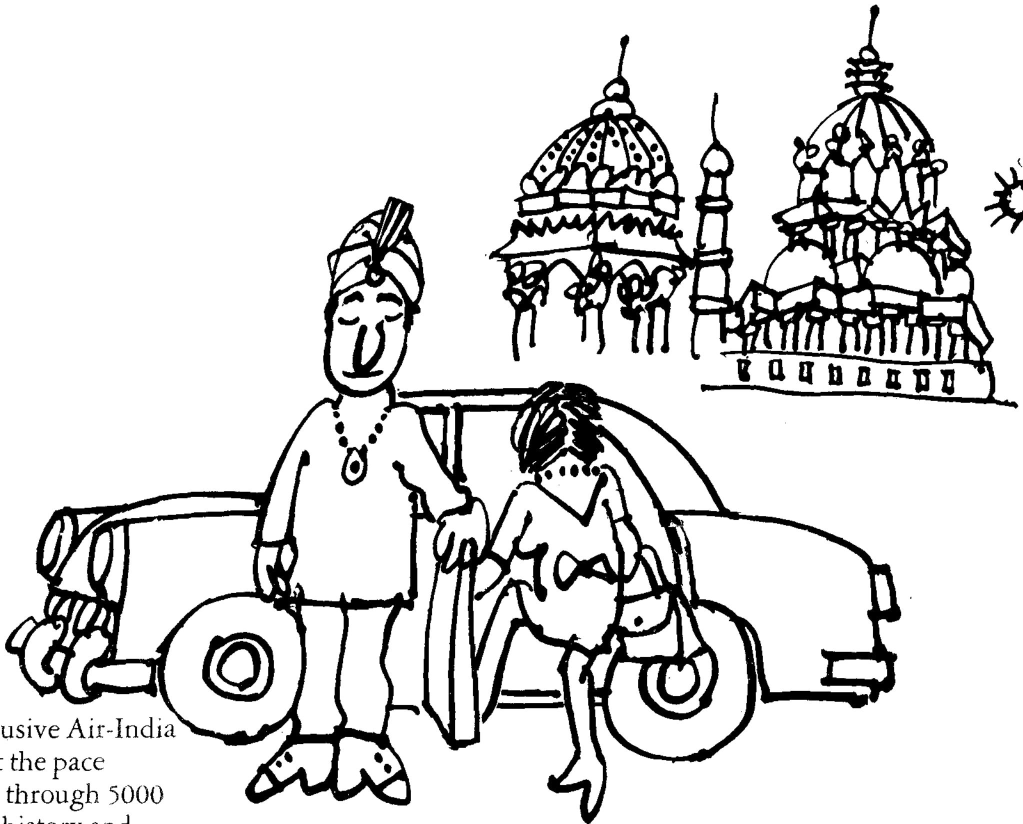

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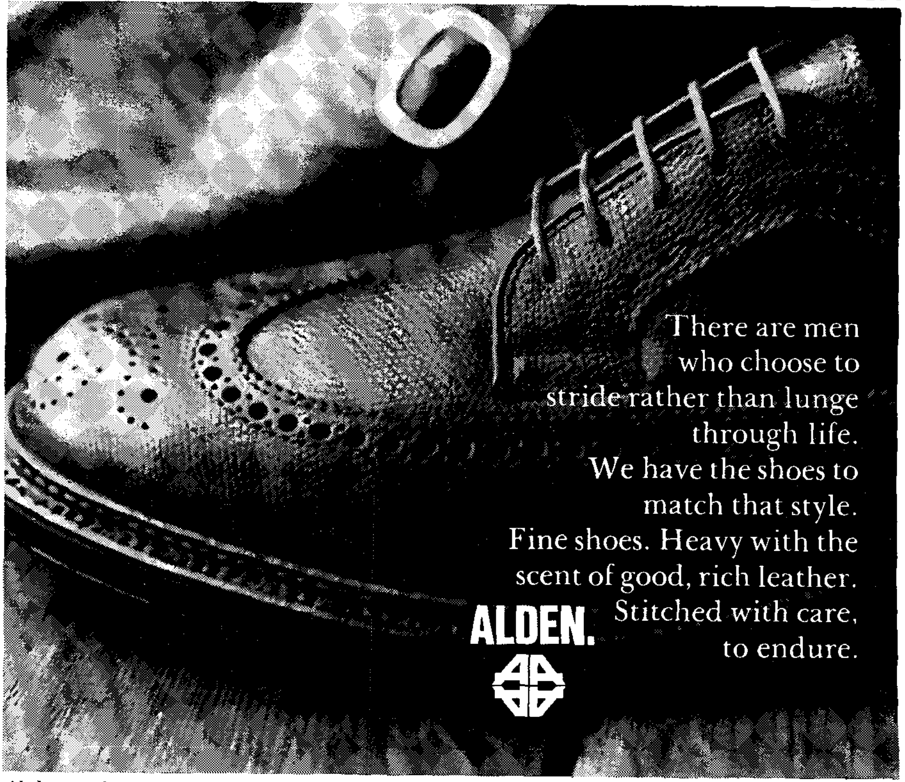

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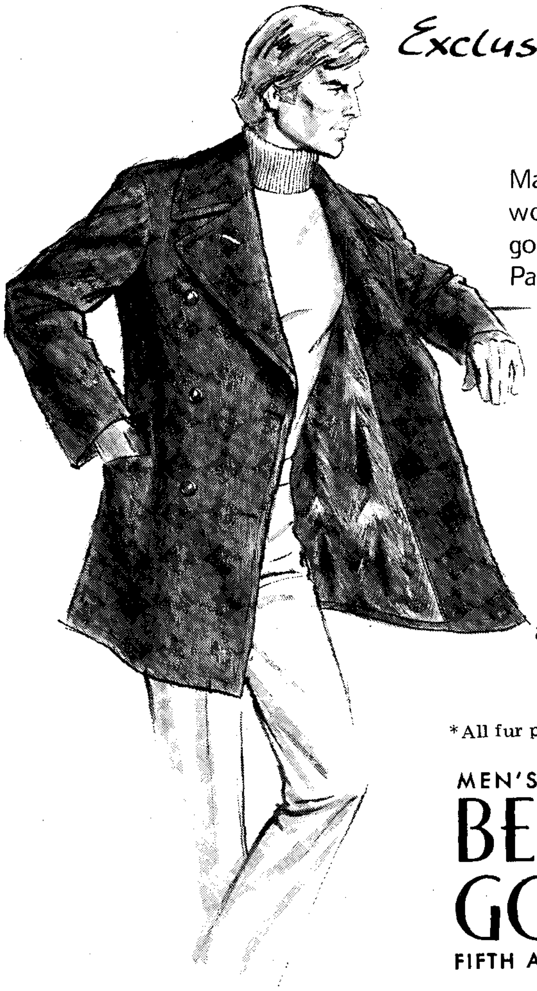

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MEN'S SHOP, STREET FLOOR
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FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET

Sidney K. is pacing. His shirt is covered with broad stains of blood. The block for juvenile boys is, by contrast, utterly silent—empty corridor, empty cells. There is only one prisoner. He is small and black and appears to be thirteen. He says he is sixteen and that he has been alone in here for three days.

"Why are you here? What did you do?"

"I hit a jitney driver."

•

The series stands at three all. We have split the fifth and sixth games. We are scrambling for property. Around the board we fairly fly. We move so fast because we do our own banking and search our own deeds. My opponent grows tense.

•

Ventnor Avenue, a street of delicatessens and doctors' offices, is leafy with plane trees and hydrangeas, the city flower. Water Works is on the mainland. The water comes over in submarine pipes. Electric Company gets power from across the state, on the Delaware River, in Deepwater. States Avenue, now a wasteland like St. Charles, once had gardens running down the middle of the street, a horse-drawn trolley, private homes. States Avenue was as exclusive as the Brighton. Only an apartment house, a small motel, and the All Wars Memorial Building—monadnocks spaced widely apart—stand along States Avenue now. Pawnshops, convalescent homes, and the Paradise Soul Saving Station are on Virginia Avenue. The soul-saving station is pink, orange, and yellow. In the windows flanking the door of the Virginia Money Loan Office are Nikons, Polaroids, Yashicas, Sony TVs, Underwood typewriters, Singer sewing machines, and pictures of Christ. On the far side of town, beside a single track and locked up most of the time, is the new railroad station, a small hut made of glazed firebrick, all that is left of the lines that built the city. An authentic phrenologist works on New York Avenue close to Frank's Extra Dry Bar and a church where the sermon today is "Death in the Pot." The church is of pink brick, has blue and amber windows and two red doors. St. James Place, narrow and twisting, is lined with boarding houses that have wooden porches on each of three stories, suggesting a New Orleans made of salt-bleached pine. In a vacant lot on Tennessee is a white Ford station wagon stripped to the chassis. The windows are smashed. A

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plastic Clorox bottle sits on the driver's seat. The wind has pressed newspaper against the chain-link fence around the lot. Atlantic Avenue, the city's principal thoroughfare, could be seventeen American Main Streets placed end to end—discount vitamins and Vienna Corset shops, movie theatres, shoe stores, and funeral homes. The Boardwalk is made of yellow pine and Douglas fir, soaked in pentachlorophenol. Downbeach, it reaches far beyond the city. Signs everywhere—on windows, lampposts, trash baskets—proclaim "Bienvenue Canadiens!" The salt air is full of Canadian French. In the Claridge Hotel, on Park Place, I ask a clerk if she knows where Marvin Gardens is. She says, "Is it a floral shop?" I ask a cabdriver, parked outside. He says, "Never heard of it." Park Place is one block long, Pacific to Boardwalk. On the roof of the Claridge is the Solarium, the highest point in town—panoramic view of the ocean, the bay, the salt-water ghetto. I look down at the rooftops of the side-avenue motels and into swimming pools. There are hundreds of people around the rooftop pools, sunbathing, reading—many more people than are on the beach. Walls, windows, and a block of sky are all that is visible from these pools—no sand, no sea. The pools are craters, and with the people around them they are countersunk into the motels.

•

The seventh, and final, game is ten minutes old and I have hotels on Oriental, Vermont, and Connecticut. I have Tennessee and St. James. I have North Carolina and Pacific. I have Boardwalk, Atlantic, Ventnor, Illinois, Indiana. My fingers are forming a "V." I have mortgaged most of these properties in order to pay for others, and I have mortgaged the others to pay for the hotels. I have seven dollars. I will pay off the mortgages and build my reserves with income from the three hotels. My cash position may be low, but I feel like a rocket in an underground silo. Meanwhile, if I could just go to jail for a time I could pause there, wait there, until my opponent, in his inescapable rounds, pays the rates of my hotels. Jail, at times, is the strategic place to be. I roll boxcars from the Reading and move the flatiron to Community Chest. "Go to Jail. Go directly to Jail."

•

The prisoners, of course, have no pens and no pencils. They take paper

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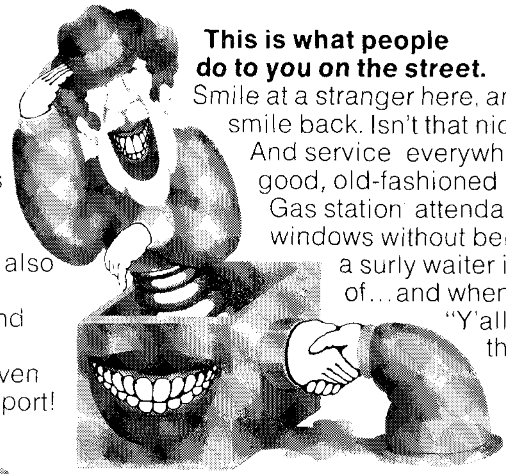

**This is what people do to you on the street.** Smile at a stranger here, and they smile back. Isn't that nice? And service everywhere is the good, old-fashioned kind. Gas station attendants clean your windows without being asked... a surly waiter is unheard of...and when they say "Y'all come back!", they mean it.

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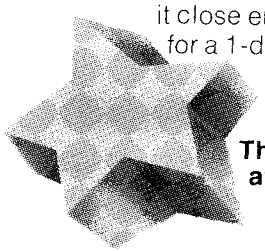

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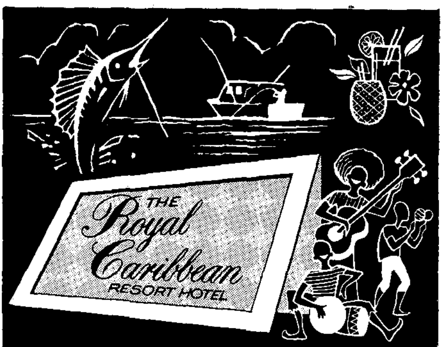
napkins, roll them tight as crayons, char the ends with matches, and write on the walls. The things they write are not entirely idiomatic; for example, "In God We Trust." All is in carbon. Time is required in the writing. "Only humanity could know of such pain." "God So Loved the World." "There is no greater pain than life itself." In the women's block now, there are six blacks, giggling, and a white asleep in red shoes. She is drunk. The others are pushers, prostitutes, an auto thief, a burglar caught with pistol in purse. A sixteen-year-old accused of murder was in here last week. These words are written on the wall of a now empty cell: "Laying here I see two bunks about six inches thick, not counting the one I'm laying on, which is hard as brick. No cushion for my back. No pillow for my head. Just a couple scratchy blankets which is best to use it's said. I wake up in the morning so shivery and cold, waiting and waiting till I am told the food is coming. It's on its way. It's not worth waiting for, but I eat it anyway. I know one thing when they set me free I'm gonna be good if it kills me."

•

How many years must a game be played to produce an Anthony J. Drexel Biddle and chestnut geldings on the beach? About half a century was the original answer, from the first railroad to Biddle at his peak. Biddle, at his peak, hit an Atlantic City streetcar conductor with his fist, laid him out with one punch. This increased Biddle's legend. He did not go to jail. While John Philip Sousa led his band along the Boardwalk playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and Jack Dempsey ran up and down in training for his fight with Gene Tunney, the city crossed the high curve of its parabola. Al Capone held conventions here—upstairs with his sleeves rolled, apportioning among his lieutenant governors the states of the Eastern seaboard. The natural history of an American resort proceeds from Indians to French Canadians via Biddles and Capones. French Canadians, whatever they may be at home, are Visigoths here. Bienvenue Visigoths!

•

My opponent plods along incredibly well. He has got his fourth railroad, and patiently, unbelievably, he has picked up my potential winners until he has blocked me everywhere but Marvin Gardens. He has avoided, in the fifty-dollar zoning, my increasingly



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# IF YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING ONE WINE FROM ANOTHER, READ THIS.

First of all, don't feel alone.

Probably 99% of the population can't tell a Pinot Noir from a Zinfandel. Or a great Cabernet Sauvignon from a so-so one.

**Cyrano could have used a larger glass. Or a smaller nose.**

But where do you go to find out? You read what the wine experts have to say and they all disagree. You read all the wine advertising and everbody's trying to sell his own product.

Nobody has really taken the time to sit down and explain even the most basic things about wine. Until now.

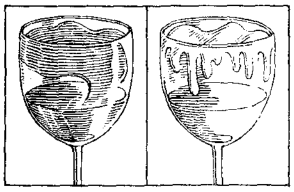
We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest to have you know a great wine when you taste one. After all, that's what we have to sell.

## HEIGHTENING YOUR SENSES.

First get yourself a wine glass that exposes the wine to plenty of air. The more air you can expose wine to, the better you can taste it.

And be sure you can get your nose in the glass. That's important because in wine tasting, the nose does 75% of the work. A glass with a 3-inch brim is best for most wines. But if you have a larger than average nose, you'll need a larger than average glass.

## NEVER TASTE WINE OVER A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH.



**Heavy wine forms "sheets."** **Light wine forms "legs."**

Fill the glass about a third full and set it down on a white tablecloth. That's so you can see the wine's true color.

Now really look at the wine. Check its color. That's the first clue to a wine's taste. Usually, the darker the color, the fuller the wine. This applies to whites too, which can go from a pale straw to golden. With rosé, look for a crystal clear light pink, with no muddiness.

Now swirl the wine in the glass. A full bodied wine will come down the glass in "sheets". A lighter wine will break into "legs". A good rosé should come down in thin "legs", which indicates delicate body.

Take a good sniff.

This is hard to explain but your nose should confirm everything you've seen with your eyes. A rosé that looks brilliantly clear and is of delicate body should smell that way too.

## WHISTLING AT THE TABLE.

Now take a sip of wine, hold it in your mouth, and whistle. Whistle in, not out. Try to get a nice gurgle going.

This technique also allows you to taste the wine for a longer period of time. For it extends that single instant when wine, air, tongue, gums and nose come together for the first time. Thus, it enables you to have more time to make an initial judgment. Keep in mind everything you've experienced with your eyes and nose, should be confirmed with your mouth by this technique.

## BUILD A WINE CELLAR IN YOUR BRAIN.

When you actually start your wine tasting education, be sure to follow the chart below. The order is important because you'll be going from light to full bodied in the white wine spectrum. The red wines are listed in a similar fashion. You should work your way through them after you've mastered the whites.

INGLENOOK'S SUGGESTED WINE PROGRESSION CHART

| White | Red |
|---|---|
| White Pinot | Gamay Rosé |
| Pinot Chardonnay | Gamay Beaujolais |
| Grey Riesling | Pinot Noir |
| Sylvaner Riesling | Zinfandel |
| Johannisberg Riesling | Gamay |
| Chenin Blanc | Charbono |
| Dry Semillon | Cabernet Sauvignon |

## A WORD OF WARNING.

If you're going to put this much time and effort into learning something about wine tasting, then go for the most expensive wine you can afford. High priced wine is high priced for a reason. Namely, better grapes, and more care goes into the making of the wine.

That said, Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is the most expensive wine made in America. It all comes from the Napa Valley, which wine authorities agree is one of the finest wine producing regions in America, if not the whole world. And it all bears a vintage date, which is a rarity in American wines today.

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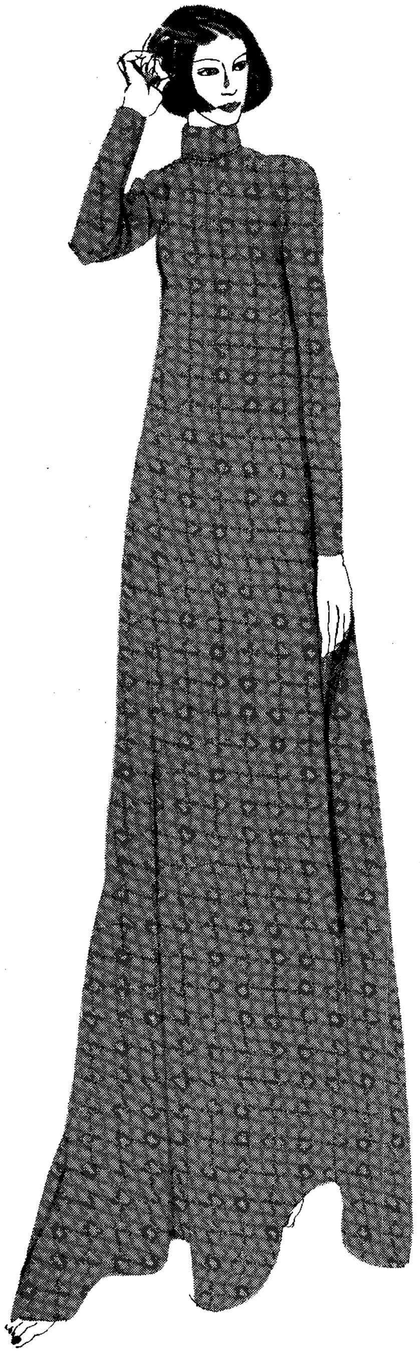

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petty hotels. His cash flow swells. His railroads are costing me two hundred dollars a minute. He is building hotels on States, Virginia, and St. Charles. He has temporarily reversed the current. With the yellow monopolies and my blue monopolies, I could probably defeat his lavenders and his railroads. I have Atlantic and Ventnor. I need Marvin Gardens. My only hope is Marvin Gardens.

•

There is a plaque at Boardwalk and Park Place, and on it in relief is the leonine profile of a man who looks like an officer in a metropolitan bank—"Charles B. Darrow, 1889-1967, inventor of the game of Monopoly." "Darrow," I address him, aloud. "Where is Marvin Gardens?" There is, of course, no answer. Bronze, impassive, Darrow looks south down the Boardwalk. "Mr. Darrow, please, where is Marvin Gardens?" Nothing. Not a sign. He just looks south down the Boardwalk.

•

My opponent accepts the trophy with his natural ease, and I make, from notes, remarks that are even less graceful than his.

•

Marvin Gardens is the one color-block Monopoly property that is not in Atlantic City. It is a suburb within a suburb, secluded. It is a planned compound of seventy-two handsome houses set on curvilinear private streets under yews and cedars, poplars and willows. The compound was built around 1920, in Margate, New Jersey, and consists of solid buildings of stucco, brick, and wood, with slate roofs, tile roofs, multimullioned porches, Giraldic towers, and Spanish grilles. Marvin Gardens, the ultimate outwash of Monopoly, is a citadel and sanctuary of the middle class. "We're heavily patrolled by police here. We don't take no chances. Me? I'm living here nine years. I paid seventeen thousand dollars and I've been offered thirty. Number one, I don't want to move. Number two, I don't need the money. I have four bedrooms, two and a half baths, front den, back den. No basement. The Atlantic is down there. Six feet down and you float. A lot of people have a hard time finding this place. People that lived in Atlantic City all their life don't know how to find it. They don't know where the hell they're going. They just know it's south, down the Boardwalk."

—JOHN MCPHEE

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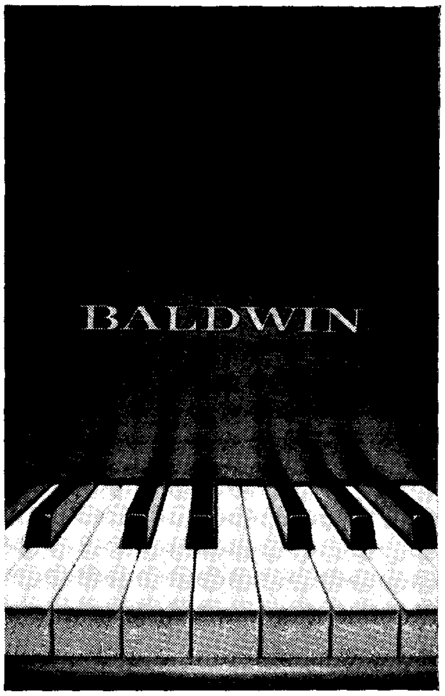

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*the public life*

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*the private life*

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *A New Anatomy of Melancholy*

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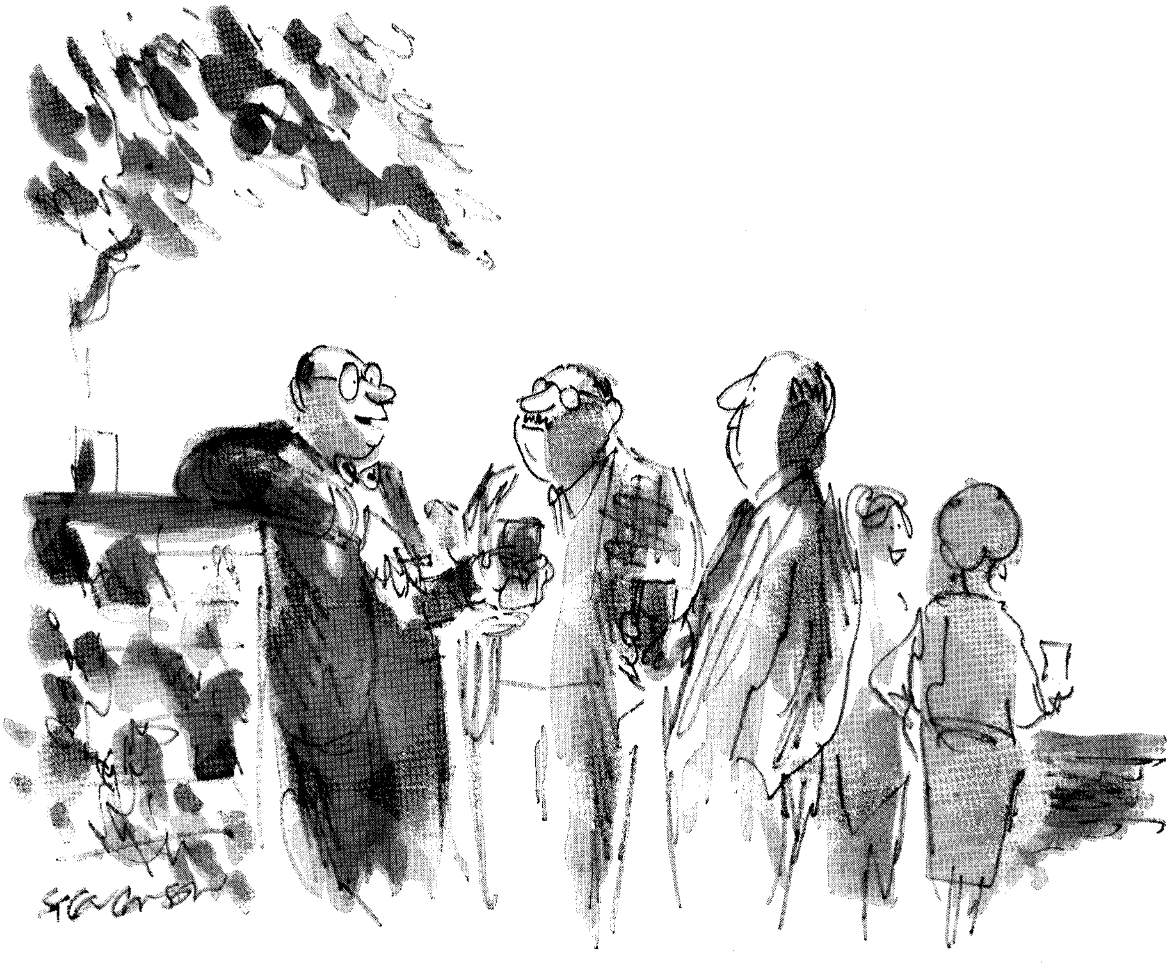
RICHARD BURTON in Edward Dmytryk's "Bluebeard" speaks with a trace of a German accent and wears a beard that is the purple of grapes or carbon paper. Bluebeard says he grew it to cover scars earned when he was wearing a black shirt. We see him fighting a war very hard, under flags and emblems that are nearly swastikas but not quite. Maybe it isn't the Second World War at all, for we see him in a biplane. It is at least certain, according to the evidence of this wasteful film, that his political sympathies have led him to a mother fixation.

Bluebeard lives in a castle where he plays a surprisingly modern-looking organ that looks like an office typewriter made in fumed oak. A lot of big dogs lie around his feet, and a falcon possessing much fortitude about his rottenly played fortissimo passages sits on his shoulder without flinching. His new wife (Joey Heatherton) feels it's unhealthy for him to keep his feelings bottled up. She thinks he should talk more. She is an American, and he is beastly to her. The previous wives, defunct and equally unloved, were mostly European. Played by (among many others) Nathalie Delon and Virna Lisi, they undress a lot in flashback, which is as bad for his mother fixation as not talking seems to be.

In the cellar, an arthritic crone combs the hair of the corpse of his mother, and seven frozen beauties hang around dead in attitudes of Dionysian surprise in a very large freezer that seems to be lined with strands of sparse white hair, like a bad half-finished wig for Lear. The icebox gathering cordially mixes wives and a mistress without prejudice. The wife representative who is still extant unfortunately seems about to go, for reasons that appear to have more to do with the mocking of popular ideas of psychoanalysis than with the original horror tale. (The screenplay is by Ennio De Concini and Maria Pia Fusco, with Mr. Dmytryk.) The mere sight of a breast—and we have not seen a wife yet who has not rashly detopped herself in flashback before the obviously much alarmed Bluebeard—has been enough to insure the, er, owner's death. Six wives have had the push already. The seventh corpse is the remnant of a pretty but dumb prostitute who didn't even make respectability before moribundity. One of the wives lost her life mostly because she sang hit songs out of tune. "You're the Cream in My Coffee" off key was pretty well enough for Bluebeard; "The Sheik of Araby" in her rendering finished him, and her. "How else could I shut her up?" he asks the wife played by Joey Heatherton, whom he teases about jello and analysis without her apparently noticing his mordant Europeanness. She serves jello rather grandiloquently on her final evening, when they are dining alone together and she is worming the truth of his past out of him; he says their chat is making him feel much better, spooning the shivery red stuff gallantly down his throat as though it were caviar and adding sorrowfully that this will be the last pudding they will eat together. He tells us, in Burton's own special style of contained self-mockery, that he kills so as to make people seem normal; maybe he means like his late mother, or maybe like the dead of wars. Joey Heatherton looks a little like Mia Farrow with more hair, and seems to adore him, but no woman except his dead mother appeals to this boomerang Lothario. Too many women have kicked him in the shins. He proceeds to toss them away in the spirit of some plum-thighed girl in a French farce skittishly throwing her clothes one by one over the top of a hotel-bedroom screen. You keep thinking about the wives already in the freezer locker. Suppose a fuse blew. Do not refreeze once thawed.

The women in this Elizabeth Taylor-less film—Mrs. Burton has a sense of humor—are intensely earnest about love and mercilessly solemn about their breasts. One of them refers to her own beautiful pair as Cyclamen and Jasmine: Richard Burton looks ill. A spe-



*"What do I think? I think partly what Joseph Alsop thinks, a little bit what Evans and Novak think, and a lot what Howard K. Smith thinks."*

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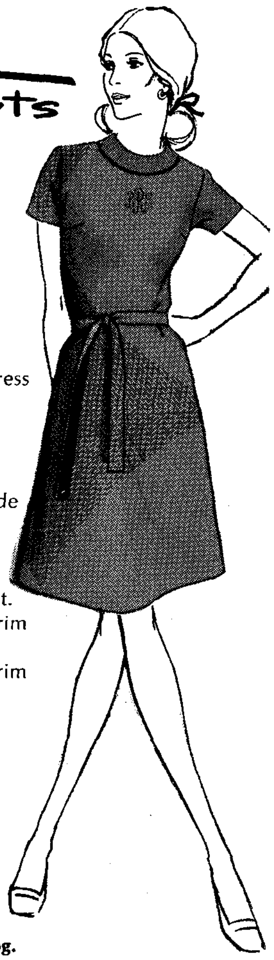
[As illustrated on pages 64 and 65.]

cialist in appearing a thousand times more intelligent than anyone else around, he has the brains to faint when a dopey undressing bride says she's all thumbs—a visible untruth if ever there was one—and asks him to undo her blouse. In this movie, the members of the impossible sex (who are funnier than may be realized by the cast apart from Burton) are variously drowned, slammed alive into a coffin, guillotined, shot, pecked to death by the unmusical falcon, and pierced two at a blow by a chandelier of a particularly unsafe design.

No one else is as powerful as Burton at playing hypocrites. Ever since his unforgettable 1951 Stratford-on-Avon Prince Hal (who is the greatest hypocrite of them all), he has excelled at acting isolated men gifted with more speed of thought and wit than anyone around them. In his best parts, his replies are made with a swift tongue that eats its prey before the Burton anteater has blinked. A neat-gestured man who looks heavy-packed, like a footballer, he seems to have a red-hot drive to power that he is now too lazy to stoke, because no one else's heat comes near the temperature given off by even his unraked coals. The inward and apparently slumbering actor's quality that "Bluebeard" frivolously interprets as a distinguished way of representing someone impotent in beauties' company is really a heavy will to solitude. Burton is born to play kings and fifth columnists and hermit sages, and his gifts have always set him apart from other people in the cast. He was a natural Iago but an unnatural Othello, a natural John le Carré hero, a born Hal, a bored Faustus, and a wonderful early Hamlet: when young, he was one of the few actors capable of seeming to be this stalemated genius. But in poor plays and films his isolation can have odd effects. It can make him strike you as very mad. In a film like "Bluebeard," where everyone else comes up to his instep, he has a peculiar way of making it seem that he has never actually been introduced to any of his wives. It will be fascinating to see this great stymied actor as Trotsky this autumn. But why does he make such junk as "Bluebeard"? To amuse himself? To keep the cogs turning? It seems almost an act of defiance: a spit in the face of opinion.

IN "Rivals," an American picture written and directed by Krishna Shah, which has just jolted into public view, Mummy (Joan Hackett) is very pretty and owns an art gallery in New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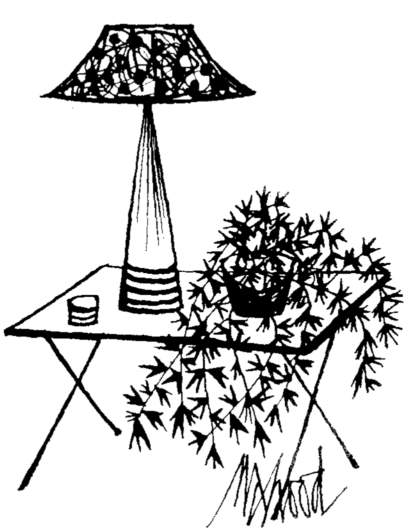
York. Daddy is dead and seems to have loved her, if flashbacks are anything to go by. The son, called Jaimie (Scott Jacoby), a surly, cringing ten-year-old, makes 8-mm. films and loiters outside grownup lovers' rooms like an envious spinster sister. He seems to have been in love with Mummy—as usual—ever since she had him by natural childbirth. Mummy doesn't help things by behaving to her overmother'd boy with a gumminess that would have had Volumnia pleading with Coriolanus not to go fighting that nasty Aufidius in case he should get a sprained ankle. When remarriage comes up, with a nice guided-tour leader called Peter (Robert Klein), she lets a situation of rivalry develop that sends Peter back to the helplessness of infancy and turns Jaimie into a demonic little plotter. The child has apparently limitless access to film stock, the times being what they are, and he accidentally sets fire to Mummy with it, instead of to Peter, when she was going to send him to summer camp so that she might have a few days alone with the man, who is now her husband, poor wretch. The wise smile on the face of pseudo-compassionate swindles like this, which are wrecking the American movie business, is the plump smile of some curate sure that his swindle is for the greater glory of God.

Allen Funt, of "Candid Camera," has made a film, or something, by asking various people—hardhats, housewives, hippies, all sects: the accustomed blandly mock-casual selection—what they think about money. The title of the thing is "Money Talks." One watches the antics with some horror, especially bemused by the sight of the back of Mr. Funt's neck, which any TV owner knows as well as he knows the back of his own hand, in itself not territory to dwell on. Casuist-



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ry runs riot in the medley. Affection is invited for someone who holds that the Indians didn't have no money, they only had the most *valuable* thing in the world of *trade*, and that was *America*. This is supposed to be the voice of pre-capitalism, I think.

The film deals mostly in eccentricity. A mink coat rather than a chinchilla one is recommended for a Great Dane. There is a closeup of a sign saying that it costs thirty cents to use a restroom for five minutes. A boy gets out of money-making, so he thinks, by selling marijuana. We see ways of making a living that encourage people to give us amusing little vignettes about tips, we see bogus pride about charity, we see greenback mania at work, but we see very little common goodness except in the face of an old cotton picker who used to make thirty-five cents a day and now, at the age of ninety-four, looks thirty years less. People in idiotic situations are mocked as though they themselves were idiots. "It's a funny movie," says Mr. Funt at the beginning. No, it isn't. It dispenses undertakers' false cheer but not humor. A joke does the opposite: a joke is a death that causes no pain, an assassination without a victim. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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[*From the London Times*]

While on the subject of paper knickers, may I offer a huge bouquet to Dorothy Perkins? My mother-in-law bought a packet of theirs for our holiday in Malta recently. During our stay I discovered that my shirt sleeves were too long, and I had forgotten to pack my armbands. So we cut off the elasticated waist of the paper knickers, cut it in two, stitched together the ends and made attractive armbands. Simultaneously, we were troubled by mosquitoes and discovered by one of those fooling-around accidents, that if the remains of the knickers were put over the face we could have uninterrupted sleep. The leg holes fit comfortably over the ears and a little hole can be made for the mouth.

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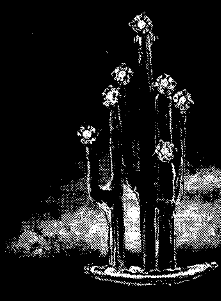

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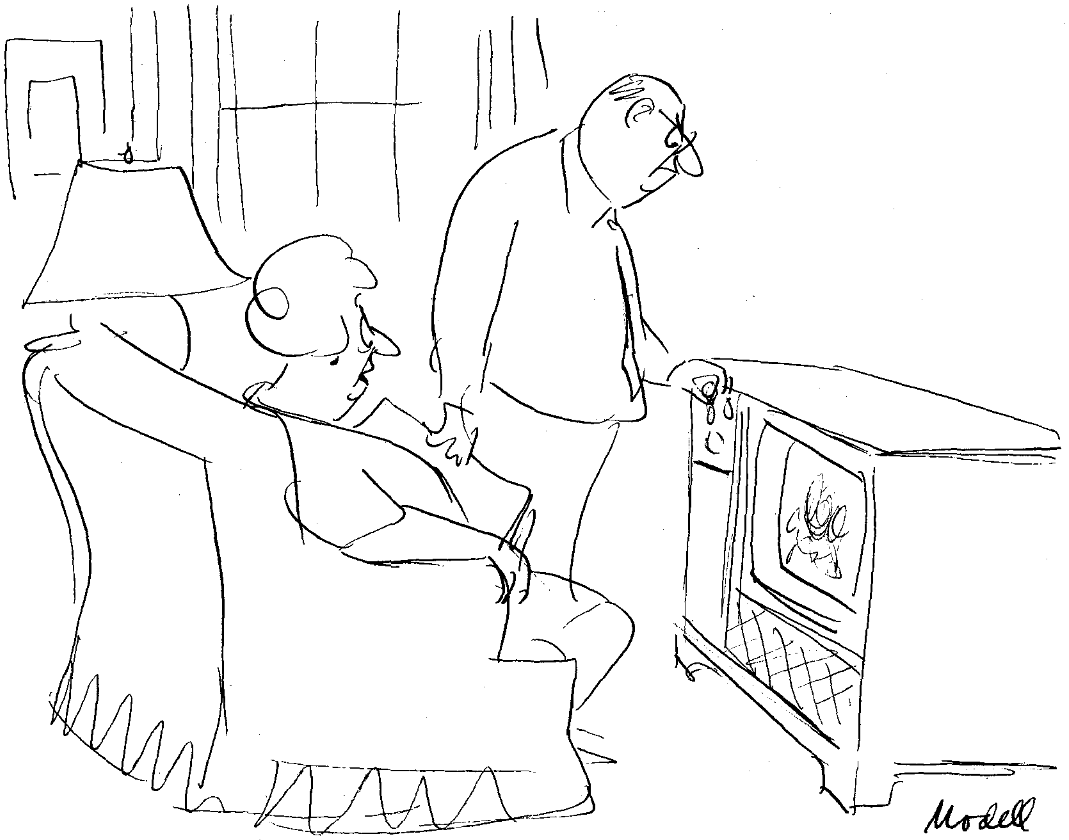
# THE ART WORLD

## *Inquiry '72: On the Edge*

IN Kassel, two million dollars has been spent (in this period of reduced budgets!) on an exhibition investigating a word: "art;" Documenta 5, the triumphant German rival of the Venice Biennale, has followed the avant-garde tradition of ascertaining how far the concept of art can be stretched. From Matisse to Pollock and from Cubism to earthworks, artists have brought forth the outcry that "*this time they have gone too far.*" At Documenta 5, the crossing of boundaries has been carried out by a team of curators and art historians instead of by artists—a significant take-over, in that a curator is likely to lack the imaginative and emotional limits of an artist and may go as far as reason will allow. The exhibition in Kassel is undoubtedly the farthest reconnaissance into territory where art has lost its definition, or is prepared to share it with things never before thought of as art. The theme of the show is "Inquiry Into Reality—Today's Imagery," and with this project in mind all aesthetic standards have been discarded (as clues to reality, images that possess quality and those that lack it are equally significant). Today's imagery includes, together with what is conventionally accepted as art, anything offered to the eye, from a Woolworth valentine to the printed wisdom of a conceptualist. This loosening of the notion of what is worth looking at brings a landslide of visual fact into the area once reserved for painting and sculpture. We are made aware that image-making includes news photographs, films, posters, constructions, blueprints, postage stamps, banknotes, costumes, performances, tableaux, comic strips, caricatures, dolls, chessmen, insignia, flags, children's drawings, mantelpiece figurines, armbands, buttons, rubber stamps, garden sculpture, advertisements, emblems, labels, religious chromos, forms produced by wind and fire. In Documenta 5, individual creations have been made subsidiary to the picture world (*Bilderwelt*) as a whole. This is another way of saying that categories of visual experience have replaced art criticism. Harald Szeemann, director of the exhibition, and Jean-Christophe Ammann, his associate, must have stopped adding items only because they ran out of space or cash. Should the objection be made that some of the exhibits are not art in any sense, Documenta has anticipated it with a huge banner flaunted across the portico of the Fridericianum Museum, the larger of the two buildings in which most of the exhibition is housed; it announces that "Art Is Superfluous" ("*Kunst Ist Überflüssig*").

As a campsite of the far out, Documenta 5 is an important stocktaking of international avant-gardism as it exists in 1972, in both theory and production. The exposure of what has happened to the tradition of the new is striking. Not only has the notion of creation disintegrated into "perception" and "information" but the capacity of art forms to devise new aesthetic modes from earlier ones has petered out. The most significant feature of Documenta 5 is that in it art is directionless: it evokes no past (except in the sense of repetition) and points to no future. Art history has been abandoned; the exhibition simply reflects a global mass of opinions and phenomena. According to Dr. Ammann, the planners of Documenta 5 began with the observation that, in contrast to the years of the first four Documentas (the series was inaugurated in 1955), in the nineteen-seventies no art movement is dominant and all postwar styles enjoy equal prestige. Since art is no longer forging "ahead," it was decided to replace art as an independent realm of activity with selections of imagery classified in terms of the "ideologies" reflected in it. Presumably, the spectator was to become aware that advertisements for cola drinks and the body movements of a blindfolded performer constitute "an interrelated structure of social realities."

The effect of this program was to give the theories of the organizers of Documenta precedence over the works on display; in the language of one of Documenta's numerous documents, "an abstract grating of ideas is placed before physical observation." The primary substance to be apprehended in



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this "inquiry into reality" is hypotheses and conclusions. The close formal scrutiny of paintings practiced by art criticism in the sixties has been rendered obsolete by exhibits that need be looked at only long enough to grasp the sociological reason they are there. Art, non-art, and sub-art can be pushed into the same pigeonholes. Some American artists felt that this was a demotion and resented it; Robert Morris, it is reported, withdrew from the exhibition with the complaint that he did not "wish to have my work used to illustrate misguided sociological principles." However, his objection to having an ideology imposed on his art by the context in which it is exhibited arrives a bit late. Since the last war, it has become increasingly usual for directors of exhibitions to use works of art as tags for their "themes"—technical, aesthetic, and/or historical. For example, in 1969 Morris participated in an exhibition organized by the same Harald Szeemann, then director of the Kunsthalle in Bern, in which Morris's strips of felt were presented as an example of what happens "when attitude becomes form" and as a work of art that is "almost entirely the result of manipulation of material." (Isn't all art "the result of manipulation of material"?) Had art in the past fifteen years not been "used to illustrate misguided sociological principles," much of it would never have seen the light. The take-over of art by ideological showmen has been a steadily expanding process; in Documenta 5, the fusion of art and words, repeatedly noted in this column, has been openly acknowledged without fear of scandal. Adrift on the measureless ocean of "today's imagery," paintings, gestures, environments rely on inflatable cushions of phrases to rescue them from oblivion.

Documenta 5 has pioneered in providing a theoretical basis for the dependence of art on ideology: it consists in the belief that art in our time fails in meaning unless it is assisted by interpretation, and that in the context of ideas non-art can be equally meaningful, as in the example of deep readings of comic strips or bedroom behavior. The bite of the slogan "Art Is Superfluous" is its implication of the emptiness of art in the absence of an added idea. Thus the exhibition directors' categories push forward, the museum hands take over, and the subjection of art to sociology proclaims that, above all, the *artist* is superfluous. The grand principle of avant-gardism has become "Liquidate art, liquidate yourselves."

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At the Neue Galerie, which shares most of Documenta with the Fridericianum, the outstanding attraction is Claes Oldenburg's "Maus Museum," a Documenta in microcosm. Named for its design, which is based on a geometric version of Mickey Mouse, it is an assemblage of found objects as is, found objects altered, and leftovers of object-making—in sum, an intermixture that presents art as lingering on in the form of objects, such as rubber frankfurters, trick cigars, souvenir Washington Monuments, that awaken analogies with art or are art by accident or by identification with the artist as a public personage.

The Neue Galerie is the backward-looking portion of Documenta 5, in that it contains most of the paintings and sculptures in the exhibition, chiefly American Photorealist canvases and Edward Kienholz's punningly entitled tableau of the castration of a black man, "Five Car Stud," plus advertising posters and a large display of home-decoration and ecclesiastical kitsch. At the Fridericianum, the major exhibits are people—Joseph Beuys, like Bella Abzug, identified by a never-absent hat; Ben Vautier, usually designated as "Ben;" Vito Acconci, who has exhibited himself at the Museum of Modern Art and the Jewish Museum, and whose pulse beat and perspiration have been measured in art galleries; and Vettor Pisani, whose art medium is a nude lady-in-chains reputed to be his wife—all of whom stage themselves as works of art. Each has his "act," though one that belongs not to drama or entertainment but to pantomime designed to demonstrate one idea—that the avant-garde tradition has left the rails of painting and sculpture and run aground in physical, psychological, and social data.

SO art is dismissed or undergoes metamorphosis. Yet it is art, often as no more than the word, that holds Documenta 5 together. Indeed, nowhere on earth does the idea of art and the artist carry more potent magic or seem more profoundly linked with momentous trends in world civilization than in this hippodrome of art's superfluity. As befits sociological inquiry, seriousness is the note. In this exhibition there are no smiles on the faces of artists or spectators: an oversize deadpan by Chuck Close presides over Documenta 5, and the desperate, bellicose dedication of Beuys, Ben, Acconci, and Pisani constitutes the atmosphere of *Selbstdarstellung* in Kassel. In the museum directors' investigation of reality,

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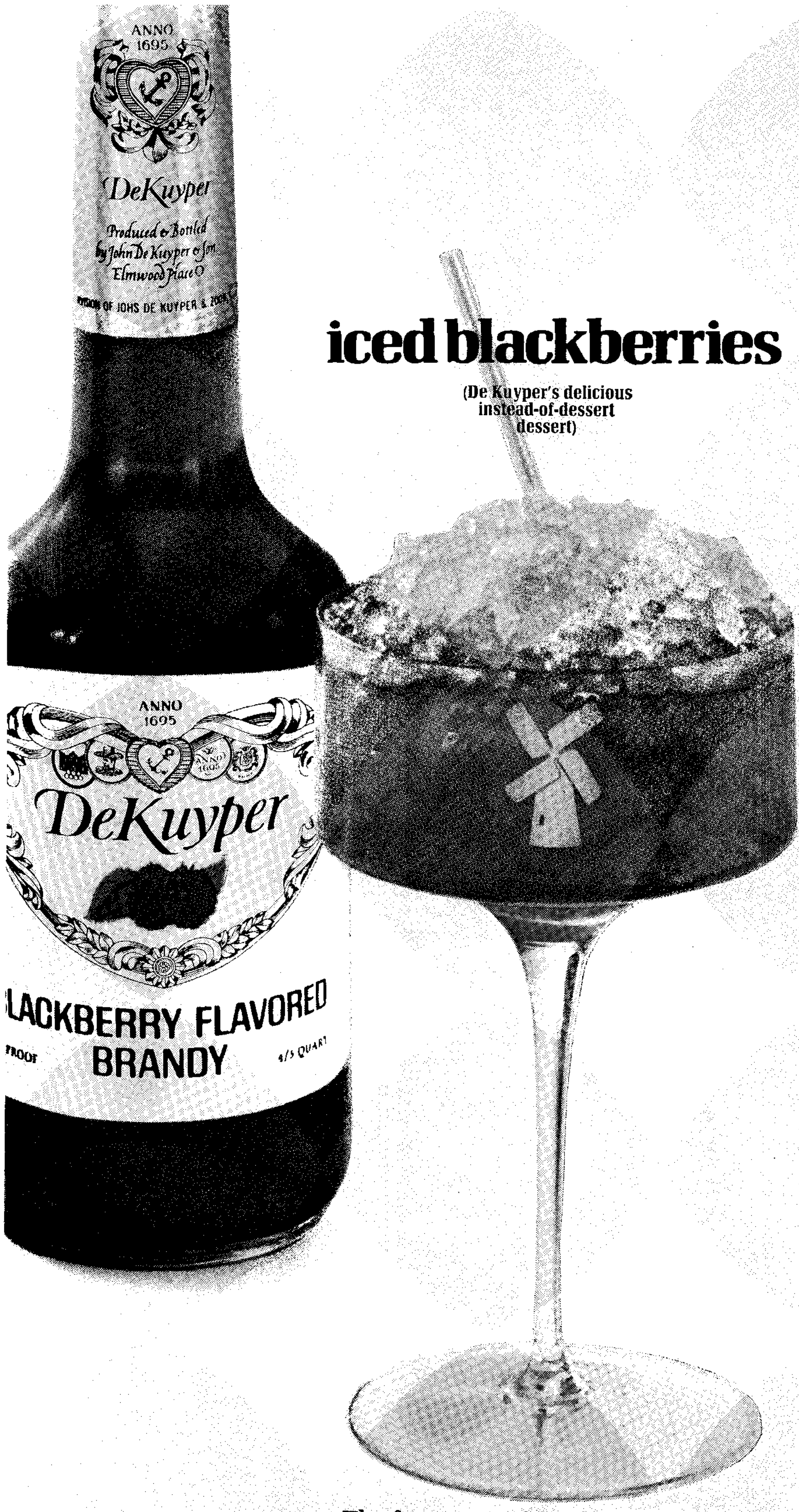
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their first move, as the custodians of art, has been to assert art's intellectual centrality, including contemporary doubts and negations of its traditional mediums. "What makes Beuys' distributing political leaflets at the Fridericianum art?" I asked Ammann. "He, his office, the stacks of papers," was the not unexpected reply, "constitute a sculpture." "Granted," I conceded, "that any three-dimensional enclosure of space can be regarded as a sculpture, what is gained by imposing the idea of art, complex and indefinite as it is, on what Beuys is doing?" "In the museum," responded Ammann, "distributing political leaflets is art. In Beuys' office in Düsseldorf, it is politics." If Documenta dissipates art by translating it into social ideas, it restores the balance by accepting as art anything placed in the frame of the museum. The different ideologies implicit in comic books, paintings, happenings converge at bottom into one ideology—that of the museum engaged in accrediting objects as art. Critics who say that Documenta is anti-art fail to understand that its sovereign principle is attachment to the idea of art and the desire to see it recognized in all aspects of life. A fierce onslaught of words keeps attention focussed on art as an issue. On the walls and columns of the Fridericianum, posters challenge the spectator with such questions as "Why art?," "Is art for happiness?," "Must man change mankind in order to change art?" (Anyone not obsessed with art would have put this last question in reverse.) The concern with, if not for, art often reaches an intensity that is oppressive. Ben, who is featured near the entrance of both the Fridericianum and the Neue Galerie, and is the author of the questions just quoted, indulges himself in apparently inexhaustible splutterings and charades on the theme of "*L'art, c'est moi.*" His "environment" is a roomful of apothegms, slogans, and photographs, among them a Parisian art-gallery poster announcing that "Ben does not exhibit" and a snapshot of Ben sitting on a stool in the middle of traffic holding a sign saying that he is a work of art. Ben's exhibit also involves a platform on which those lucky enough to come at the right time can see the artist sleep. A new genre seems to have evolved out of the mating of art and words—objects, events, and performances that become art by throwing out hints about art and non-art. It is its persistent adherence to the theme of art that differentiates Documenta from a combination of Coney Island sideshows, a flea market, and booths at a

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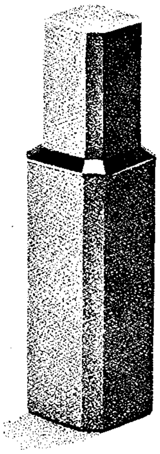

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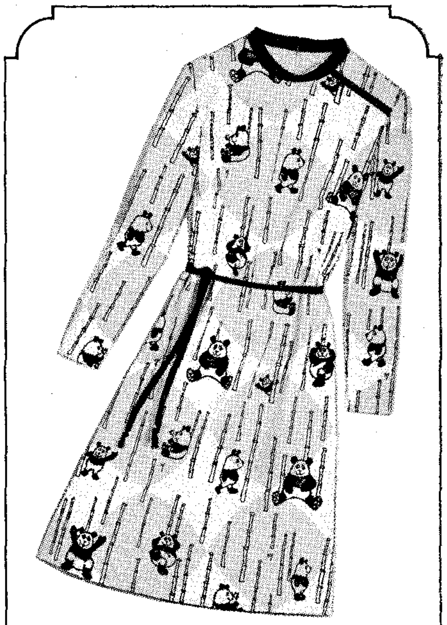

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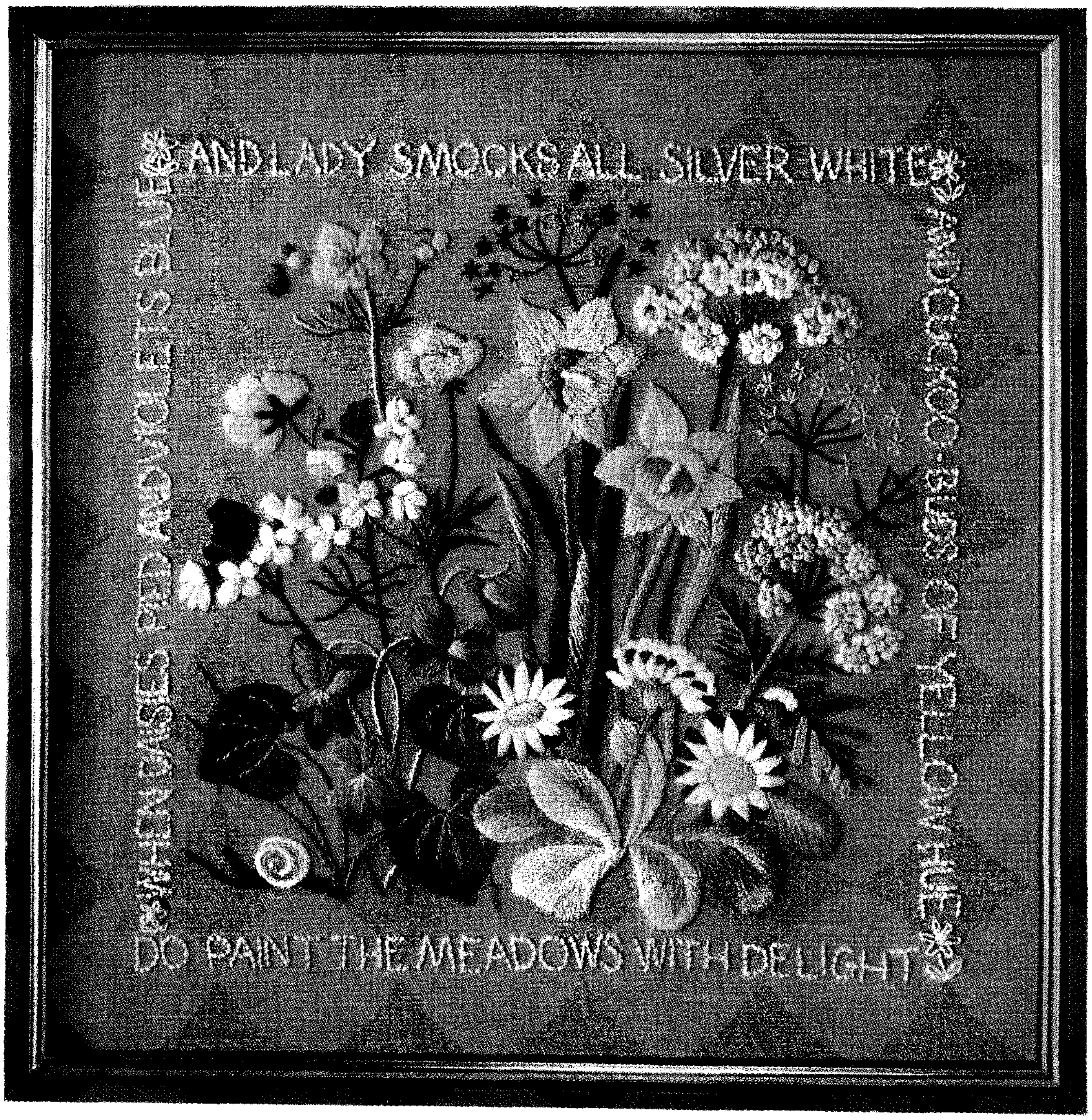
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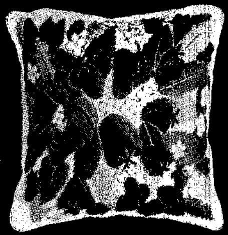

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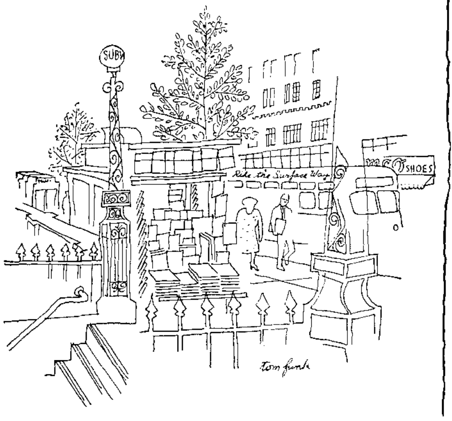
fair. Whatever their visual or physical matter, its exhibits are ultimately either statements about art or art about statements about art. Documenta's preoccupation with the art world is symbolized by its catalogue, which weighs eight pounds, consists of fifteen hundred pages, costs sixty-five DMs (upward of twenty dollars), and supplies exhaustive lists of gallery showings and art-magazine reviews of each of its exhibitors.

With their sociological approach and no new art movement to worry about, the directors of Documenta could have included in "today's imagery" any paintings and sculptures shown in art galleries or reproduced in the press, from Greek mosaics to a collage by Schwitters. In its display of timeless art, such as the beer mugs and folk dolls in its "trivial realism," or kitsch, section, Documenta takes advantage of this freedom. But the choices in painting and sculpture demonstrate that the social philosophizing of exhibition directors occurs within the orbit of art-world fashion and publicity. If the Documenta theme-makers saw nothing new in art today, they were highly conscious of what is old; it includes art in all modes, from Abstract Expressionism to Minimalism, that has been featured in earlier Documentas and other international exhibitions. In art, therefore, Documenta 5 fell back on the new art of yesterday—Photo-realism, conceptualism, and body art, most of it thoroughly familiar in the United States, though perhaps less so in Europe. Once again, America is the front runner; its entries are about equal in number to those of all other countries combined. (Japan and Latin America, I was told, lagged so far behind in invention that they did not deserve inclusion; presumably, their lack of "today's imagery" made their "reality" uninteresting.) Thus, though art history as the latest thing was verbally repudiated, it won, after all, in the selection of the exhibits. The paintings



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and sculptures are the newest available, even if they are oldish-new.

FOR Americans, Documenta 5 is overpoweringly *déjà vu*, to say nothing of already heard. One meets again "'61 Pontiac," by Robert Bechtle, sidewalk "casualties" by Duane Hanson, Paul Sarkisian's gigantic junk-loaded rural back porch, a nude couple in plastic making love on the floor, Richard Estes' telephone booths, Malcolm Morley's race track, all of which have had their day in New York and Chicago museums and galleries. Reminiscences of color painting survive in works by Brice Marden, Robert Ryman, and Robert Mangold; Nancy Graves, whose hanging sculpture has a claim to be new but is too individual to constitute a "movement," has been summoned up out of SoHo; and, for no visible reason, Al Jensen and Joseph Cornell have been remembered. In its liberation from art history, Documenta 5 has enveloped itself in nostalgia for what was last to be new.

Other ideologies aside, both the art and the sub-art exhibits are divided between Expressionist and Objectivist creations. Under the headings of "Individual Mythologies" and "Selbstdarstellung," much of Documenta 5 is given over to bodily presences, actual or filmed, by performers such as Ben, Acconci, and Lucas Samaras, who seem to want to be smelled. Paul Thek's crummy grotto of earth, packing-case coffins, and walls lined with old newspapers, and Michael Buthe's Art Nouveau cave, "Homage to the Sun," represent ad-hoc religions. "Individual mythologies" reaches into paintings by psychotics; included is an extraordinary three-foot-high pile of illustrated diaries by an inmate of a Swiss mental hospital, who also formed a "museum" of works by fellow-patients that was obtained by Documenta. Genuine schizophrenia shades off into "artistic" or drug-induced imitations in galleries of photographic horrors involving fishheads, genitalia, evisceration, blood-stained religious vestments, and crude crucifixes, plus photographic portraits of the artist gagged, gashed, and split in two. This group of repulsive fantasies fits into the scheme of the exhibition as instances of self-expression through images. It may be time for avant-gardist reasoning to discover that if aesthetic standards are dissolved it becomes necessary to replace them with moral ones. On a different plane of self-projection, Beuys' agitation for direct democracy through plebiscite can also be regarded as an individual mythology; Beuys, who has

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been called a "saint" (perhaps Sartre's "Saint Genet" is responsible), gave up drawing in 1959 but is considered, I have been told, the most important influence in German art today.

Parallel with these personifications of disorder, uneasiness, and dream—on the whole, the Europeans seem more tense and disturbed than the Americans—are the clean, static presences of the "living statues," Gilbert and George, lately seen and heard on West Broadway; the impersonal harshly lit panoramas of the West Coast Sharp-Focus Realists; the Dadaist inventions of technocrats, such as Panamarenko's dirigible and Robert Filliou's "Das Poïpoïdrom;" twig sculptures by Charles Arnoldi and cord-and-bead compositions by Nathalie Bieser (in Documenta's setting, any original art is especially attractive); and, mysteriously, Hard-Edge geometrical abstractions done twenty years ago by Auguste Herbin. Individual passion and objective conception meet in out-of-doors constructions carrying political messages: a pavilion hailing Red China; a wall plastered with pronouncements and slogans of Artists Liberation, a British group; a reproduction of a devastated, trash-covered hill in Vietnam; a block-long row of political posters of the past forty years.

In its totality (and because of the familiarity of the exhibits it is the totality that determines the final impression), Documenta 5 is an extended argument about what constitutes art today—an argument that occasionally breaks down into obscenities and violence (the slasher photographs, Pisani's nude in chains). To underline its purpose, the exhibition ought to have included a round-the-clock panel discussion, with hecklers from the floor and periodic fist fights. (Near the end of the exhibition, October 8th, a stabbing might be arranged to symbolize the demand that Documenta's reality be made more real.) It is reported that the opening was aswarm with demonstrations and leaflets directed against the exhibition, but by midsummer these had disappeared. True, Documenta heckles itself, but, with two million to spend, steps could have been taken to incorporate outside opposition; why limit radical speculation about art and society to a handful of curators and professors? Though, politically, Beuys' program of participatory democracy is utopian, there is no reason that it could not be the basis for organizing the next Documenta. There is something disturbing about seeing students in beards and long hair wandering through the

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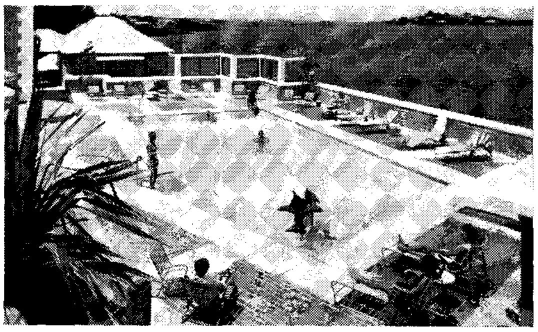

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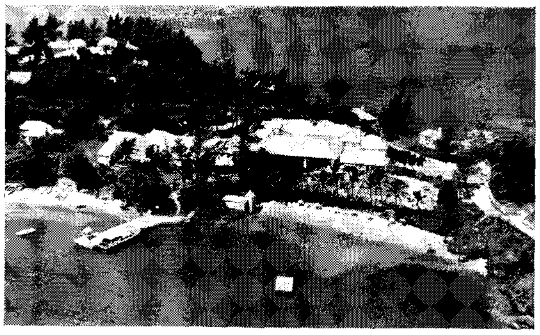

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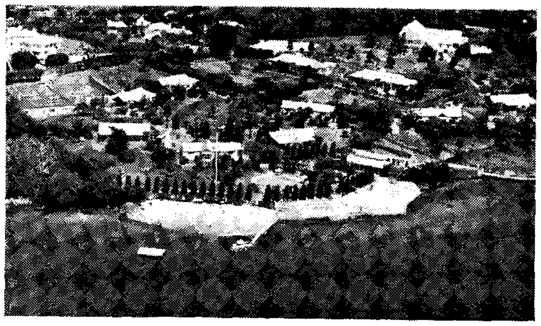

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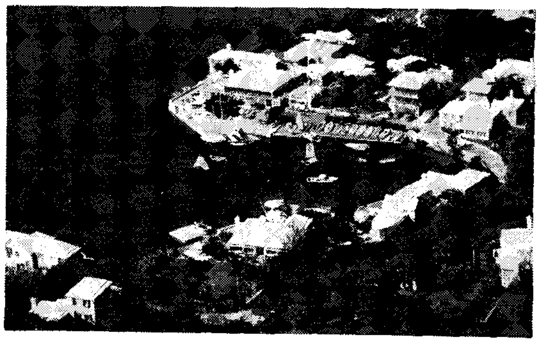

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galleries with their mouths shut. Documenta is an educational venture (besides being, of course, a regional promotion), and dialogue is fundamental to it.

Beyond continuing the modernist questioning of art "as a social institution," Documenta 5 has no significant message. Certainly, no exhibition on this scale was needed to bring the news that people today are introverted, dreamy, prurient, vulgar, mentally unbalanced, and superficial (kitsch-loving), or to take sides with Mao or urge ending the war in Vietnam. The gist of Documenta 5 consists in indicating the phase now reached by the traditional shuffling of vanguard art between denying its existence and claiming to illuminate reality. For all the protests of purists and champions of "quality," this shuffling, at times coming close to chicanery, belongs to the essence of modernist creation, since new art is both art and non-art at a single glance. For art to maintain its intellectual interest, avant-gardist questioning must continue to pursue its own self-cancelling logic, even when, as now, art itself has come to a standstill. In Documenta 5, despite inner contradictions, this questioning attains a new level of inclusiveness (thanks to the two million) and a theoretical force approaching brutality.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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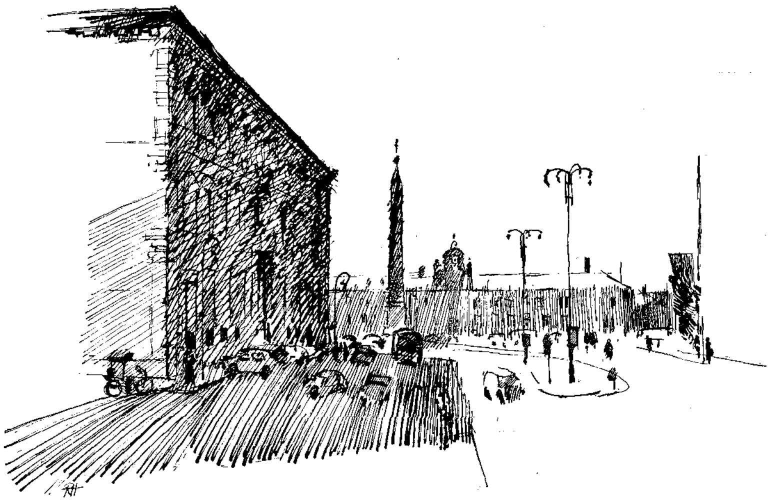
# LETTER FROM ROME



LAST winter, after an absence of nearly three years, I came back to Rome, and I first saw the city again through a window of the airplane as we coasted in toward Fiumicino. The day was bright and unseasonably warm, with an almost unbearably blue sky above, but Rome lay under a dirty-orange veil of smog that looked exactly like the haze one sees over Los Angeles. The pollution shocked me, because Rome is not enclosed by hills, it has no heavy industry or oil refineries, and its air, freshened by late-afternoon breezes from the sea, has always been pleasurable to breathe. I told myself that I was witnessing some sort of freak inversion, and, caught up in the confusion and excitement of arrival, temporarily put the sight out of my mind.

The trip from the airport to my hotel, near the Pincian Gate, would have taken no more than forty minutes a few years ago, but this trip took twice that. Once my taxi had turned off a short stretch of *autostrada* and entered the city itself, it was limited to inching along in a great sludge of honking, roaring, beeping vehicles. Nearly every street was hopelessly clogged, nearly every piazza all but permanently obliterated under glittering carpets of parked Fiats. By the time we pulled up at my hotel, the driver, who had been a garrulous, happily cynical citizen at the start of the trip, was sweaty and silent.

Shortly after I arrived, Federico Fellini interviewed himself in an Italian magazine. "What is Rome?" he asked. "What do I think of when I hear the word 'Rome'? I've often asked myself. And I know, more or less. I think of a big, ruddy face that resembles Sordi's, Fabrizi's, Magnani's, its expression weighted and preoccupied by gastrosexual exigencies. I think of a muddy, brown terrain; of an ample, broken sky, like the backdrop of an opera, a sky painted in violets, blacks, silvers—funereal colors. But, all in all, it's a comforting face." In Fellini's latest film epic, a vastly ambitious quasi-documentary panorama of his adopted city entitled simply "Roma," many of the faces have these same qualities, but I'm not sure the effect is especially comforting. So many of his characters—the priests, whores, officials, policemen, night owls, and street people who swarm across his screen—have a more than slightly ruined, corrupted look about them, an air of something noble and once beautiful allowed to decay almost beyond hope of redemption.

But Fellini's people, I realized as I emerged from a screening of "Roma" into the late-afternoon hubbub of the Piazza Barberini, are incredibly alive. They shout and cry and, above all, talk incessantly. They are passionately and totally involved in themselves, as unthinkingly committed to the small pleasures of the moment as Falstaff, and now that I had spent a couple of hours in their company, the ominous words spoken to me by a middle-aged Roman cousin of mine a few days before—words that I had taken very seriously—suddenly seemed false. "We've survived two thousand years of foreign invasion, pillage, disasters of all sorts," he had said over a sweet vermouth at Harry's Bar. "But I doubt if we can survive ten more years like the last ten. Our lives here are getting worse—even the way we see ourselves." Nonsense, I thought. The Romans don't see themselves at all; they simply are. My cousin, a talent agent, had been working for and with Americans for several years. Clearly, he had been far more deeply corrupted than any of Fellini's people.

Still, there is plenty to worry about in what has been happening here. Last April, when the city celebrated her two-thousand-seven-hundred-and-twenty-fifth birthday (it was supposedly on the twenty-first of April in 753 B.C. that Romulus, standing on the Palatine, founded the city of Rome by digging the blade of his plow into the earth), the occasion was a melancholy one. For one thing, the wolf cage on the Capitoline Hill, where for years the municipal government had housed one or two symbolic mother wolves, was empty. One wolf had died, another had failed to flourish and had been shipped off to a zoo, and no suitable replacements had been found. The imperial Roman eagle was still on hand, in its own cage, but some Romans claimed that it was not the right bird but a smaller, darker one from the Apennines. In any case, the empty wolf cage and the silent, scruffy little bird of doubtful authenticity seemed to symbolize the current plight of the city—broke, dishevelled, paralyzed by the automobile, and at the mercy of real-estate speculators. "As always," a journalist named Antonio Cederna wrote of the birthday celebration in Rome's largest independent daily, *Il Messaggero*, "the vacuity of the official ceremonies and their accompanying rhetorical chatter served only to throw into relief and to illuminate in a harsh light the squalid conditions in which this poor city finds herself."

"Squalid" is hardly the word that any visitor to Rome would use to describe the parts of the city most foreigners come here to see—the famous ruins, the squares, the monuments, the gardens, the palaces, the museums, all linked to the luxury hotels of the Via Veneto by fleets of air-conditioned tour buses—but it does accurately describe the way a good many thoughtful Romans feel about their city. Even the most casual visitor can't help being struck by the filth in the streets and the accumulation of trash in the parks. Against a tidal wave of debris being spewed forth by an industrialized society modelled closely upon that of the United States, the Roman street sweepers—underpaid, overworked, dressed in their familiar wrinkled blue smocks and equipped only with their traditional long-handled brooms—battle hopelessly, apathetically. The city's budget deficit mounts by millions of dollars a month, and apparently there is no money to spend on keeping Rome clean. The problem was brought home to me dramatically one morning when I emerged from my hotel, turned the corner, and found myself confronted

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It is easy to get the feeling, too, that Rome is swiftly being submerged in a stone sea. Apart from the so-called historic center, where the authorities have made an effort, however inadequate, to defend history from the present, the city—and especially what one commentator has referred to as "the infamous outskirts," built during the past two decades—has become an ugly sprawl of unrelieved concrete. The latest statistics show that Rome's nearly three million inhabitants have at their disposal an average of something between two and three square metres of green, but the four-fifths of the city's residents who live in the newer sections have access to no greenery at all. Developers have put up houses and office buildings without paying the slightest attention to the existing zoning laws, which, on paper, do provide for parks, gardens, and playgrounds. For example, in a new quarter built in the Monte Mario area, to the northwest, about eighty thousand people live out of easy reach of any sort of park, or even open space. The same is true for tens of thousands of citizens in at least a dozen other parts of town. Though there is, of course, no way to make an absolutely accurate check, a reliable estimate has been that in the past few years about three hundred thousand rooms have been illegally constructed here. And the buildings in these parts of town are architecturally ugly—square, cold, and institutional-looking, packed together on top of each other, worn and slummy before their time. "What we are fighting here is a true ecological battle for survival," an official of the Unione Italiana per lo Sport Popolare declared not long ago. "And this just when there's so much fashionable talk about ecology."

The plight of the humbler citizens of Rome is of little concern to those who live in the historic center, in remodelled Renaissance *palazzi* along the banks of the Tiber or in the luxury residential areas of broad, tree-shaded avenues and verdant hillsides. Such people have little trouble finding congenial places to live, for although low-priced housing is still so scarce, even in the most depressing outskirts, that groups of angry citizens periodically invade new buildings to establish squatters' rights, and have to be evicted by the police, there are some twenty thousand vacant housing units for upper-income citizens. What concerns affluent Romans much more than the hardships

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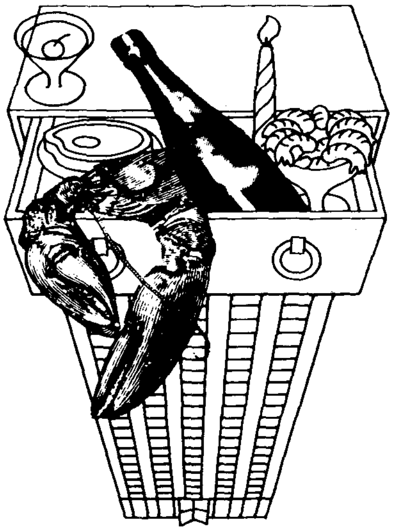

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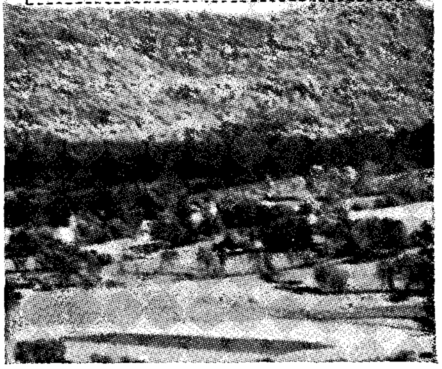
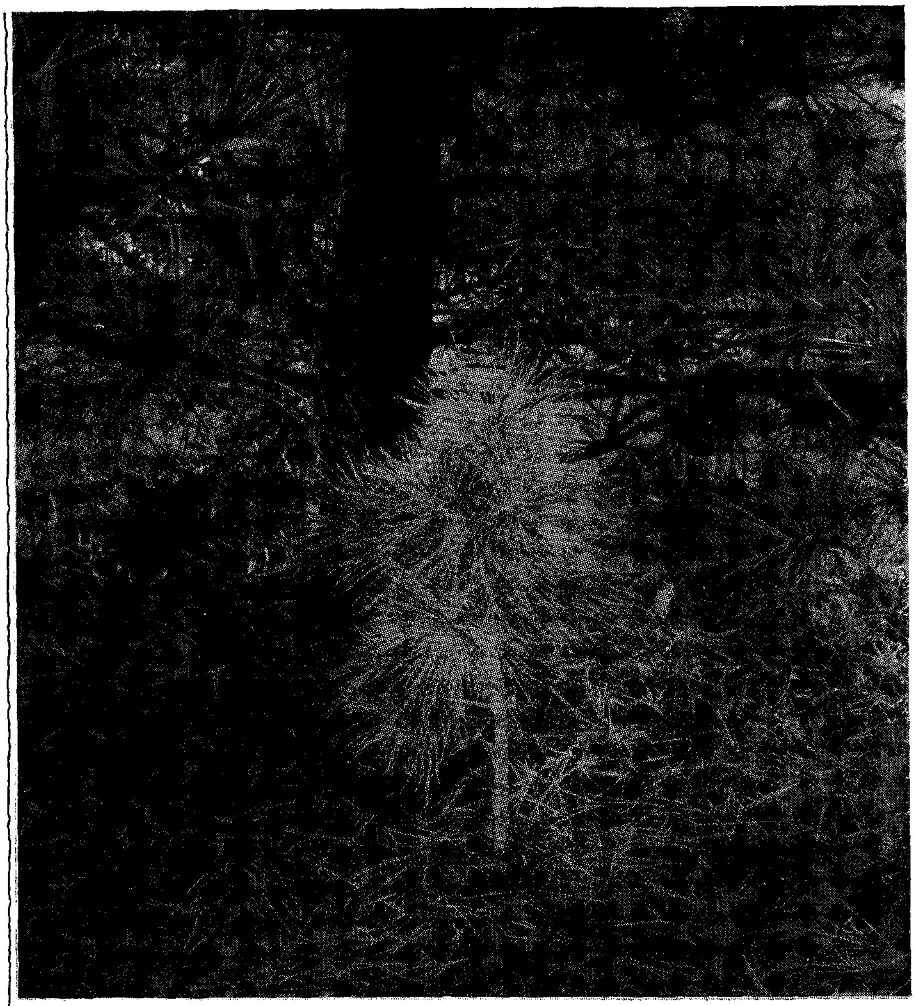


of the poor is the aesthetic rape of the parts of the city they really love. Two or three piazzas—the Farnese, the Navona, the Santa Maria in Trastevere—have been emptied of cars, and the more beautiful buildings remain unscarred by commercialism. Yet even the historic center has seen such a proliferation of advertising billboards and neon signs that I would not have been surprised, during the first few weeks after my return, to find some morning that the Castel Sant' Angelo and the Dome of St. Peter's had been put to use plugging somebody's airline or soft drink. When I first discussed my outraged feelings with an old Roman friend and suggested in the strongest terms that savagely restrictive laws ought to be passed to prevent such abuses, he said, smiling, "We have the laws—we've always had them. In Italy, we have laws to take care of everything. The problem is enforcing them. And that requires a will and a discipline we do not yet have."

The theme is a familiar one to Italians, who have always taken a perverse pride in the anarchic individualism and the genius for last-minute improvisation that supposedly go to make up the national character. It was recently sounded again by Franco Zeffirelli—a man who has never shied away from saying in public exactly what he thinks about practically everything—when he paraphrased for the benefit of the Roman press a statement made some time ago by the novelist Ennio Flaiano. "Yes, we are a rotten country, corrupt in our institutions, but free," Zeffirelli said. "We prefer this solution to that of a well-governed country in which all the social currents are respected but which is without freedom." That is the sort of remark any one of my Roman acquaintances could have made, accompanying it with much ironic smiling and eloquent shrugging, and in the past it would have terminated any further discussion of the multitudinous social, political, and economic ills afflicting the nation. Today, however, there is a growing feeling—especially among the young, who in the past couple of years have taken, like their American counterparts, to agitating in the streets—that this sort of answer, however historically valid, simply won't do. "We can't go on like this," I was told by a university student who was suspended last spring for battling the police in the cobblestoned streets just beyond the walls of his classrooms. "We can't go on waiting for these same old men of the government to do things they have promised to do but are never going



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to. Talking is useless. Everyone in Italy talks. We must force them to act."

THE exasperation of the rioting young and of the workers, who in recent months have become increasingly militant and have been walking out on their jobs in a series of brief but extremely disruptive strikes lasting anywhere from a few hours to a few days, seems only to have been increased by this year's national elections, which were supposed to solve, or at least alleviate, a number of the country's problems. To begin with, there was the spectacle last winter of the parliamentary squabbling and jockeying that went on during the sixteen days and twenty-three ballots it took to pick a new President of the Republic, the voting being limited to the one thousand and eight so-called *grandi elettori*—the nine hundred and fifty members of the two parliamentary houses (the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate) and fifty-eight representatives from the twenty semi-autonomous regions into which the country, for political and administrative reasons, is now divided. The tedious, occasionally ludicrous goings on were visible to the public daily on television, and the picture that emerged was of a lot of paunchy elderly men in dark business suits bickering endlessly over rhetorical points, arguing heatedly, and occasionally even coming to blows, while long-range interests—to say nothing of the prestige of the state itself—were resolutely ignored. In fact, after a series of inconclusive votes and a particularly depressing day of nakedly selfish political maneuvering an editorial on the front page of *Il Messaggero* urged the politicians to come to their senses. "Public opinion is deeply troubled at witnessing the desolate spectacle of a Presidential election carried on in a climate of profound uncertainty, underground operations, and maneuvers and countermaneuvers, and in the complete absence of clarity in large sectors of the democratic alignment," the writer observed. "The stakes of the game are high. The dangers to democracy and liberty are serious. One can only hope that from the depths of everyone's conscience will reëmerge that sense of responsibility necessary to guarantee the future of the nation."

It is doubtful whether the future of the nation was guaranteed by the eventual election to the Presidency of Senator Giovanni Leone, a white-haired, bespectacled conservative Christian Democrat from Naples, who looks like a plump, benevolent little owl and

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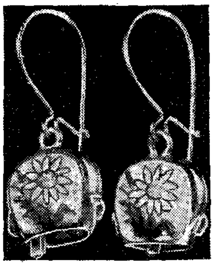

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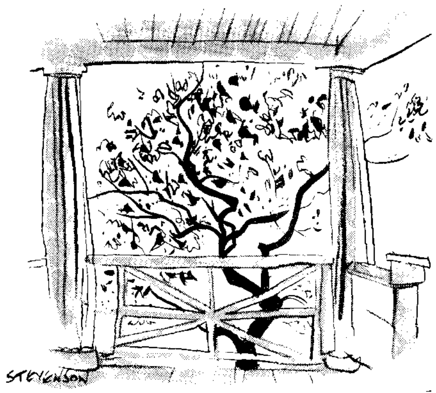
is recognized as a competent professional politician with few real enemies, an uncontroversial past, and the major social asset of a handsome, extroverted wife. Since the Italian Presidency is largely a ceremonial and symbolic office, Leone's election offended no one but tended merely to reassure the Italian middle classes—the chief beneficiaries of *il boom* of the past fifteen years—that the government intended to maintain the status quo, even at the cost of forcing the hitherto anti-Communist Socialists out of the ruling coalition of so-called center-left political parties that has run the country for the past decade. "The vote that elected Senator Leone President of the Republic foretokens difficult days for our country," began an editorial in *Avanti!*, the official Socialist daily. And, according to most political predictions, those difficult days would come when, in the wake of Senator Leone's election, the already shaky governing coalition headed by Premier Emilio Colombo, a more liberal member of the President's own Christian Democratic Party, would be dissolved and the citizens would be asked to go to the polls more than a year before the constitutional term of the current political alignment in the parliament actually expired. As predicted, Signor Colombo resigned in mid-January, and a caretaker government, headed by still another Christian Democrat, Giulio Andreotti, took over to keep things going until the spring, when the nation would presumably shake itself into a new shape by means of the ballot box.

For about two months thereafter, Rome, like every other Italian city, decked herself in gaudy political banners and billboards advertising the candidates and the merits of ten contending parties, and resigned herself to the incessant din of the electronically amplified human voice bleating for attention and votes. The only parties that behaved with any decorum or sense of ecological decency were the smaller ones, whose campaign funds were too



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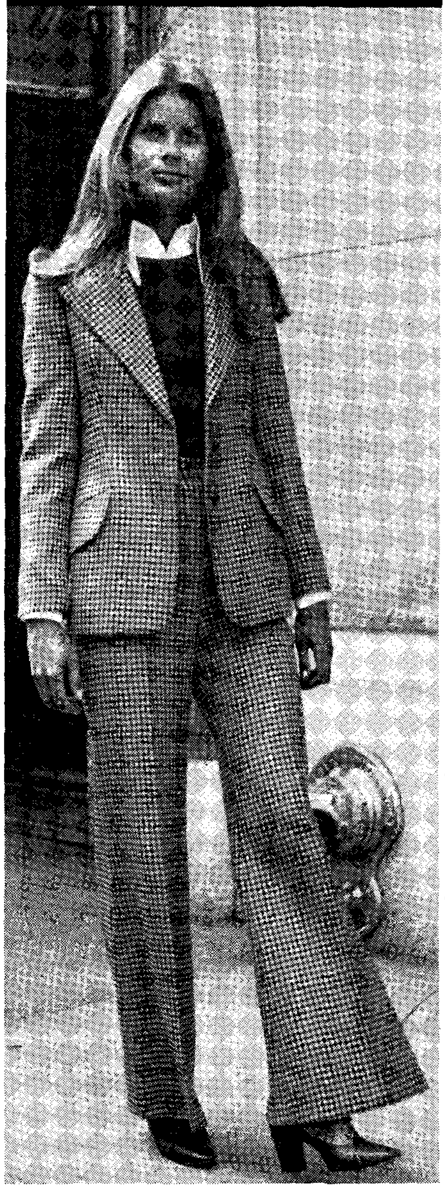

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limited to be squandered on littering the walls and streets and troubling the air. Most annoying, inevitably, were the neo-Fascists of the Movimento Sociale Italiano, or M.S.I., whose fleets of tiny Fiats, equipped with loudspeakers, fanned out daily through the city, blaring martial airs and haranguing the public loudly while spraying propaganda sheets and leaflets from their windows. When that technique bored them, the young thugs involved in the campaign were not above physically assaulting citizens whose views differed from their own, and this method was also adopted by the younger revolutionaries of the extreme left, so at times, as the newspapers reported increasingly frequent acts of political violence everywhere, it became possible to believe in the civil war so ardently longed for by hotheads with no faith in history but with a second-hand nostalgia for broken skulls and mob will. Young Communist and Fascist bullyboys raided each other's headquarters, planted bombs, beat each other up, occasionally managed to kill each other. Often, though, the victims turned out to be innocent passersby. Some sort of ironic low was reached in late April, when a Soviet tourist intently studying a neo-Fascist billboard was assaulted by a group of Communist toughs and briefly hospitalized.

What the advocates of violence hoped for, basically, was the dismemberment of the democratic state—an objective that most of them were not shy about advertising, despite a calculated campaign of moderation adopted by Giorgio Almirante, the suave, partly bald ex-Fascist who is the leader of the M.S.I. Resolutely maintaining, in the face of clear daily evidence to the contrary, that his party was not linked indissolubly to anti-democratic concepts or to Mussolinian methods of realizing its aims, Almirante, a man who keeps a finger on the emotional pulse of his largely *petit-bourgeois* constituency, called calmly and resolutely for a return to order, discipline, selflessness, morality, and patriotism. This appeal, more moderate and sophisticated than most of its kind, sounded some comforting notes to a large segment of the population, especially in Rome and the south—the less industrialized areas, which have benefitted only tangentially from *il boom* and have suffered the most from inflation and the economic slump that the nation has now been undergoing for two years and that still shows no signs of lessening. Almirante's campaign, abetted by the presence on his electoral slate of several eminent

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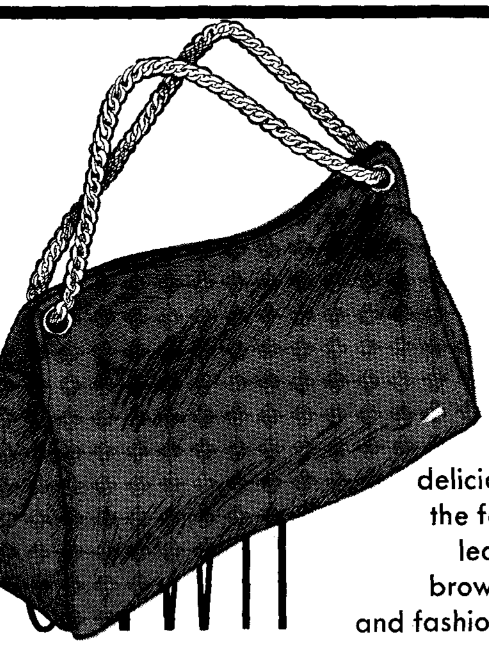
military figures, obscured the depredations of his own party's street gangs while calling attention to those committed by the fanatics of the left. Under such circumstances, it's not surprising that, for the first time in over two decades, some observers of Italian politics expected the democratic process to founder.

Nothing of the kind happened, of course. On May 7th and 8th, the voters showed their distrust of extremist solutions by electing exactly the kind of government that has been running the country since the end of the Second World War—a loosely aligned coalition of moderate democratic parties that are in full agreement on almost nothing and are without enough of a working majority in the parliament to push through major social reforms or adopt any but the most tepid of political programs. Signor Almirante's forces just about doubled their representation in both houses, but they remain very much an isolated minority (fifty-six deputies out of six hundred and thirty in the Chamber, and twenty-six senators out of three hundred and twenty), and their gains, in any case, were mostly at the expense of the Liberals, a conservative lay party associated exclusively—in quite a few people's minds, anyway—with the interests of big business. The real winners were the Christian Democrats, who picked up a seat in the Chamber and retained the allegiance of about forty per cent of the electorate. The Christian Democratic Party, which had been split into nine perpetually squabbling factions, united long enough to wage an intelligent campaign that emphasized the preciousness and irreplaceability of freedom. The voters paid attention. "I'm sure most of my friends—and especially the ones most vocally committed to the extremists—voted for the middle once they were alone with their ballots," Guido Gerosa, a writer for the weekly *L'Europeo*, told me. "One of the great Italian talents is for saying one thing and doing another."

All that has happened, really, after all these months of strikes, brawling in the streets, bomb-throwing, police raids, and such spectacular isolated events as the strange, lonely death of the publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli (who died, last March, apparently having blown himself up in an attempt to destroy a power-line pylon outside Milan), is a slight shift of the country to the right. The Socialists have gone out and the Liberals have come in. Andreotti, the head of the caretaker government, who was called on after weeks



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of interparty negotiating to form a new government, has done so. It is the thirty-fourth since the end of Fascism, and it rests on tiny parliamentary majorities, so not many people expect it to last very long. Still, the skeptics may be underestimating Andreotti. The first Roman ever to head a nationally elected government, he is, at fifty-three, a formidable worker, who made his way into politics as a protégé of the late Alcide De Gasperi, Italy's most able postwar politician, and who in the past twenty-five years has held an astonishing variety of cabinet posts. Indeed, Andreotti, with his clerkly, hunched-over, ascetic look, reminds one strikingly of his mentor. He has already proved himself to be a masterly negotiator, conciliator, and organizer, and also to be tough and realistic enough to govern without yielding to the temptation to make unfulfillable promises. Before a vote of confidence in the Senate some weeks ago, he announced that his precariously balanced coalition of Christian Democrats, Liberals, and Social Democrats would go to work "without vain pretensions but also without any inferiority complex."

There is an enormous amount of work to be done, but it doesn't seem likely that Signor Andreotti, whether he proceeds by inclination or on a purely pragmatic basis, will be able to cope decisively with the disarray in which the country now finds itself. The fundamental outline of the situation is familiar—an economic depression accompanied, inevitably, by increasing unemployment (it now stands at well over a million) and inflation—but the specific problems that require immediate attention are so numerous that when Signor Andreotti began listing them for the parliament one day, he was accused by a heckler of reading aloud from the telephone book. The strikes and the violence in the streets, therefore, will almost certainly continue for some time. "Italy keeps going, as it always has," Luigi Barzini observed recently, "because, tucked away here and there in various corners of the society, there are honest, hard-working men quietly doing their jobs well. They are the real heroes of our age."

LAST January, at the end of a damp, unpleasant day, two young Romans named Dante Ottaviani and Sabato Panico walked into the Colosseum and began to climb the rows of empty stone seats rising above the darkened arena. They were carrying a couple of blankets, some sandwiches,

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and a bottle of water. When they arrived at an iron grating separating the part of the edifice open to tourists from the upper arches, they climbed on over, and perched at the very top of the amphitheatre. A small group of friends and relatives who had watched their progress from below now announced to all who would listen that the young men were there to stay until someone did something about them; they were protesting their inability to make an honest living.

At first, no one except the police paid much attention. Less than two days after they had gone up, Panico got sick and came down. Ottaviani, however, refused to budge. Dressed in pants, a turtleneck sweater, and a windbreaker, his blanket around his shoulders, he peered down, increasingly haggard-eyed, at his indifferent city. He seemed like some great angry bird. Occasionally, he held up a crudely lettered sign that said, "Murderers, you've forgotten about me." To the policemen and other authorities who tried to persuade him to descend, he declared that he intended to stay in the Colosseum and, if necessary, die there rather than come back down to the same world that he felt had treated him shabbily. His sole concern, he said, was the care and feeding of his wife and baby girl. "We're not looking for luxuries—we only want to unmuck our lives," he told one of the first reporters to interview him. "It's an old story. Always hunger, from the day I was born."

By the time Ottaviani had been up there a week, he had become a minor celebrity, primarily because his adventure made good copy and occupied portions of the city's front pages, but also because his case and what he had to say about himself and his plight, bitingly elucidated in the language of the streets, stirred up the vast reservoir of discontent under the surface of ordinary citizens' lives. "I'm all smashed up, and I've got a cold and a cough," he said on the fifth day, after a fall. "But I'm not coming down. What for? I've got nothing, and I don't want to steal. So I'll stay up here, and before I croak I'll throw my clothes down. That way, I'll die as naked as I was born."

Ottaviani's story proved to be a simple and disturbingly familiar one. His father was a bricklayer, his mother a part-time nurse, and he and a brother and two sisters had grown up in the narrow streets of the Monti, one of the older quarters of the city. When his father became ill and could no longer

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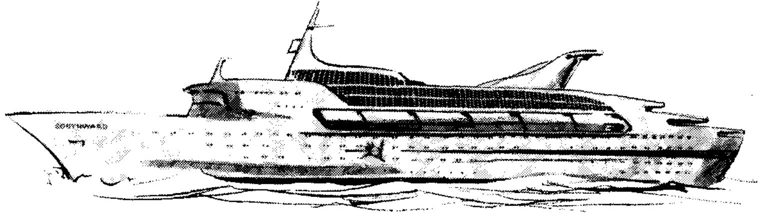

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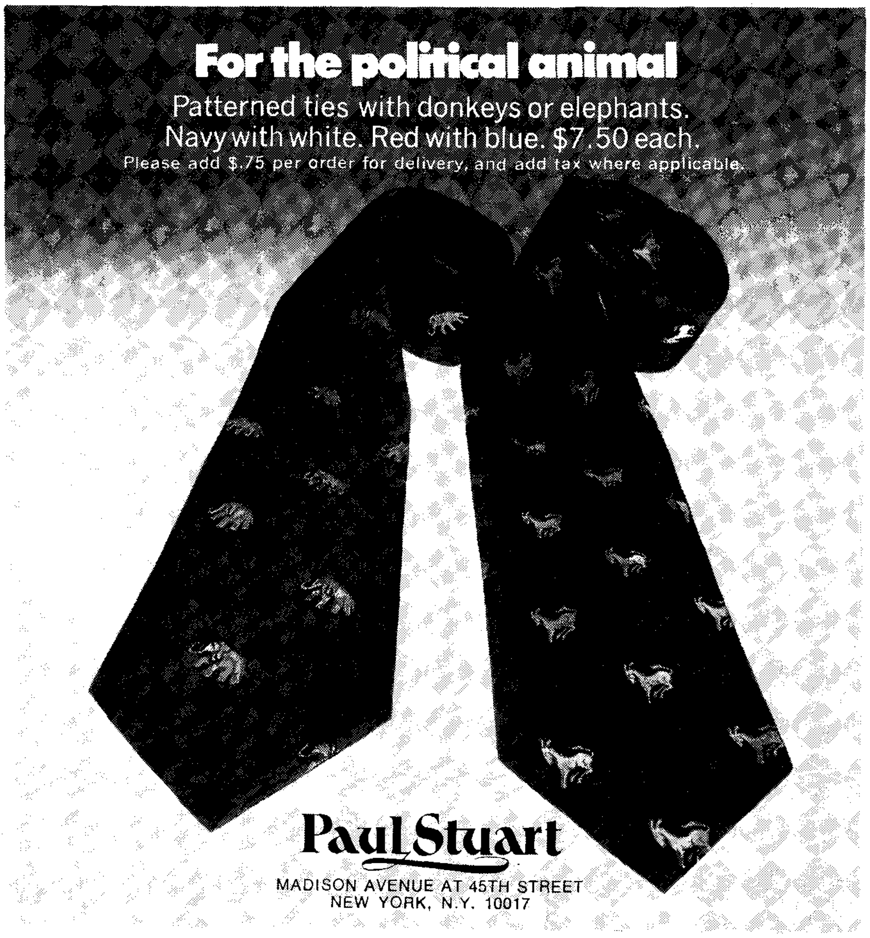
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work, Ottaviani began to steal. He spent three years in reformatories, and later, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, a total of three more years inside the medieval walls of Rome's Regina Coeli prison. After the birth of a daughter, in 1969, he told the press, he quit stealing. "I didn't want her to be ashamed of her father," he said. "I didn't want anyone pointing the finger at her." With a brother-in-law, he began operating a street-corner stand near the railroad station, selling transistor radios, clocks, and cigarette lighters. But he didn't have a license, so the police harassed him constantly and confiscated his merchandise. Finally, after considerable difficulty, he acquired the necessary license, but he was assigned an area that required a car to operate in successfully. Ottaviani could not afford a car, nor, as a convicted felon, could he even get a driver's license. His protests went unheeded, so he returned to his old corner, whereupon the cycle of arrests and confiscations resumed. All he wanted, he said now, from his refuge in the Colosseum, was a permit to sell his stuff where he could make a living, but, he added, "if I don't see something written, I'm not moving from here." When a city official trying to persuade him to come down promised that his situation would be resolved within a week, Ottaviani replied, "It's all a trick. I don't believe in anything anymore."

The presence of this solitary protester on one of the city's most famous monuments—especially one celebrated for spectacles involving the feeding of wretched Christians to lions—began to embarrass the authorities, delight tourists, and outrage the prostitutes, the hustlers, and the petty thieves who earn their own shabby living within the shadows of the ancient arena. The prostitutes, the hustlers, and the thieves, unhappy in the glare of publicity and unable to operate successfully in the presence of so many policemen, firemen, and sundry officials, took to calling angrily up to Ottaviani to jump. The reporters, by this time, were having a field day. They showed up in clusters to interview Ottaviani and the relatives and friends who rooted for him down below and sent him up an occasional sandwich. On the seventh day, Nino Longobardi, one of the most eminent journalists in Rome, took to the pages of *Il Messaggero* to comment. "We don't want to make a symbol of Dante Ottaviani, much less a hero," he wrote. "But a country that turns its back on a man alone can cause

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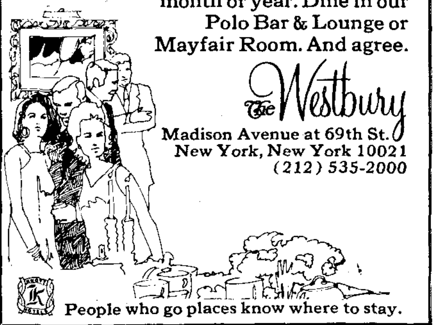

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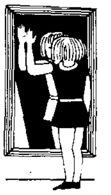

anguish in the hearts of men still truly free."

The anguish—for Dante Ottaviani and his people, at least—ended on the afternoon of the eighth day, when two city functionaries brought him a letter signed by a high official and guaranteeing him a license to operate his stand near the railroad station. Declaring himself satisfied, and complaining that his bones were aching, Ottaviani came down, and was whisked off to a hospital to recover. Within two days, he disappeared from the news, but his protest was not forgotten. In the weeks afterward, a couple of hundred equally desperate people, singly and in groups, scaled other famous heights—in one case, the Dome of St. Peter's itself—to roost in public and demand, almost always unsuccessfully, the happy ending granted Ottaviani. It is as if his gesture and his words spoke for the Italy that no longer counts—the people unallied with any powerful interest group, who are struggling to make themselves and their needs heard. In a story hailing the happy ending of Dante Ottaviani's story, Longobardi concluded, "Meanwhile, the empty eye sockets of the Colosseum stare unblinkingly at us. For too long, those old stones have stood there, and they know us—ah, how they know us." To many people here, the young Roman's seemingly foolhardy act has become a metaphor for much that has gone wrong in Italian society today. —William Murray

•

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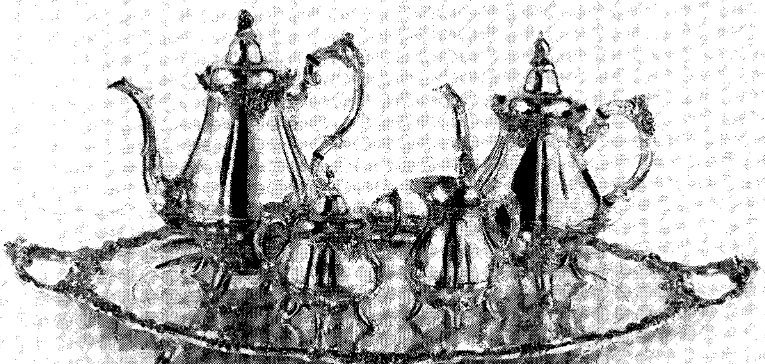

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Belmont Again*

FEW fillies have won the Fall Highweight Handicap, which starts off the autumn season on Long Island. One was Ta Wee, Dr. Fager's little sister, who did it twice, carrying 140 pounds the second time. Chou Croute is by no means as glamorous as Ta Wee, but she ran an efficient, if not spectacular, race in the fifty-ninth renewal of the opening-day fixture at Belmont last week, coming up on the rails to beat Icecapade by two lengths. A neck behind, Saxony Warrior and Scare Tag finished in a dead heat for third place. The time was a moderate 1:10. Big Bluffer, setting the early pace, zipped off the first quarter in 0:22⅗, and then Icecapade, as good-looking a gray as I've seen in a blue moon, took the lead, but she couldn't hold it in the stretch.

It was generally expected that the meeting of Numbered Account and Blessing Angelica in the Maskette Handicap, at a mile, would be the thriller of the week at Belmont. It wasn't, but it did have its high moments. Numbered Account won, but only by three parts of a length from Manta, a mare who had been racing in California. Blessing Angelica, who beat Numbered Account in Delaware Park's jackpot for the sex a month ago, was last in the field, which had been scratched down to four starters. Aladancer was quickest away, but Blessing Angelica soon overhauled her, and led coming to the half-mile mark. Numbered Account stumbled slightly just after the break, but she quickly righted herself and set sail for the leaders. She caught up with Blessing Angelica on the long turn for home, and the two went stride for stride into the stretch. Here Numbered Account began to draw away, and looked home free, but in the last furlong the bridge jumpers who had bet the supper money on her had palpitations as Manta began to wear her down with every stride. A longish blanket would have covered the four as they flashed past the post. Numbered Account's next appearance, in the Beldame Stakes this weekend, will be interesting.

TRAINERS with likely two-year-olds are still talking of the Meadow Stable's Secretariat and his impressive performance in the Hopeful, at

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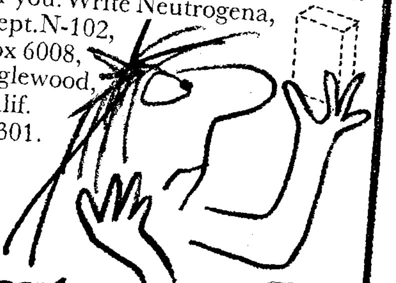

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Saratoga. Also no doubt enviously wishing that they had something in the barn like him. I saw him at Belmont the other morning, and I can't blame them. He's a picture horse—tall and powerful in build, a blending of strength and quality—and how he can run is a matter of record. His stablemate Riva Ridge, out for another gallop on the grass, seemed fine and dandy. Lucien Laurin, his trainer, says he's as good as he looks. I'll string along with that. As for future engagements, Laurin says he's playing it by ear.

IT is with regret that I report that Paul Mellon's Mill Reef slipped and fractured his left foreleg while galloping at Kingsclere, Ian Balding's training grounds near Newbury, in England, last Wednesday morning. This ends the racing career of the best American-bred ever to adventure abroad. Certainly his achievements last season surpassed those of the Canadian-bred Nijinsky the year before. Needless to say, every effort will be made to save him for the stud. According to Reuters, the leg is in a plaster cast and he is doing as well as could be expected, but he won't be completely out of danger for weeks. It will be remembered how long it took Hoist the Flag to recover from a somewhat similar injury. Mill Reef, who is a bay, by Never Bend out of Milan Mill, a daughter of Princequillo, was bred by Mr. Mellon at his Rokeby Farms in Virginia and was sent to England as a yearling. At two, he won the Gimcrack, one of the more important stakes over there. Last year was his big one. After finishing second to Brigadier Gerard in the Two Thousand Guineas, he won the Derby Stakes, the Eclipse, the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, the Greenham Stakes, and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and was voted Horse of the Year. This year, little went right for him. After an easy victory in the Prix Ganay, it took all he had to win the Coronation Cup at Epsom. It was suspected that he had come down with a virus, and consequently he missed meeting Brigadier Gerard in the Eclipse and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. Later, while prepping for the Benson & Hedges Gold Cup, he threw a shoe, and missed that one, too. It is my sincere hope that his recovery is speedy.

—AUDAX MINOR

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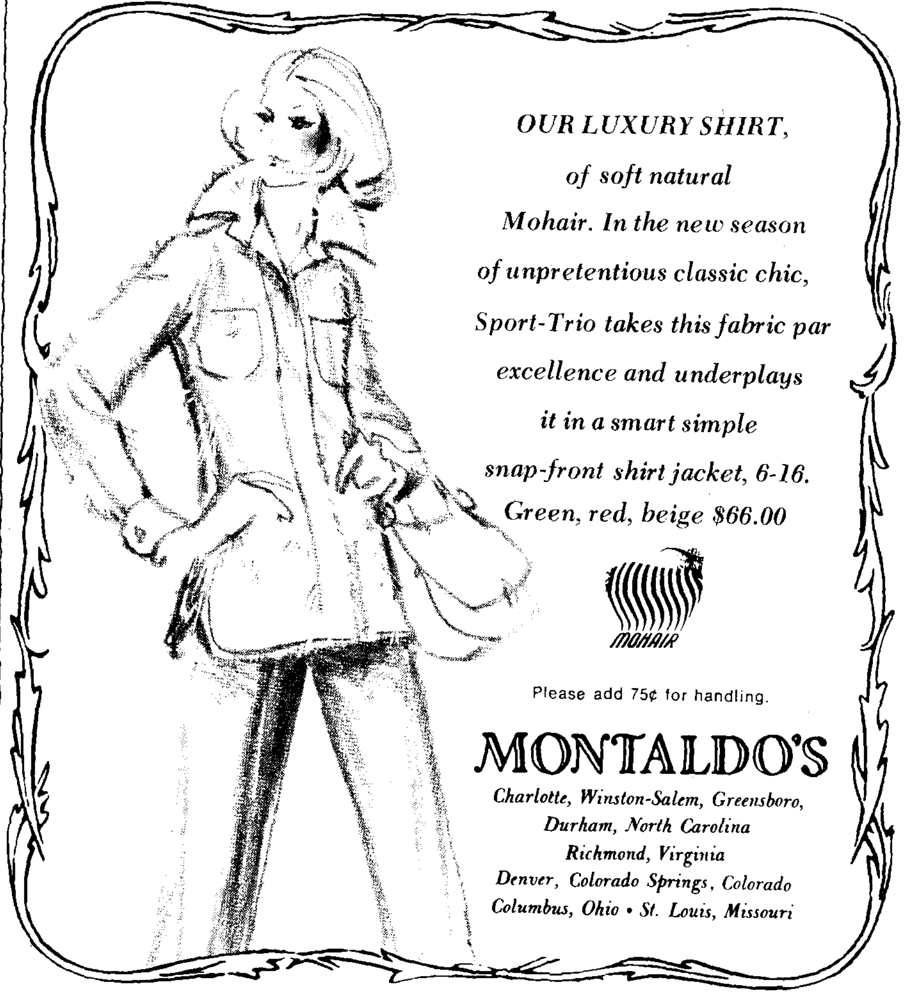
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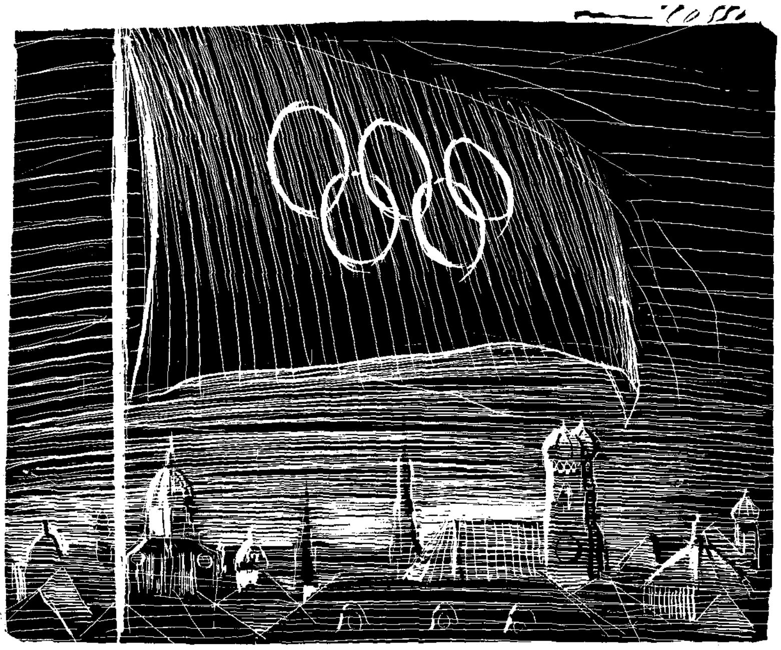
# THE SPORTING SCENE

## DIE SUPER-SCHAU



MUNICH, AUGUST 28

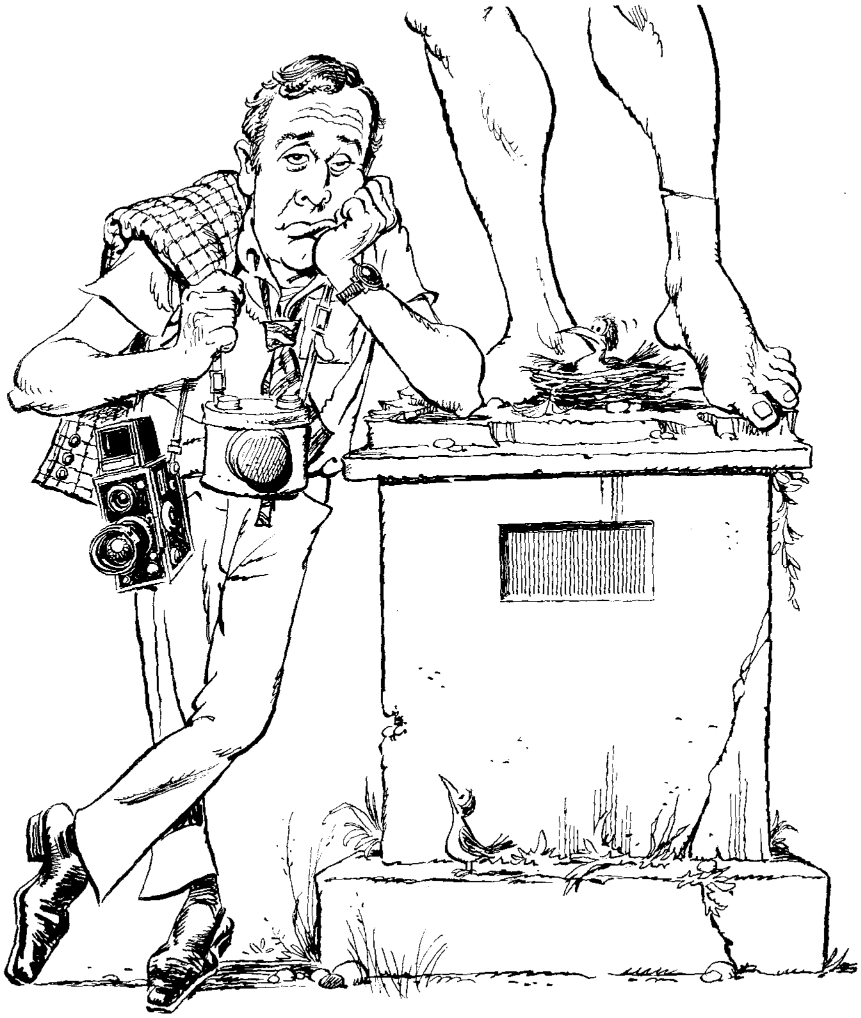
BLUE is traditionally the color of Munich, because of its clear Bavarian skies. These, though, are now often sadly smeared by smog; Germans tend to be forthright, and lately they have almost been bragging that this gracious city has a pollution problem rivalling that of Tokyo or Los Angeles. People write letters to the editor wondering whether, because of auto fumes, it is safe to buy sauerkraut from the food stalls of the Viktualienmarkt—which, unlike the adjacent fabled public square, the Marienplatz, has not been closed off to traffic. But blue remains the predominant theme. Munich's new subway (which has maps on the ceilings of the cars, presumably useful for straphangers at rush hours) features much blue décor. Blue and white are the official colors of Bavaria, of which Munich is the capital, and many of the Olympic banners now on ubiquitous display are blue, white, or green. The red and black that dominated Germany's previous Olympics, in 1936, have been consigned to the bottom of the palette.

The skies were unimpeachably blue for the first competitive events of the Twentieth Olympiad, which took place yesterday, after a fortnight of highly partisan political wrangling that made many of the officials hereabouts blue in a quite different fashion. The first of 1,109 medals to be awarded in this "World Festival of Youth"—as the outgoing International Olympic Committee president, Avery Brundage, likes to call it—was won by a thirty-eight-year-old salesman from, suitably, a neutral country, Sweden, in the free pistol event. (Despite our nation's lack of gun controls, the best American finish was twenty-eighth.) Ireland and Sudan, both plagued by civil unrest at home, met in flyweight boxing, and Ireland won. East Germany and West Germany had their first head-to-head confrontation in the featherweight class; the East won. The United States, for its part, unveiled both halves of what has been called "the American freak show"—a seven-foot-four-inch basketball player, Tommy Burleson, and a four-hundred-pound wrestler, Chris Taylor. Burleson didn't contribute much more than a dunk shot—which would be illegal in college competition at home—to his team's first victory. Taylor was defeated, but honorably, losing to a two-time Olympic champion. In a way, the most touching performance so far has been that of a young diver from Houston—Cynthia Potter, who weighs only a hundred and two and stands just five-one. Yesterday—which happened to be her twenty-second birthday—I saw her in the Olympic Village, hobbling on crutches, one heavily taped foot off the ground. A male teammate was urging her to put pressure on the injured foot, which she had bruised in practice. "She'll be O.K.," her teammate said after she'd wobbled off. "All she needs is a kick in the rear end to get her through this meet. She's tough. She'll make it." This morning, sure enough, little Miss Potter turned up gamely in the springboard competition and did better than two-thirds of the field. (After tonight's final dives, she finished seventh.)

The Olympic spirit may have been sorely bruised by the bitter controversy that ended, to Mr. Brundage's disappointment, with the expulsion from competition of Southern Rhodesia's team, but it is far from dead. These Games, their sponsors tell us, are "the cheerful Olympics." No matter that the code name for South Korea had to be changed from KOR to COR the other day because the North Koreans—PRK, for People's Republic of Korea—thought the original label might give someone the impression that the Southerners were representing all of Korea. One quickly learns to identify the hundred and twenty-two participating nations by their three-letter tags. ROC has nothing to do with Korea but stands for the Republic of China; MAW is Malawi, MAL Malaysia, MLI Mali, and MAD Madagascar. (The United States is easy: USA.) Striving for cheerfulness, the German magazine *Stern* may have gone a bit further than the Games' sponsors by running a cover photograph of a young woman with the five Olympic rings on a bare buttock. But the upbeat was also stressed when the official hostesses (who wear blue uniforms) were instructed that if anyone within their purview got falling-down drunk or was rendered *hors de combat* for medical reasons, he should be removed from sight as quickly as possible.

All the concentration on *Gemütlichkeit* is, of course, designed to help erase the memory of the 1936 Berlin Olympics, which Hitler hoped would help bring his regime respectability. (It was one of *der Führer's* more modest aims to hold all Olympic Games in Berlin once he got the world in order.) Munich, of course, figures prominently in any biography of Hitler; the Olympic hostesses have been told to remind anybody who asks historical questions that the city was the birthplace not only of Nazism but also of the anti-Nazi movement.

Jesse Owens, a notable survivor of the 1936 Games, has been much in evidence here. On the night of the twenty-fifth, he was on display in the Königsplatz, downtown, when the Olympic flame was carried into the city. Next to the ebullient Owens was Abebe Bikila, the Ethiopian marathon champion of 1960 and 1964, who has since been crippled in an accident and now sat silent in a wheelchair. A few



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seats down the line was Věra Časlavska, the fabled Czechoslovakian gymnast of the sixties, now retired and looking like some sort of marvellous exotic bird. The Apollo 13 astronaut James Lovell, who is representing President Nixon here, was also on hand, eagerly taking pictures of these Olympian gods of sport, and I think he inadvertently made a shot of Věra and me. As one who has long had a secret passion for her, I'd love to have a copy. Owens, who, at fifty-eight, looked fit enough to be one of at least the world's ten thousand fastest human beings, told a German well-wisher, "It's the people here who really mean something. It makes all the difference in the world."

THE following afternoon, August 26th, the tired old Olympic flame, manhandled all the way from Greece, finally made it out to the Olympic Stadium, about two and a half miles from the center of Munich—near the spot where, as everyone has been reminded by now, Neville Chamberlain landed in 1938 to confer with Hitler, and near an artificial hill that was built from Second World War rubble of the old Munich and then sodded over. The sod is now being trampled down into the rubble by hundreds of ticketless aficionados who hope to obtain, from the hill's vantage point, at least a peek into the stadium, which is covered only on one side of the spectators' stands by the sweeping, swooping roof of acrylic-glass and steel that you may have seen on television. With a capacity of eighty thousand (nearly half standees), the arena is about the size of the Yale Bowl and, like it, is partly dug into the ground, which tends to make it seem as modestly proportioned as the generally low Munich skyline. The skies were bright blue for the opening ceremonies of what the German papers have delightedly proclaimed "*die Super-Schau*." By official count, 8,004 athletes paraded, and it was, as always, an impressive array of variegated humankind—huge, near-naked Mongolian wrestlers, Swiss swathed from head to foot in chocolate-colored unisex costumes, Bermudians in the inevitable Bermuda shorts, Japanese welcomed by a rippling outbreak of their colors from the stands, Mexicans ripplingly wagging their sombreros, and nearly everyone apparently quite cheerful. The small South Vietnamese team—two men and a woman—was all but ignored, because, just as Greece always leads the procession, the host country always comes last and everyone else comes alphabetically; consequently, the

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Vietnamese, designated VIE (in German, Zambia is spelled with an "S" and Yugoslavia with a "J," and the Virgin Islands are *Jungferninseln*), were next to last, and applause at their appearance was drowned out by wild cheers for the home team. There were equally cheerful acclamations for East Germany, the Soviet Union, and the United States. The Stars and Stripes was proudly borne by Olga Connolly, the thirty-nine-year-old ex-Czechoslovakian discus thrower, who was not at all oblivious of Vietnam; she has been passing out peace buttons in the Olympic Village.

The Village has a main street named after Mrs. Connolly and her husband, Harold, the hammer thrower, who missed making the United States team this year. Another prominent thoroughfare honors Helene Mayer, a fencer, who was the only member of the 1936 German team with known Jewish antecedents. The Village looks somewhat like a fortress, and is guarded like one, as it probably has to be to keep the athletes from being pestered to death by the general public. The four thousand journalists who regularly pester them are enough. The residential colony has its own daily, trilingual paper (German, French, and English), which takes a firm law-and-order approach; its caption for a picture of a young woman team member, taken through a wire barrier, was "Good fences make good neighbors." In its editorial columns, the mayor of the Village, Walter Troeger, has been inveighing against that old Olympic bugaboo commercialism, ignoring the fact that the paper's main advertisers are makers of track shoes. Along with sleeping and eating facilities for a population of twelve thousand or so, the Village has a beauty parlor, a bank, a theatre, a sewing room, and a number of kiosks offering free glasses of Milo, a milk-based energy drink. There are also indoor and outdoor recreation areas, where on the eve of the Games one could see Russians avidly playing miniature golf and everybody everywhere playing chess. The star British hurdler, David Hemery, was a knight up in a game against his American arch-rival, Ralph Mann, when I paused to watch them locked in battle. (If the director of sports for the Soviet Union, Sergei Pavlov, seemed a trifle preoccupied when he visited the press center the other afternoon, it may have been because he is also in charge of Boris Spassky.) Another extracurricular sport I saw was grape-tossing: one person would try

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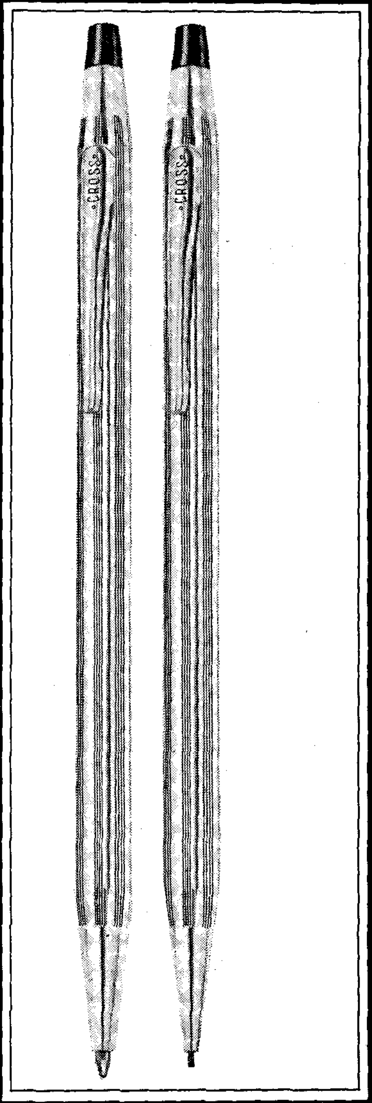

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to throw a grape into another's open mouth. The longest successful toss I witnessed was seventeen feet four and three-quarters inches.

The Village also has a Disco Center, featuring rock, underground, jazz, classical, and Bavarian records, with specials available like "Rund um den Olympiaturm" and "Bier Olympiade." Near the center of the Village is an ecumenical church. Mr. Brundage—in defiance of the fact that the most popular publicly played tune hereabouts is "Jesus Christ Superstar"—suggested at the opening meeting of the International Olympic Committee that religion was on the wane and that the ethical principles of the Olympic movement might supplant it. He may be right, at that, for the church has only a hundred seats. Its basement, incidentally, was the place where the sex of the women athletes was tested; a hair was plucked from the head of each to verify her possession of the requisite female chromosomes. The plucking was done by doctors from the nearby Max Planck Institute, which is normally concerned with more cosmic affairs, like nuclear physics, and which also has a center for peace research.

The West Germans have performed with all their touted efficiency in the enormously complex task of organizing the Games. It is easy to find some fault with anything, and I even heard a native complaining the other day that the rotating sprinklers at the practice fields were so powerful they were drenching passersby. My own private cavil has been with the organizers' failure to ascertain the height of all participants, including those from the press. In the press center, there are vertical banks of letter boxes for the correspondents; my box is on the uppermost level, six feet aboveground, which would pose no problem to Tommy Burleson, but inasmuch as this puts it about a foot above my eye level, even before the formal events began I had considerably improved on my own best previous performance in the standing high jump, set in Tokyo and matched in Mexico City. I am now up to seven and four-tenths inches, which enables me to ascertain positively whether my rather deep box is completely empty. It rarely is. Here, for instance, is an invitation from the Lord Mayor of Berlin, the rogue, urging me to skip Munich for a day and come his way at his expense. And here, in a spate of glossy paper, are booklets about many of the teams. The East and West Germans, unusually significant rivals in these particular Games, got

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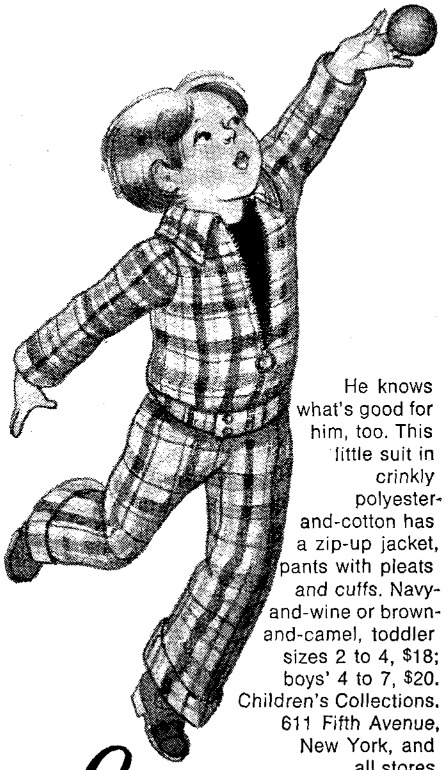

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theirs in first, East Germany (GDR) beating West Germany (GER) by a full twenty-four hours. The differences between the two Germanys are neatly illustrated in lists of the athletes' occupations. The East German team has in its ranks fifty-two fitters, forty-three mechanics, and eighteen turners. For the West Germans, it is only six fitters, eighteen mechanics, and two turners. East Germany has sixty team members in the Army, the Navy, or the police, West Germany twenty-one. On the West German team, there are nineteen individuals in business, seven in banking, and four in advertising. East Germany has none in any of these lines. (It does have a coach named Horst Wessel.) A similar booklet distributed by Hungary reveals an astonishing number of muscular clerks—ninety-one in a roster of two hundred and fifty.

A YOUNG German presumably not involved in the Olympics remarked in London last week, "I want to say that anyone who thinks sports is politics and wants to connect that with the Olympics is a madman." (The German's name was Franz Burbach, and he was in London for the purpose of crossing the Thames on a tightrope.) The question of the separation of sports and politics has in fact become as academic here as that of the separation of church and state at the Vatican, and while no wars may be won on the playing fields of Munich, there are plenty of people around who seem to think the idea worth a try. A very political person, Gérard Kamanda, the Deputy Secretary-General of the Organization of African Unity, appeared at a press conference the other day to deliver a post mortem on the tangled Rhodesian situation as the guest of Willi Daume, the head of the German Organizing Committee for the Games. Olympic officials are always preaching about applying the same high standards everywhere in the world, but Daume, after saying he felt more serene with Rhodesia out of the way, said, "Don't measure Africa by the same yardstick used in Europe." Kamanda, for his political part, was cheerfully truculent as he declared the withdrawal of the invitation to Rhodesia to be "an event of historic significance," and went on to say, "Everybody should learn a lesson from it. . . . The future belongs to Africa. . . . Sport is not an end in itself." (Ten times as many journalists turned out for this conference as for one held just afterward by Mr. Brundage, and when the marvellously spry eighty-four-year-

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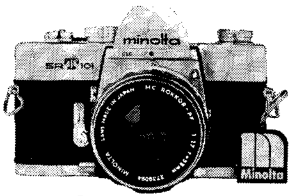

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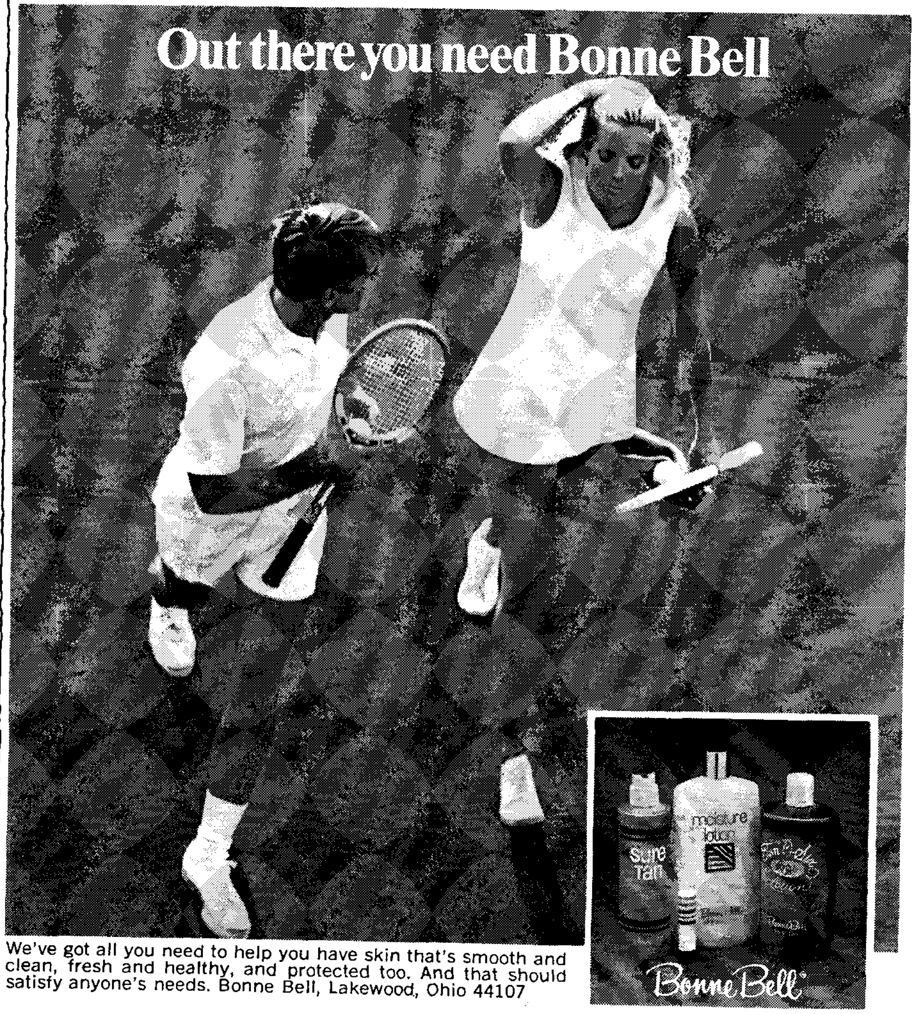

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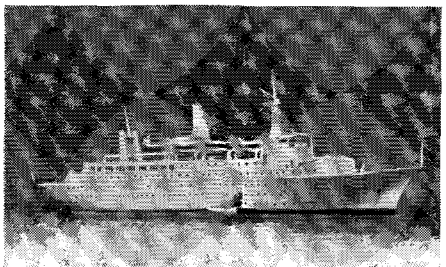

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old talked of "equal opportunity" and "no discrimination" the words came out firmly and loudly, if hollowly.) The Organization of African Unity has passed many a resolution in its time but has taken little action (quite a few of its members, in fact, have never bothered to pay their self-allotted share of the funds needed to support the liberation forces operating in Southern Africa), and its representative here clearly relished the peculiar chain of events by which African nations first agreed to let Ian Smith's Rhodesians in if they would pretend to be British and then forced them out because they didn't have valid British passports.

The International Olympic Committee, which voted thirty-six to thirty-one, with three blank ballots, to rescind its invitation, had been under terrible pressure. If the Rhodesians had stayed, there might well have been a wholesale African walkout, which would have removed vaunted Kenyan athletes from the Games and also, conceivably, a number of no less vaunted black Americans who were supporting the African stand. That seven of the forty-four athletes on the Rhodesian team were black made no difference. "It was a question of sacrificing seven to help four million," a black Kenyan told me while the issue was still undecided. The German newspapers were discussing the possibility of an all-black counter-Olympics, to be held in Algeria, and there was certainly precedent for this; in the thirties, there were counter-Games in Tel Aviv, and there would have been others in Barcelona but for the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. The Rhodesian flap ended on a slight upbeat when the I.O.C. decided to let the ousted team stay in the Olympic Village—even though it had lost its eligibility—after hundreds of Germans offered to house its members, black as well as white, in their homes for the duration of the Games. While all this was going on, Dennis Brutus, a black South African exile activist now living in Chicago and serving as head of a non-official South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee, turned up in Munich to announce that he had somehow helped swing the I.O.C. vote against Rhodesia by prevailing upon Muhammad Ali to reject an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar offer for an exhibition fight in Johannesburg. Asked what he was doing in Munich, Brutus cheerfully replied, "Why, making trouble, of course." He said that he would have opposed Rhodesia's entry even if its team had been all black, and that the real reason

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the black American golf professional Lee Elder had been invited to South Africa was to take the heat off Gary Player in the United States.

In Uganda, meanwhile, General Idi Amin was threatening to throw thousands of Asian non-citizens out of his country. Just after this news had broken, I was walking through the Olympic Village and, at the intersection of Kusocinskidamm and El-Thouni-Weg, I ran into a turbaned Indian in a Ugandan athletic uniform. At first, he said he was under strict orders not to discuss the situation back in Kampala, but when I told him I had been in his capital just before and just after the coup d'état engineered by Amin (who used to be the heavyweight boxing champion of his country) he thawed. He had been born and brought up in Kampala, he revealed, and still lived there. He said there were fourteen Asians on the Ugandan squad, all field-hockey players, and that they weren't especially apprehensive about expulsion, because they were all citizens. "We Indians should have gone into politics instead of concentrating on business and the professions," he said. "Then maybe this sort of thing wouldn't have happened." He added that Uganda had a fine boxing team this year. (I discovered later that it has five fighters, none of them heavyweights.) My acquaintance said that the trouble in Uganda was probably the fault of Egypt and Libya, which had earlier persuaded Amin to throw out the members of an Israeli aid mission, and thus might have given him the idea of further ethnic deportations. The Ugandan then excused himself to go check on the morale of one of his teammates, a hockey-playing doctor who had contracted what to many here is to be feared as much as strains and steroids—the common cold.

ON the day before the opening ceremonies, an ecumenical religious service was held at the site of the concentration camp at Dachau, some ten miles from the main stadium. The theme was "Suffering Calls the Youth of the World to Be Engaged." I saw not a single black athlete at the service, but there were quite a few Russians present who had an Olympic look. A dozen of them, going through the grim Dachau Museum, were suddenly startled by a verbal assault from a glittery-eyed woman neo-Nazi, who babbled in German that Hitler was a good man and—the ghastly photographic evidence all around her notwithstanding—had fed the Jews very well. The Russians

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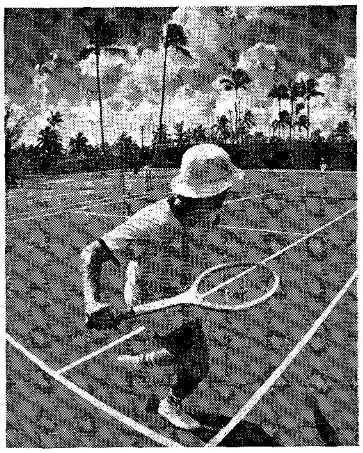

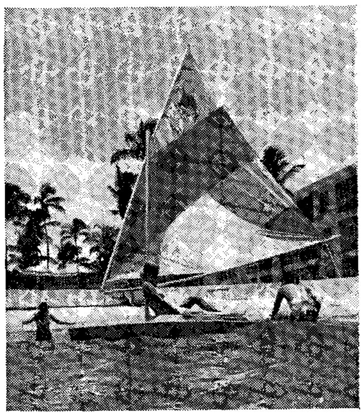

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didn't understand her German, and a museum attendant led her away. The Israelis were well represented at the service. A delegation from their fencing team brought along a bouquet of flowers to place at the base of the statue commemorating the Dachau dead. They and everybody else pretty much ignored a young man of indeterminable nationality who wandered around with a sign reading "AMIS RAUS AUS INDOCHINA" while the main address was being delivered, by a Dachau survivor, Adolf Fürstenburg, who is now the white Catholic bishop of Mbala, in black Zambia. At the end of his speech, a wreath was carried forward by a man eerily dressed in a striped concentration-camp uniform. It was a German in his garb of twenty-seven years ago. The day was hot, and most of the people had been standing around in the sun for an hour and a half and were anxious to get moving, so hardly anyone noticed him.

In the book section of the Village department store, one can buy a German version of an Abba Eban book with the odd-sounding title, in translation, "Dies Ist Mein Volk," and in downtown Munich some of the competitors have no doubt been to a popular local night club called the Shalom, featuring authentic Israeli entertainment. Some of the athletes may even have been aware that the Deputy Secretary-General of the Organization of African Unity begged off replying to a question about how Africa might react if in future Games anybody proposed barring anybody else because of his race. This has certainly been a muddled political time in Munich, but one thing has been cheerfully clear at the start of these big blue Olympics: two groups of people who seem to be getting along very agreeably are the Germans and the Jews.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

COLUMBIA—Borough Councilmen charged Monday that borough police are doing a poor job, and one councilman criticized police for being lovable instead of "hated and feared."...

At one point during the discussion, Fifth Ward Councilman Leonard Keck complained that he recently saw young children clustered around a police officer and his cruiser and the children were hugging the officer.

Keck asserted that the proper relation of children to police should be that the police are "hated and feared" not loved. Keck added that these were his feelings about police when he was a boy.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer-Journal.*

And, after all, you're young only once.

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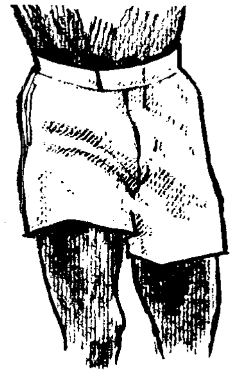

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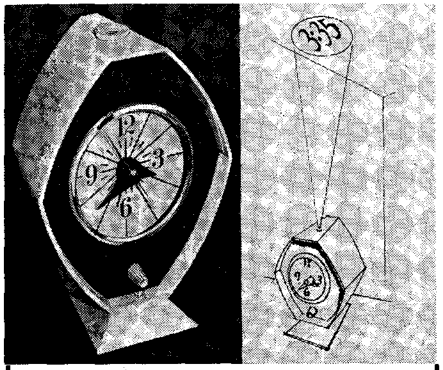

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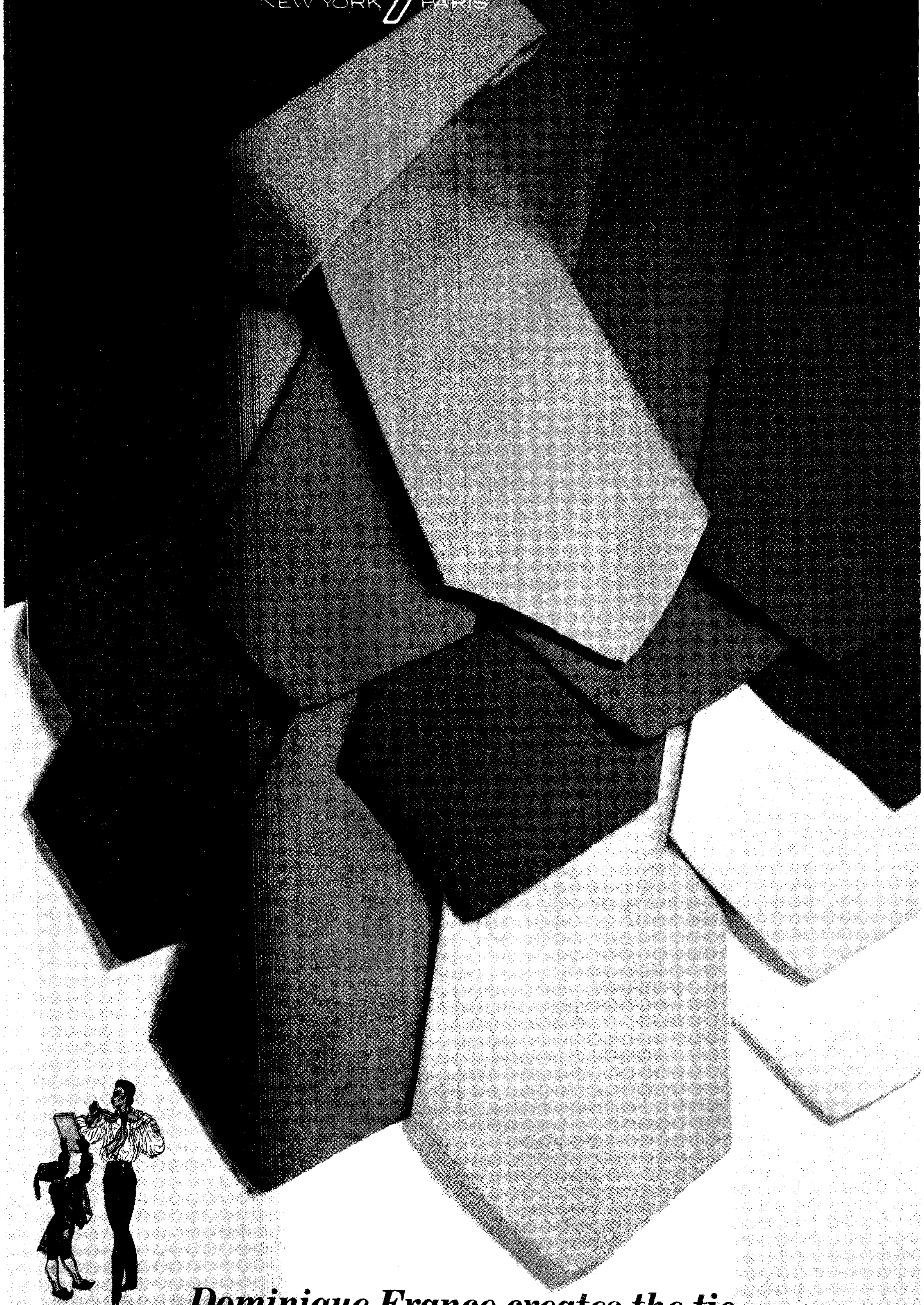

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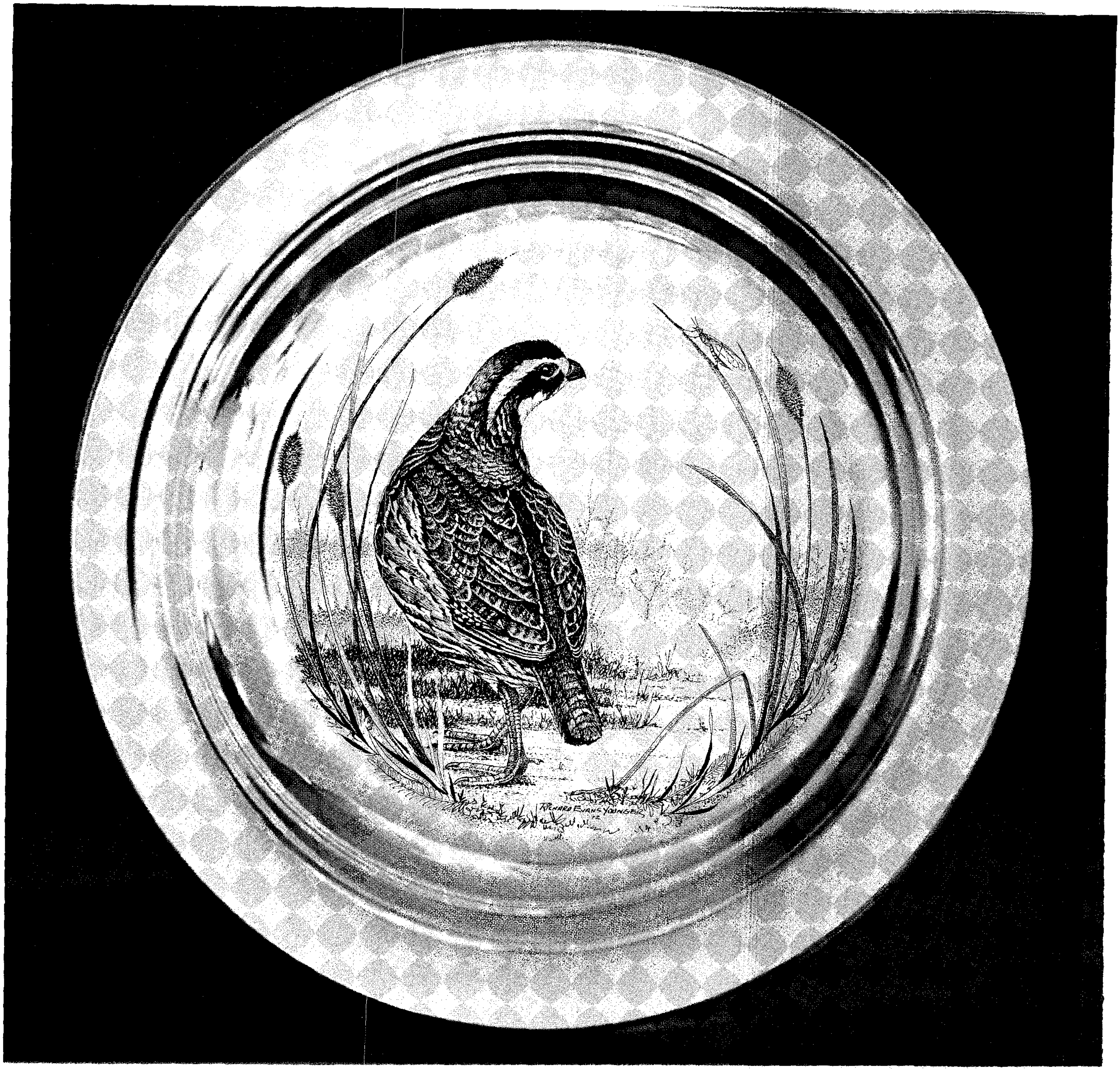

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## AFTER THE RAIN

The barbed-wire fences rust
As their cedar uprights blacken
After a night of rain.
Some early, innocent lust
Gets me outdoors to smell
The teasel, the pelted bracken,
The cold, mossed-over well,
Rank with its iron chain,

And takes me off for a stroll.
Wetness has taken over.
From drain and creeper twine,
It's runnelled and trenched and edged
A pebbled serpentine,
Secretly, as though pledged
To attain a difficult goal
And join some important river.

The air is a smear of ashes
With a cool taste of coins.
Stiff among misty washes,
The trees are as black as wicks,
Silent, detached, and old.
A pallor undermines
Some damp and swollen sticks.
The woods are rich with mold.

How even and pure this light!
All things stand on their own,
Equal and shadowless,
In a world gone pale and neuter,
Yet riddled with fresh delight.
The heart of every stone
Conceals a toad, and the grass
Shines with a dowse of pewter.

Somewhere a branch rustles
With the life of squirrels or birds,
Some life that is quick and right.
This queer, delicious bareness,
This plain, uniform light,
In which both elms and thistles,
Grass, boulders, even words
Speak for a Spartan fairness,

Might, as I think it over,
Speak in a form of signs,
If only one could know
All of its hidden tricks,
Saying that I must go
With a cool taste of coins,
To join some important river,
Some damp and swollen Styx.

Yet what puzzles me the most
Is my unwavering taste
For these dim, weathery ghosts,
And how, from the very first,
An early, innocent lust
Delighted in such wastes,
Sought with a reckless thirst
A light so pure and just.

—ANTHONY HECHT

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE designers of new bathtubs, sinks, and toilets, like the "stylists" of new automobiles, are employed in the modern art of making silk purses out of silk purses. Since the authentic technological problems of cars and plumbing fixtures have long been solved, there is little left for the designer to do but embellish or undermine the basic product. In general, the designers of bathroom fixtures have been less barefaced than their Detroit counterparts. During the time of Detroit's worst excesses (tail fins, giant grills, bulbous protuberances, etc.), bathroom designers largely confined their efforts to the uglification of faucets and the mixing of "decorator colors" for the enamel of fixtures. Bathroom fixtures also lag greatly behind cars in obsolescence, though there are signs that they may catch up. The great stumbling block to obsolescence has been the enamelled cast-iron fixture, which—as tenants of old buildings know—can last practically forever. However, tubs and shower stalls made of fibre glass are now being produced whose surface can be effectively dulled and marred within *five years.*

During a recent tour of the showrooms of three big manufacturers of bathroom fixtures—Kohler, at 99 Park Avenue (40th), American-Standard, at 40 West 40th Street, and Crane, at 320 Park Avenue (48th)—I saw some new wrinkles in fixture design that impressed me with the reality of their contribution to comfort and convenience. Kohler's Lady Vanity sink, which serves both as a baby bath and a shampoo lavatory, is a notable example. The unit is twenty-eight inches wide and nineteen inches from front to back, and made of vitreous china. The basin it contains is wedge-shaped and slopes at one end, like an old-fashioned bathtub, so that a baby can be propped up in it comfortably. The faucet can be swivelled to either side, out of the way of the baby's or the shampooer's head, and there is a pull-out spray hose that arises from the rim of the basin. This thoughtful amenity costs $156 in white and $196 in color, and, like many of today's new lavatories, it requires a cabinet for itself to sit in. Kohler's fibre-glass "Walls 'n' All" shower stalls and bathtub 'n' shower combinations are made of a single seamless expanse of molded plastic, and are at least as attractive as the bulk of today's plastic furniture. A "shower-cove" named the Tobago model is forty-eight inches wide and thirty-six inches deep, stands seventy-five inches high, and is equipped with a built-in corner seat and a ledge for soap and toilet articles. It costs $241 in white and $253 in color. The Barbados "bath and shower bathing module," which incorporates a five-foot tub, offers one ledge at the bathtub level and another at the showering level. The price is $249 in white and $265 in color. (Prices do not include faucets, drains, and showerheads.) Among the advantages claimed for these modules—which, by the way, can be put only in buildings and houses under construction, since they are too big to go through ordinary doors—are ease of cleaning, the "warmness" of fibre glass as opposed to the "coldness" of enamel, the greater slip-resistance of fibre glass, and the low cost of installation (as compared to the cost of putting in a tiled bath and shower). Kohler has produced an enormous oval bathtub made of fibre glass and called The Bath, which is seven feet long and five and a half feet wide. It costs $670 plain, and $1,486 if you want the recommended faucets, shower provisions, and drain. (The cost comes to $1,526 if you want the set in color.) The Bath looked too big to me—but then I'm not one of those people who object to the shortness and smallness of the standard apartment bathtub. I rather relish the cozy Procrustean feeling of the five-foot tub.

I also like American-Standard's fibre-glass soaking tub, which is based on a traditional Japanese wood tub. It is a deep, well-like affair in which one can sit on a built-in seat, immersed to one's neck. The owner must provide some sort of cabinet to set the tub in, and take steps to enable him to climb into it. (At the American-Standard showroom, they had a wood block by the side of the tub.) I found the soaking tub comfortable to sit in and not too hard to scale. The price is $395 (without fittings), either in white or color; like the fibre-glass modules, the soaking tub won't go through doors. American-Standard's fibre-glass modules are similar to Kohler's and perhaps even more elegant. The fluted front panels that Kohler offers for "added beauty" are left plain in the American-Standard version, to better effect, in my opinion. The price of American-Standard's fibre-glass tub-and-shower combination is $266 in white and $279 in color, and a shower unit six feet high, five feet wide, and three feet deep, with a seat and a ledge that runs along the entire width of the back wall, costs $257 in white and $270 in color. American-Standard's round and oval lavatory basins of vitreous china come in a great choice of size and color, and some are decorated with floral patterns and borders. The round or oval basin set in a cabinet has become popular and reflects the desire of many people to de-clinicize their bathrooms and make them look the way bathrooms did before the invention of modern plumbing. In theory, this is fake and dishonest, but in fact it often comes off extremely well. There is something disarming about a fancy, dainty bathroom. The sort of dead ornateness that is repellent in living rooms looks oddly all right in the little chamber in which we bathe.

While leafing through a picture book entitled "David Hicks on Bathrooms" (World, $15), I became aware of a feeling that I had never before experienced while looking at a book of rooms done by decorators—a feeling of interest and pleasure. Photographs of living rooms and bedrooms done by decorators have always seemed oppressively neat and lifeless to me—as if they were rooms of the dead preserved by their batty relatives. ("We've kept everything exactly as Myron left it on the day he died.") But the bathroom—a solitary rather than a common room, and one that is *used* rather than lived in—is properly devoid of signs of its users and is appropriately frozen into a rigid, unalterable pattern of its fixtures, rugs, towels, shower curtains, etc. In his introduction, Mr. Hicks writes, "I hope I am becoming increasingly known for my opposition to vulgarity," and he advises the reader with a similar ambition to avoid "woollen lavatory seat covers, plastic lace head-rests . . . 'engaged' signs on lavatory doors . . . baths with jazzy sculpted sides, black basins, or fish-patterned plastic curtains and wallpapers." Most of the bathrooms in Mr. Hicks' book are very grand, but scarcely any are ridiculous, and some, like the bathroom of the grandmother of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, in Paris, are truly beautiful. The latter has the atmosphere of a Whistler: delicate flowering trees are painted on beige and cream patterned tile walls, an antique marble-top cabinet is crowded with

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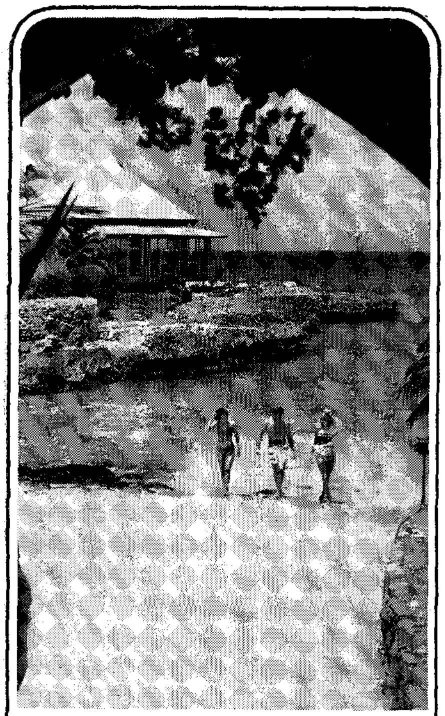

THE CARAVANSERAI

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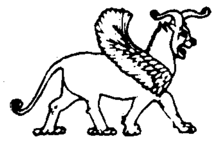


squat vases filled with yellow short-stemmed flowers, a graceful brown rattan chair stands beside the oval tiled tub, and above it prints and photographs hang from the edges of a shelf. Mr. Hicks also includes a number of tiny apartment-house bathrooms that he has transformed, with geometric-pattern wallpapers, shower curtains, and floor coverings, into rooms of great stylishness, and which local readers may find inspiration in.

David Hicks writes that given the choice of two rooms of different sizes to be used as bedroom and bathroom, "I would far prefer to have the larger as the bathroom," and adds, "If, indeed, you are in the fortunate position of building a new house you have a splendid opportunity to create really large and luxurious bathrooms, the only limitations being budgetary ones." Building costs being what they are, however, most people building houses today feel fortunate if they can afford indoor plumbing, and the wave of the future is surely the small Spartan bathroom rather than the large luxurious one. Accordingly, Crane has developed a prefabricated bathroom called the Builder's Bathroom, which is a marvel of standardized compactness and which comes complete with walls, floor, ceiling, lighting, plumbing fixtures, and the plumbing itself. The unit is brought to the site in four sections and, according to Crane, can be installed and connected within a few hours by unskilled laborers. The module is ninety inches high, seventy-four inches wide, and seventy-two inches deep, and costs $1,565. The basic structure is reinforced fibre glass (the tub and shower are part of the mold, as they are in the above-described fibre-glass modules made by Kohler and American-Standard), the toilet is made of vitreous china, and the washbasin is enamelled cast iron. There is a vinyl floor-covering and a storage area beneath the sink. Although the Builder's Bathroom is small, it doesn't look cheap, and it has an appealing, clean-lined appearance. From the bitter stories one hears about rural plumbers, one would predict great success for this liberating alternative.

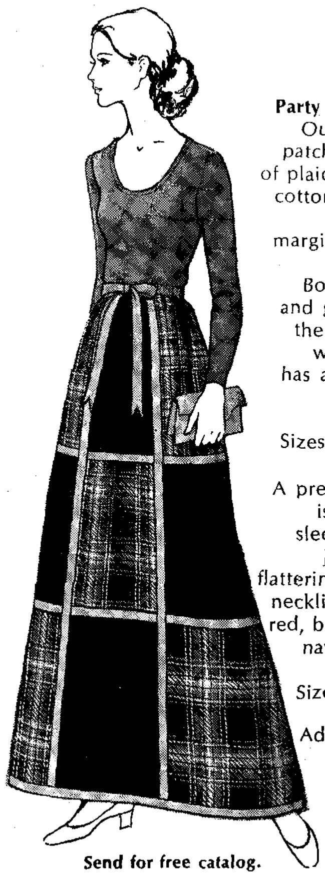
—JANET MALCOLM

•

WASHINGTON—(AP)—The Vatican said yesterday the signature of Treasury Secretary George P. Shultz rolled off the government presses at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing yesterday.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Hmm.

The Talbots



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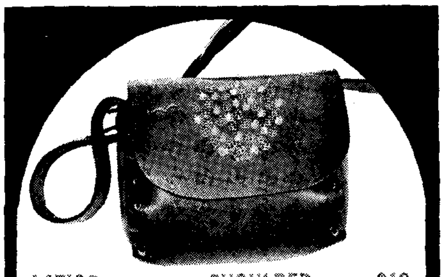

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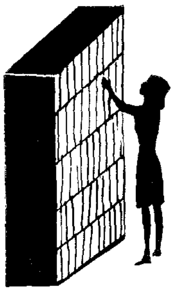
# BOOKS

## *From Dyna Domes to Turkey-Pressing*



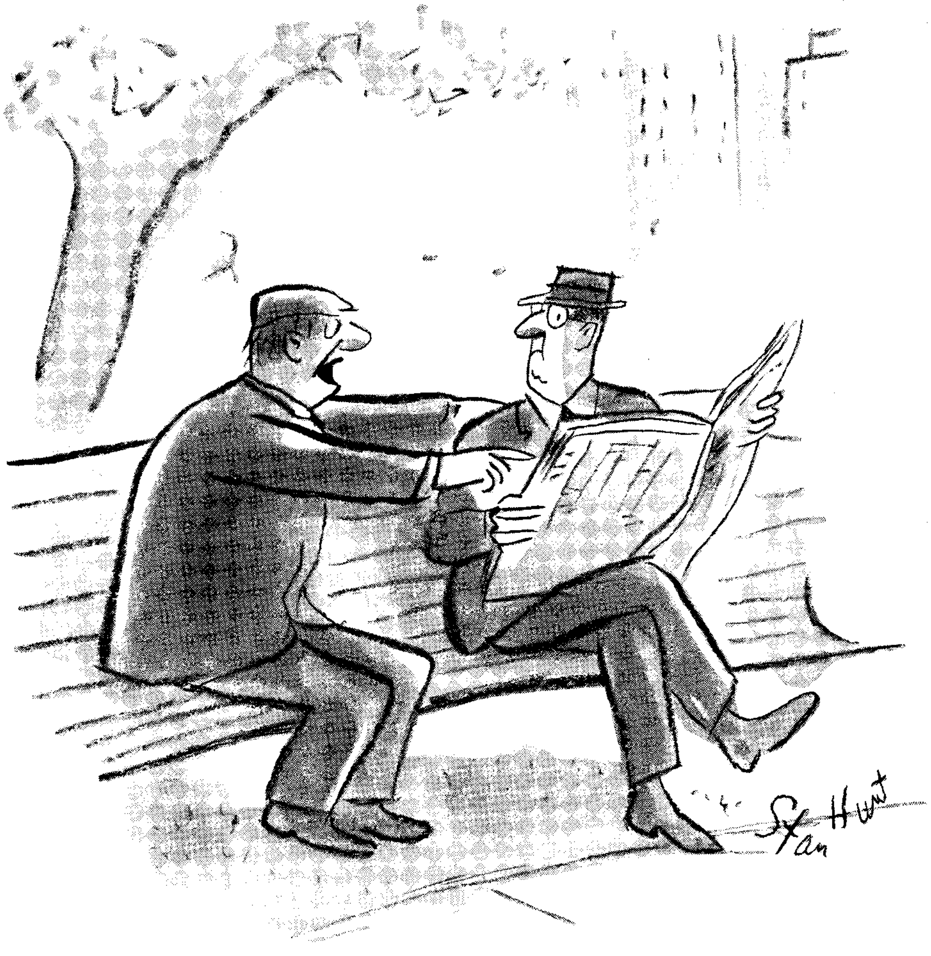
"WE *are* as gods and might as well get good at it," announced page 1 of "The Last Whole Earth Catalog," that mind-blowing, prize-winning compendium of hardware, natural foods, aerial photographs, cosmological tracts, and a thousand and one other handy aids to good-god-making. On the right-hand side of many of the pages, and identified by the device of a dragon, ran a narrative called "Divine Right's Trip," by one of the editors, Gurney Norman; this novel has now been published separately, in hard-cover by the Dial Press and as a paperback by Bantam. Though the text is little changed, and has even kept its dragons, it reads very differently out of the "Catalog's" farraginous, clangorous context; there, competing with advertisements for Synectics and Dyna Domes and Kama Sutra Oil, Norman's episodes appeared slier and more shardlike than they now turn out to be. Within covers of its own, "Divine Right's Trip" shows itself to be a subtly written and morally passionate epic of the counter-culture, a fictional explication of the hopeful new consciousness come to birth—midwifed by hallucinogens—amid the communes and rock concerts of the sixties.

The story is simple: D(ivine) R(ight) (for David Ray) Davenport, stoned crazy, makes his way in a VW bus called Urge, with a girl called Estelle, from the West Coast to his home territory of Appalachian Kentucky, where he finds peace and purpose in soil reclamation by means of rabbit manure. Along the way, he meets a number of more or less allegorical Americans, such as the Lone Outdoorsman, and a garageman who says, "All of you, come back and see us, you hear?," and a Greek who believes the world can be cleansed of mucus by adherence to the walnut diet of the ancient Sumerians, and St. Louis dope dealers, and an Indiana talk-show host, and a Cincinnati housewife who is also Divine Right's sister. D. R.'s favorite accolade is "far out," and all the types he encounters dissolve into harmlessness under his guileless appreciation. Sheer good-heartedness rather saps the saga of tension. The Lone Outdoorsman, for instance, has many ingredients of a villain: an "absurdly handsome" face on a stubby body, a fastidious armor of camping gear, a hard-hatted interior monologue. But, the author reassures us,

> The Lone Outdoorsman is far from your ordinary, everyday one-dimensional heavy: the thing that redeems the Lone Outdoorsman is a refreshing mental complexity of a kind you don't ordinarily run into in folk tales. All mixed in with his gory mental images of bullet-riddled bodies and heroic assaults upon beach-heads was a commendable impulse to be nice to these kids, to befriend them and hopefully influence them in some constructive way.

Having spied D. R. and Estelle copulating in the woods, he debates shooting them, and decides instead to feed them steaks. And D. R.'s sister's husband, Doyle, a Cincinnati mechanic, feeds the young tripper at his table, freakiness be damned. "Doyle understood that his brother-in-law was some sort of mild outlaw. But . . . it never occurred to any of them to withdraw their affection just because the kid was in a phase." Doyle himself had been a maverick when he was young, and even today—"Doyle was thirty-four now, but as he bit down on his food the tendons in his big jaw flexed beneath his skin, and for a second the old toughness, and even meanness, of his youth was restored to his face, and for some reason D. R. found that very moving. He loved Doyle." D. R.'s America, indeed, is a web of such benevolent recognitions; nothing is too banal for him to dig, nothing too weird to merit respectful attention. If it is a land despoiled by strip mining and studded with pleading billboards, it is also a land of daily magic, where a credit card fuels a hegira, and collect phone calls bind together a freemasonry of friends, and a West Coast Prospero called the Anaheim Flash foots all bills and mends all missed connections and arrives in backwoods Kentucky in a silver Lotus to conduct a wedding in a silver jump-suit.

No, the only real dragon our knight



*"When a guy like me is broke and owes a buck here and there, he's a goddam deadbeat, but when some big shot goes broke and owes everyone in town, is* he *a deadbeat? Oh, no! He's overextended."*

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errant encounters is himself—one half of himself, when, in an extraordinary episode, he splits, under stress of long drug use, into two persons: D. R. and David. Surprisingly, D. R., the stoned new-consciousness half, remains our hero, and the dragon is pure, rational David:

> There is David, lurking in the shadows of the ledge. He pulls my flesh around and makes me see his eyes shining in the murky darkness of his lair. My stomach turns, my hair feels wild, but my adoration of the light remains serene. It's only David's eyes, and lower forehead. The rest is monster, the mouth of dragon teeth, the chin and jaws receding to a short, thick neck and back of horns and scales and fur.
>
> Oh it's true all right.
> He's the monster-guardian of the
> light.

The descriptions throughout "Divine Right's Trip" of drug experience, in its range of revelation and nightmare, its jerkiness, its comically bent perspectives, and its atrocious cumulative fatigue, bear comparison with Malcolm Lowry's descriptions of drunken states in "Under the Volcano." In both books, an inflamed mind enlarges the universe, dyes it deeper, forces its petals wider. Yet Lowry's Consul is a pathological case, a sick man even in his own judgment, whereas to a young man of D. R.'s cultural conditioning experience normally arrives as a "trip," a "hit," a "flash," a "rush." An image that frequently recurs is of the mind as a movie screen. "As D. R. drove on through the night to Cincinnati he entertained a very complex little drama in his mind, rather like a movie an airline might show its passengers while in flight." Telephoning, he fantasizes that the transparent walls of the booth are "just bad movies projected from somewhere on the other side." The television shows D. R. sees are described as circumstantially as "real" encounters. Reality, the implication is, has lost its objective backbone; inner space is the only space. Living has become continuous spectatorship. This generation was zonked on television before it zonked itself on drugs. What but an ingrained disregard for the workaday, empirical world could breed the swarm of superstitions, such as astrology and the "I Ching," that distinguish the counter-culture, and that in this novel aid D. R.'s pathetic search for "balance," for harmony with a world drained of substance.

Gurney Norman and Divine Right were born and raised in rural Kentucky, and this regional reality does offer an outer space they can trust. When,

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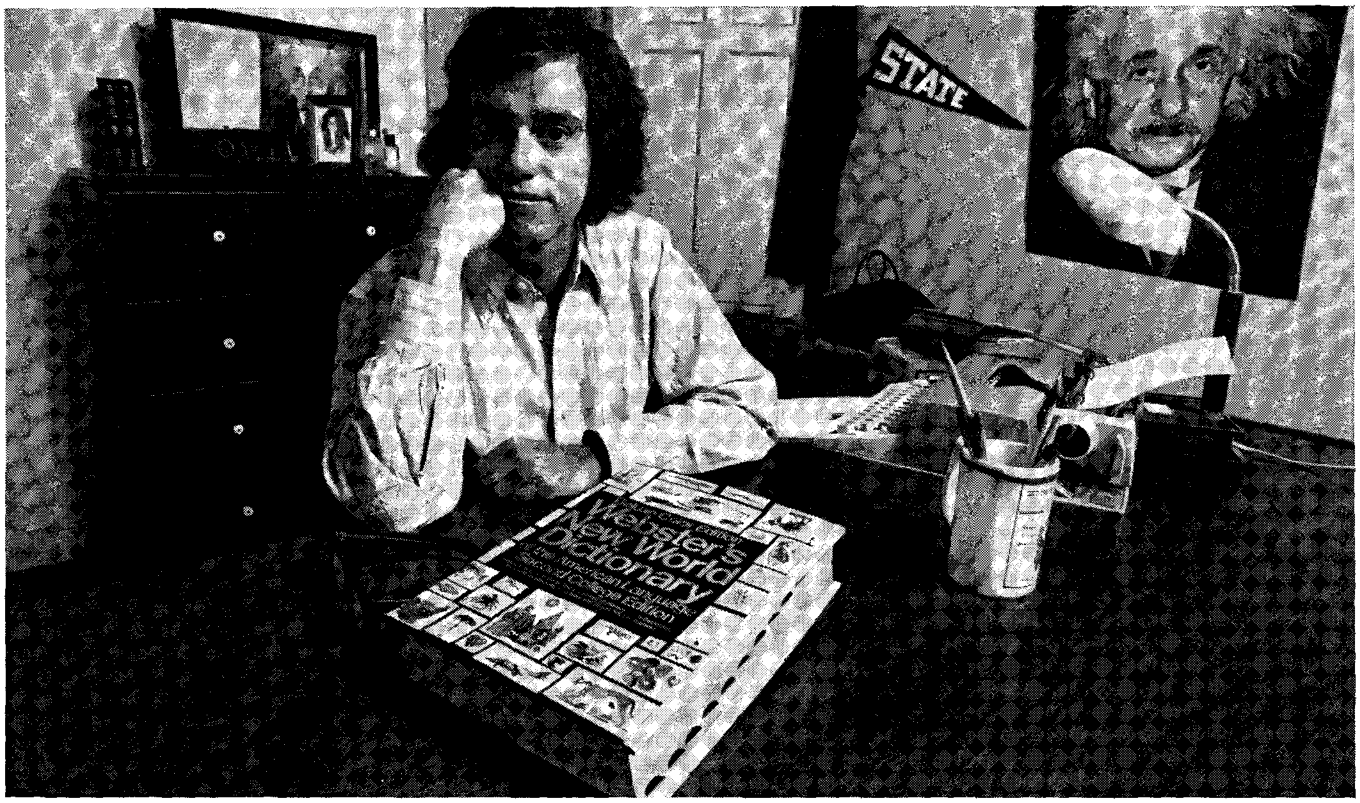

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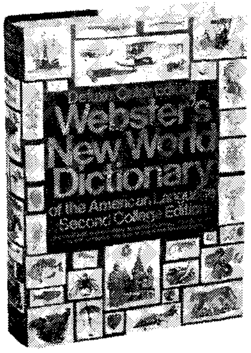

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*John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

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midway through, "Divine Right's Trip" hits Kentucky, the book sheds its shimmering snakeskin of fantasy and becomes a stout celebration of the clan, of native soil and hard work and pastoral goodness. Yet it rings less true than in the first, weirder half. Not that the Kentucky voices are not lovingly and amusingly rendered; not that the blasted coal land isn't a cunningly appropriate territory for D. R.'s Dark Passage and Recovery of the Grail. The trouble is the marriage that Mr. Norman wishes to occur, and makes occur, between the rural proletariat of Trace Fork and the young would-be gods of the dome communes. The idyll becomes cute:

> "I think ginseng is the answer to about half of mankind's problems," the freak said.
>
> "Shoot," said Elmer. "My daddy picked 'sang for a living, when I was a boy. It's as native to these hills as it is to over yonder in China."

The author names all of his friends, hill folk and dome folk, tobacco chewers and cocaine sniffers, and has them all dance round and square to a new sound "dubbed Hillbilly Hindu Rock." And the bride and groom, D. R. and Estelle, take their vows wearing coonskin and gingham, and the Anaheim Flash in his silver jumpsuit pronounces "everybody at this wedding hereby married to one another." Just so, "The Last Whole Earth Catalog" married Buckminster Fuller to L. L. Bean and pronounced the spirits of Krishna and Henry Ford one.

Well, let's not have any dry eyes at the wedding. But a doubt remains whether D. R.'s love affair with rabbit dung and the blisters that come with digging fence-post holes amount to much more than another "trip." Is Estelle in gingham sufficiently different from Marie Antoinette in the garb of a shepherdess? Can the sated and disgusted offspring of middle-class urban and suburban homes ever do more than condescend, with however good a will, to the remnants of rural America? *Agriculture, after all, is not an intrinsically virtuous enterprise.* Those who are good at it are capitalists like any other, paying their Chicano fruit pickers no more than they must, manipulating their acreages and machinery and tax loopholes toward the highest profit. Those who are not so good at it hasten (as they have done ever since the first American communes, the Puritan villages, were broken up by entrepreneurism) to the cities, to get the soft desk jobs and the middleman's cut. The counterculture's return to the soil is a luxuri-

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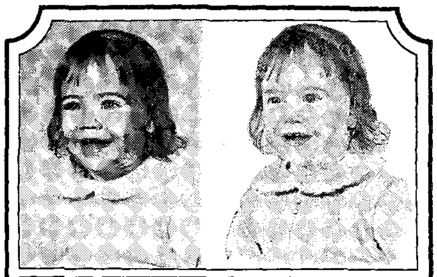

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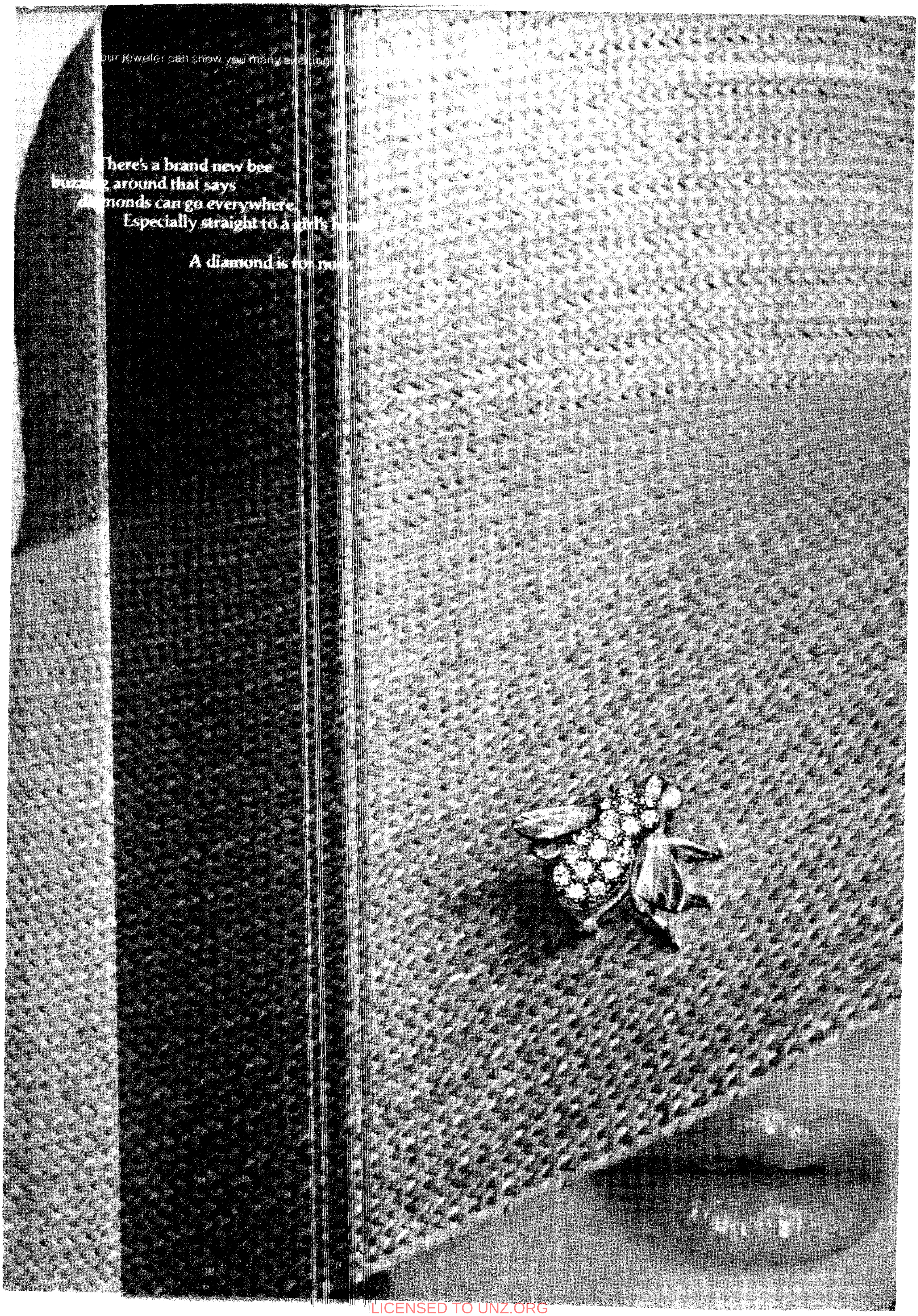
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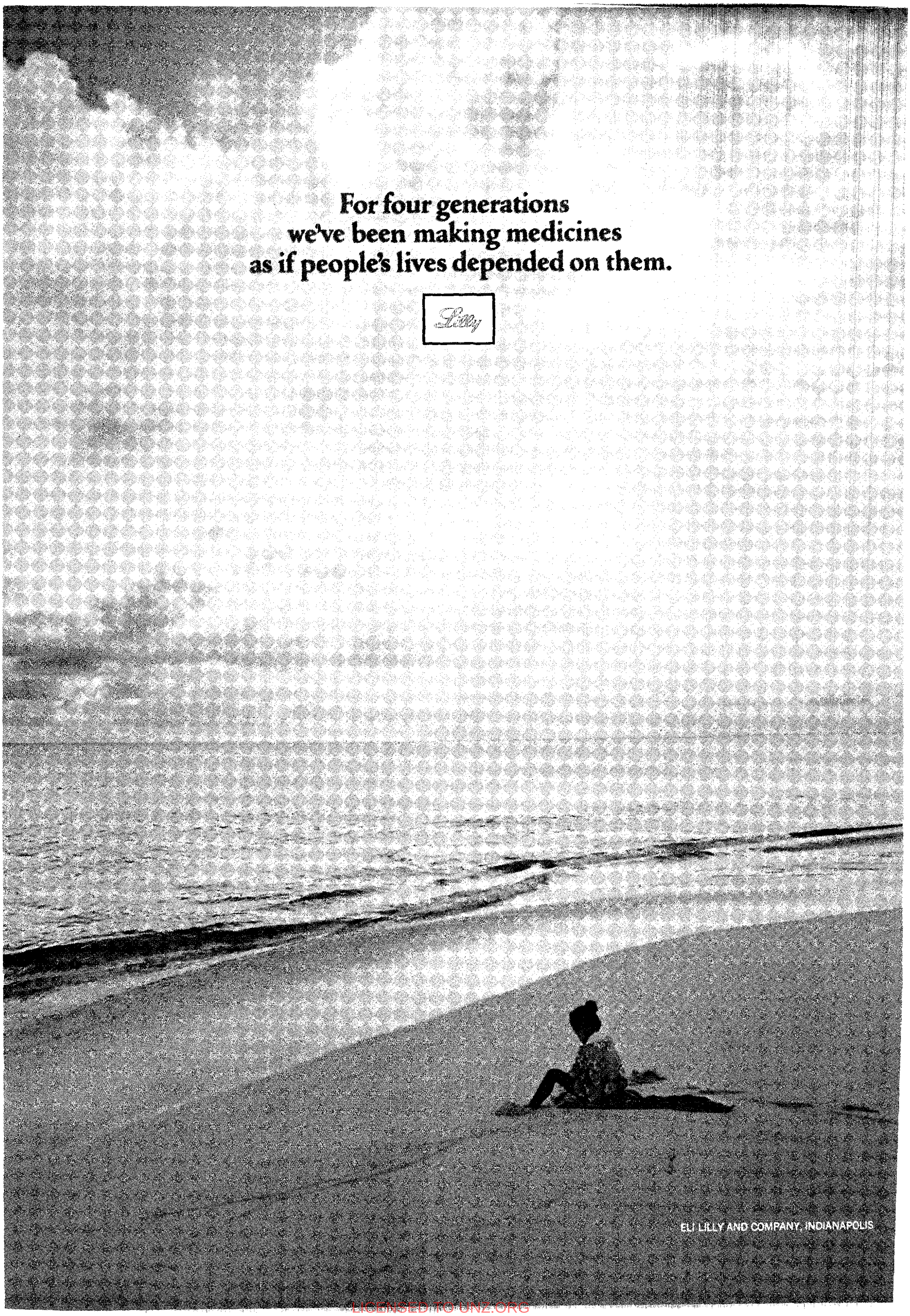
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"Divine Right's Trip" in book form is subtitled "A Folktale;" its subtitle in "The Last Whole Earth Catalog" was "Our story thus far"—more modest and more accurate. A folktale must be made by the folk, "the gathered people" mentioned in the novel's last words. But the folk are slow to speak, and in this country, even as the costumes and mores and prejudices of the once radical young gain wider acceptance each year, the folk are not yet ready to yield their voice to D. R. and his friends. Mickey Mouse and Archie Bunker are truer folk heroes, and will probably be reëlected. But Divine Right *is* bigger than life, and in giving the story thus far of a segment of his generation, in prose nicely threaded between the vernacular and the symbolic, Gurney Norman has shown a noble reach and a healthy grasp.

ALTHOUGH Barry Hannah, the author of "Geronimo Rex" (Viking), is several years younger than Mr. Norman, his novel belongs to an older tradition—the whining-adolescent novel of the fifties. The action begins in 1950, when the hero, Harry Monroe, is eight years old, and ends in the middle sixties, when he is married and a graduate student of English at the University of Arkansas. America broke in two in those years, when Johnson committed the half-million troops to Vietnam, and the new consciousness at the heart of "Divine Right's Trip" figures in "Geronimo Rex" as a bleak dawn, an irony heavily in hock to despair, an accelerating incoherence in the never very tightly woven events that make up the novel's action. These events, though they fill three hundred and thirty-seven large pages, are adequately adumbrated by the author's bio note on the jacket flap: born down South, educated here and there, "plays the trumpet," took detours into "such odd work as a research assistant in pharmacology or troubleshooter in a turkey-pressing plant," married, "presently makes his home" someplace, "where he is at work on his second novel." The major weakness of a first novel like this is its limp susceptibility to autobiographical accident; its vitality must lie not in the shaping but in the language of the telling, and here Mr. Hannah is no mean performer. His whine is full-throated:

> The old man had a Buick. He liked to wheel it up our brick drive, which was bordered by a dense cane patch. He was

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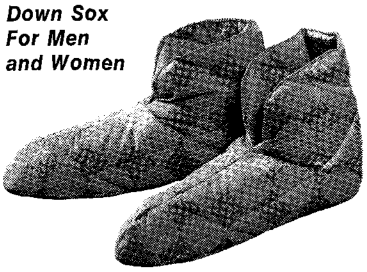

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one of these magazine handsomes who was turning gray in the hair at forty-five; the gray strands were flames from a hot and ancient mental life, or so he thought. His mental life was always the great fake of the household. He had three years at L.S.U., makes sixty thousand a year, has the name of a bayou poet—Ode Elann Monroe—and has read a book or two over above what he was assigned as a sophomore. So he's a snob, and goes about faking an abundant mental life. He always had this special kind of bewrenched and evaporated tiredness when he came home from the factory.

With the verve of the young Bellow but with little of Bellow's love, Mr. Hannah can seize a person and hurl him into print:

> Perrino, still sporting his horseshoe beard and instructing trumpets, was odd. Eastman had given him license. He came to us wailing; he had his hands over his head, and you could see written back in his eyes that he had obtained some ruinous Ph.D. from somewhere. His tie knot waggled down on his open collar, and his clothes were like bandages coming apart over a horrid wound to his chest and soul. He wore sandals over black socks, which seemed to represent the same anguish at his feet. He was slightly chubby, with bags under his eyes like rotting bananas, and behaved as if he were the last gasp of Italianism in America.

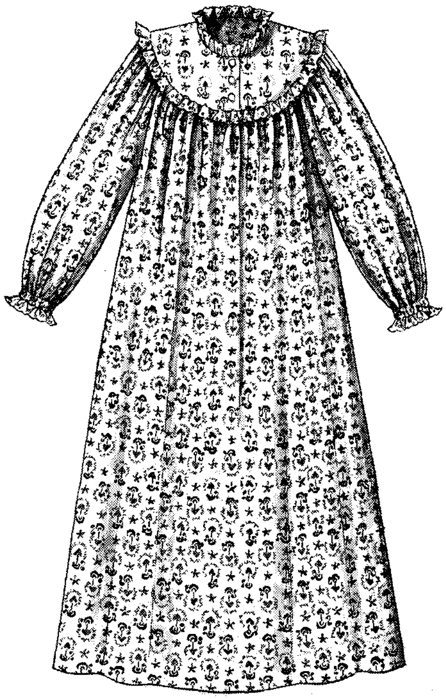
The author does not shy from pushing an image into absurdity, and pulling it out on the other side:

> [My father] engaged me in a sort of contest at milk-drinking while we waited for the answers to come out. It all ended with our drinking so much milk we were ready to puke; the old man churning himself into a dull butter of meditation about my life.

Some of the metaphors carry the shock of real poetry:

> My youth was an old sick pirate; there was a boy back there lying on the reefs, bleeding. The lad's throat had been cut. I had cut it.

All this energy of expression, however, adorns a listless and ugly tale whose dominant mood is funk. "He wondered . . . if he could get over this period, this hump, which was not a hump really but a whole range of dismal mountains of funk." Harry's father is the third-richest man in Dream of Pines, a Louisiana papermaking town with a pervasive miasma and the cultural scope of a broom closet. Off-hours from the mattress factory he owns, he doodles in his study with a fantasy of being an author; his son flavors boredom with raptures over music. The Dream of Pines Colored High School has funnelled its meagre resources into a crack marching band, "that played Sousa marches and made the sky bang together;" this flare of ex-



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cellence lights up the sodden mediocrity of all else. Dream of Pines public education is detailed with morbid zest, and the Mississippi college that enrolls Harry seems even more ill-tuned to his inner melody. Nothing links up; Harry keeps dropping things halfway through, including an inspired jazz solo and several instances of sexual intercourse. He tends to see all women as "roaches"—high-school slang for female also-rans. The males he knows are possessed of isolating visions: Harley Butte, his mulatto friend, by a passion for John Philip Sousa; Bobby Dove Fleece, his roommate, by a lavishly verbalized obsession with sex; Whitfield Peter Lepoyster, his enemy, by a paranoid racism; Dr. Lariat, his professor, by a sterile cynicism. And in his own head Harry is Geronimo, the savage Indian rebel, at war with all society.

The youth of the fifties were not, as is sometimes implied, complacent; their contempt for the institutions around them was paralyzingly thorough. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, Keith Waterhouse's Billy Liar saw right through everything, and were too savvy to believe things could ever be otherwise. The vision of becoming as gods, of a neo-primitivist life style alternative to an ironical conformism, of a hot connection between private emotion and public policy, had to wait for a wave of desperation prefigured in "Geronimo Rex" by an unconvincing turn toward violence. This caustic small-town boyhood becomes, finally, a hollow shoot-out, with real bullets and blood if not real reverberations. Granted, guns seem standard equipment down South, and craziness does sometimes out. But—as in another Louisiana novel of precocious flamboyance, Robert Stone's "A Hall of Mirrors"—the violence feels surreal, and too much the author's; the plot does not produce the violence as a tree produces fruit, but ends in it as a car ride sometimes ends in an accident. The author loses empathy with the hero. Harry's boyish infatuation with a sluttish millworker is movingly explored, but his later affair with Lepoyster's niece Catherine is nearly inexplicable, and his abrupt marriage to sixteen-year-old Prissy Lombardo totally so. The book ends on a sour note of put-down; Dr. Lariat, the professor of literature, tells Harry Monroe, the budding practitioner of it, that they're in the "wrong field." Music is the one.

Still, after "Divine Right's Trip," in which America and its general populace form a backdrop for young tourists trailing their roots in some nirvana be-

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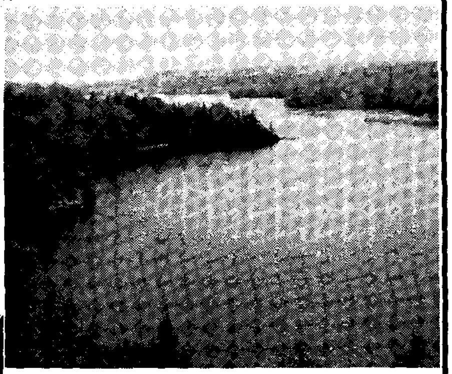

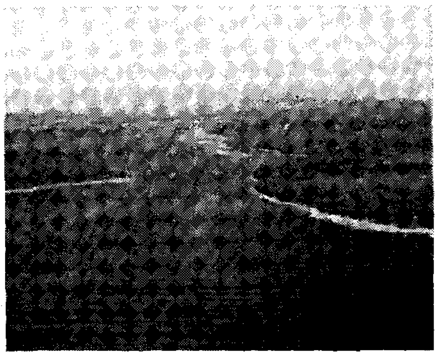

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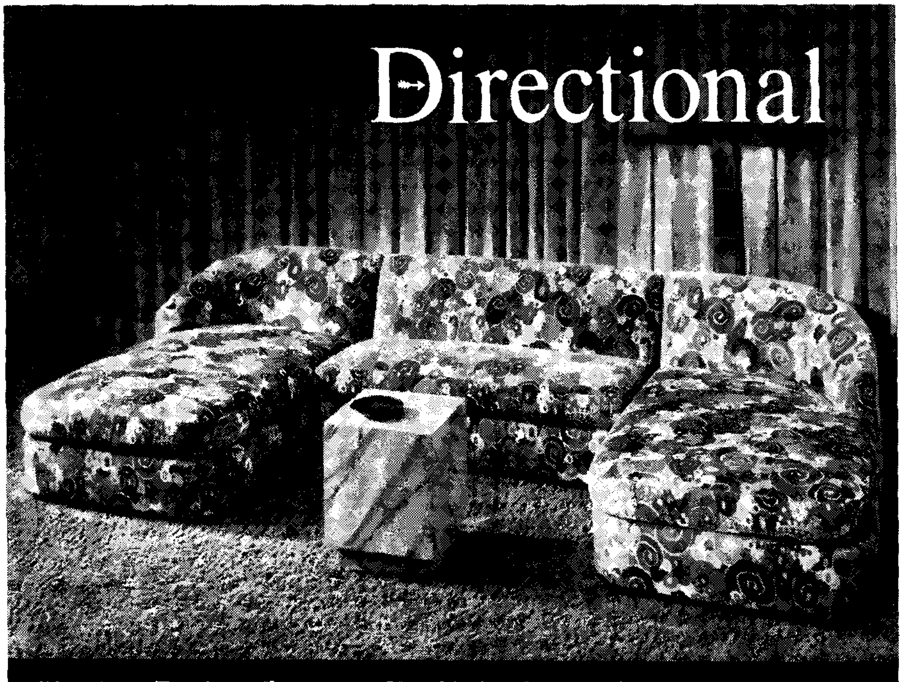

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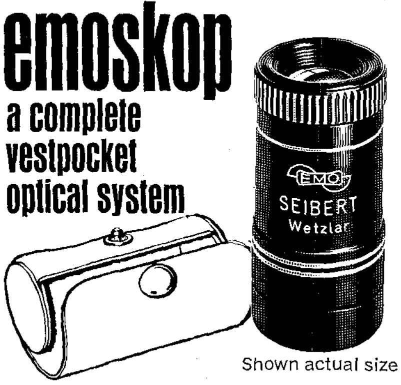

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**haverhills**

tween here and Mars, it is salutary to read a novel in which the young and the middle-aged are interlocked, albeit in gruesome struggle. To judge by "Geronimo Rex," young men like Bobby Dove Fleece still writhe and tremble under the old religious taboos; girls like Sylvia Wyche still struggle to save their hymens for their fiancés; instructors like Dr. Perrino still think they have something to teach; and all generations are mired equally in the squalid but substantial provincial ambience. Father and son, in this novel, lust after the same slut and the same gods. Mr. Hannah is nowhere better than he is in showing the complex currents of parent-child sympathy that swirl around acts of overt rebellion. Perhaps the South has a certain retarded solidarity; certainly Gurney Norman's pageant of reconciliation occurs more plausibly in Kentucky than on an Iowa corn farm or in a California orchard. Perhaps, too, the art of fiction is intrinsically mediating and anti-propagandistic; it reduces general issues to the faceted confusion of private lives, with their undoctrinaire mixing of personal quirk, conscious intention, and elementary biology. Of these two novels, Mr. Norman's is winged with surer purpose and Mr. Hannah's has the richer sense of circumstance. One rather skims, the other wallows; both give a fresh angle on the great American subject of Growing Up. And both offer the same American advice: Don't grow up until you must.

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

KING OF THE HILL, by A. E. Hotchner (Harper & Row). The author calls this a "memoir" of the Depression. It is narrated in the first person by Aaron, a runty but bright twelve-year-old who, in the year 1933, is living with his unemployed father and his downtrodden mother in a crummy St. Louis hotel. Aaron tells us about his life and adventures, comic and otherwise, in a smooth-flowing vernacular studded with topical references—Rudy Vallée, Hoovervilles, the W.P.A., Fibber McGee and Molly—and ingenuously presents to us a picture of a decent, wise, and knowing kid who (though he'd be the last to mention it) is also a little fellow of sensitivity, strength of character, and stoic courage. Unhappily, however, we cannot help noticing a faint odor of fraud about the whole thing; it is as though a

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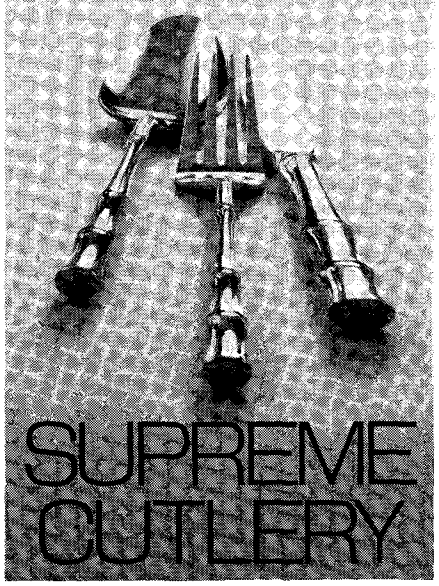

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professional writer, using as a framework the events and people of a hard-times childhood, had coolly set out to invent a central character who would combine Huck Finn, Holden Caulfield, and David Copperfield.

NOTE: Viking has published "Nobody's Business," a collection of short stories by Penelope Gilliatt. All of them originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

### GENERAL

RICHELIEU AND HIS AGE, by Carl J. Burckhardt: VOLUME I, HIS RISE TO POWER, translated from the German and abridged by Edwin and Willa Muir; VOLUME II, ASSERTION OF POWER AND COLD WAR, and VOLUME III, POWER POLITICS AND THE CARDINAL'S DEATH, translated by Bernard Hoy (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Volume I, which first appeared in English in 1940, is more narrowly biographical than the two later volumes, although it does include the historical background into which Armand du Plessis Richelieu was born (in 1585), as well as an account of his family's distressed circumstances, which forced the would-be soldier into the Church. By the opening of the second volume, Richelieu has won—though he never was sure of keeping—the confidence of Louis XIII, and has persuaded his king to place foreign policy ahead of domestic policy and to make the goal of French foreign policy the reduction of Hapsburg power, which had nearly engulfed France in the sixteenth century and still surrounded her in the seventeenth. The second and third volumes offer a grand, often horrifying conspectus of Europe in the era of the Thirty Years' War, which was most destructive in Germany but which, as Mr. Burckhardt's story shows, was fought from Turkey to Scandinavia. The age of Richelieu and the work of the Cardinal himself have been tagged with the rubric "the rise of the nation-state," but Mr. Burckhardt's far-reaching survey suggests that no one label will really do. It was an era of religious conflict, but comparatively few rulers—whether Catholic, Calvinist, or Lutheran—were single-mindedly devout: the Catholic Spaniards were willing to help French Protestants rebel against a French king. Mr. Burckhardt's glimpses of the peoples of Europe suggest that the lesser folk—when they were not racked by every vari-

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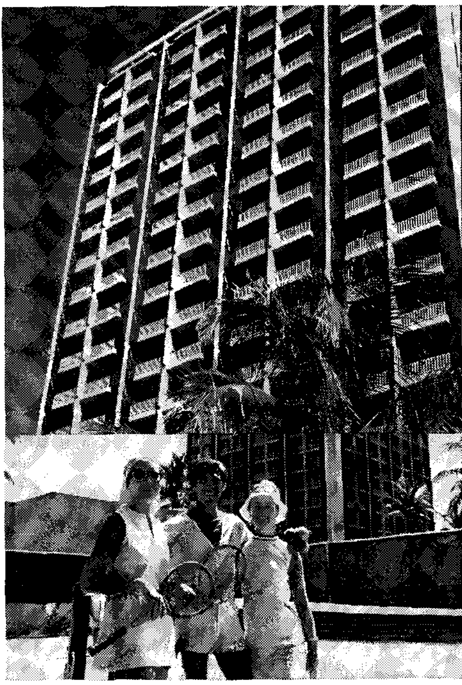

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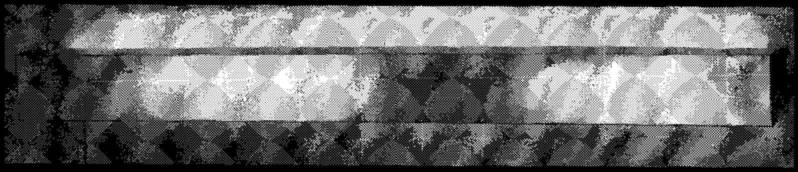

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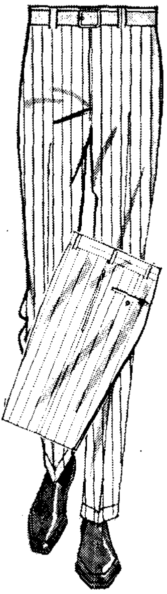

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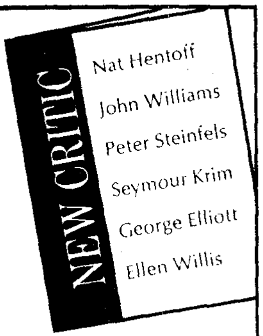

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ety of misery—also had the beginnings of national consciousness. The strongest motivation for the leading players was the enhancement of their dynasties, but politics were personal, too—the doings of men on horseback and their loyal or hired followers—and many of Burckhardt's personages are familiar as characters in romantic dramas, novels, and Verdi librettos. As for Richelieu, Mr. Burckhardt admires his intellect, his will, and his energy—which was, given his physical fragility, amazing—but he is frank about telling us that nobody liked Richelieu, and why not. A consoling effect of this exceptional history is to make the present, despite all wars and woes, appear mild, safe, and rational.

NASSER, by Anthony Nutting (Dutton). This workmanlike, readable biography pretty much puts the case for the late Egyptian strong man, who has not had an admiring press in Western Europe and the United States. Mr. Nutting shows us a dedicated patriot, a brave soldier, and an incorruptible and by no means stupid man. He also shows us a glutton for power, who could not bear to be anything less than the leader of all Arabs everywhere, though there was plenty of evidence that his own country's difficulties and development were more than enough to absorb all his attention. The author insists that the West, and Israel, always misunderstood Nasser, whose intentions, Mr. Nutting believes, were invariably pacific. (Mr. Nutting should know, since, during his service as a British diplomat, he and Nasser became friendly.) Yet he also reports Nasser's habitual use of the most flamboyantly aggressive rhetoric: Nasser spoke as if he were intending war, whatever he really meant, and unfortunately was often taken at his word.

THE DESERT WORLD, by David F. Costello (Crowell). Mr. Costello's desert is the American desert, or deserts. He writes from personal observation and long experience in the Great Basin Desert (Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah), the Painted Desert (Utah and Arizona), the Mojave Desert (Nevada and California), the Sonoran Desert (California, Arizona, Mexico), and the Chihuahuan Desert (New Mexico, Texas, Mexico), noting and comparing their characteristic plants (thousands of them), animals, birds, insects, and reptiles. He also, sad to say, tolls the knell of the desert's rapid deteriora-

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OFF THE MIDDLE WAY: REPORT FROM A SWEDISH VILLAGE, by Sture Källberg, translated from the Swedish by Angela Gibbs and with an introduction by Jan Myrdal (Pantheon). One in Pantheon's series of reports from the world's villages. The village of the title, Västerås, is a village no longer; it has become a small industrial town. That subject—urbanization and industrialization—is a theme of this sociological study. Mr. Källberg interviewed old, middle-aged, and young people to convey their sense of these changes, and deliberately excluded any well-to-do or well-educated informants, because he insists that—although the rest of the world may not believe it—the Swedish welfare state has betrayed and alienated the masses it was supposed to serve. Jan Myrdal also sounds that note, and Mr. Källberg expects some sort of rebellion on the part of the young. Yet, as far as rebelliousness goes, not one of the study's males, however rambunctious, thinks of evading military duty or questions Sweden's need for a strong army; as for security, no one in this book, however slender his resources, expresses the kind of anxiety about accident, illness, and old age that is common in the United States. There is evidently an enormous amount of governmental interference—of high-handedness, red tape, and rigidity, of orders given and decisions made—that has affected these people's lives for reasons they do not understand and that are never explained, and there seems to be (at least in these working people's experience) a style of management or of middle-class manners that seems unpleasantly authoritarian or snobbish; if Sweden is a Socialist democracy, one could not call it a social, or sociable, one. Still, on the evidence Mr. Källberg provides, Sweden looks like a partial success rather than, as he and Mr. Myrdal allege, a total failure.

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a schoolmate and intimate friend of Katherine Mansfield, believes that no biography has entirely captured the writer's personality, and has therefore put down these recollections, along with letters the two women exchanged when they were apart. Though LM still idolizes her dead friend, her portrait suggests a harum-scarum quasi-delinquent quite as much as a sensitive literary artist. Miss Mansfield was particularly exploitive in her relation with LM, although LM refused and refuses to see that and goes out of her way to rebut the accusation. Evidently, KM, as LM called her, had magnetism—she certainly magnetized LM—but it does not attract a latter-day reader. The glimpses of the literary world at home (Virginia Woolf's or the D. H. Lawrences' housekeeping) are entertaining.

MYTHOLOGIES, by Roland Barthes, selected and translated from the French by Annette Lavers (Hill & Wang). A collection of short essays on the "myths" embodied in popular culture, plus a longer essay in which M. Barthes tells what he thinks myth is. The pieces are very witty, despite the fact that the author's repeated and humorless attacks on the bourgeoisie take on the quality of a vendetta. He insists that myths are creations of the right, not of the left; as a man of the left, he is resolutely anti-myth. Perhaps he has missed the point: the left is, so to speak, stuck with a myth—the perfectibility of man—in which nobody believes. But when M. Barthes is on target—for example, demonstrating the similarities between advertising margarine and peddling obedience or social deference—he is unbeatable: funny and true.

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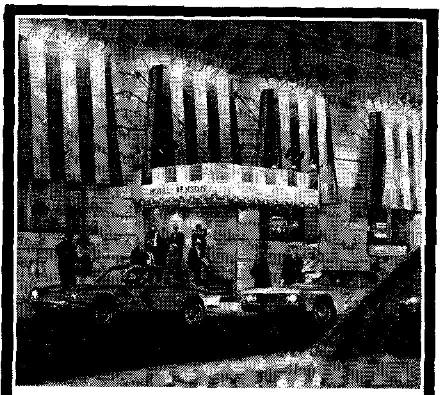

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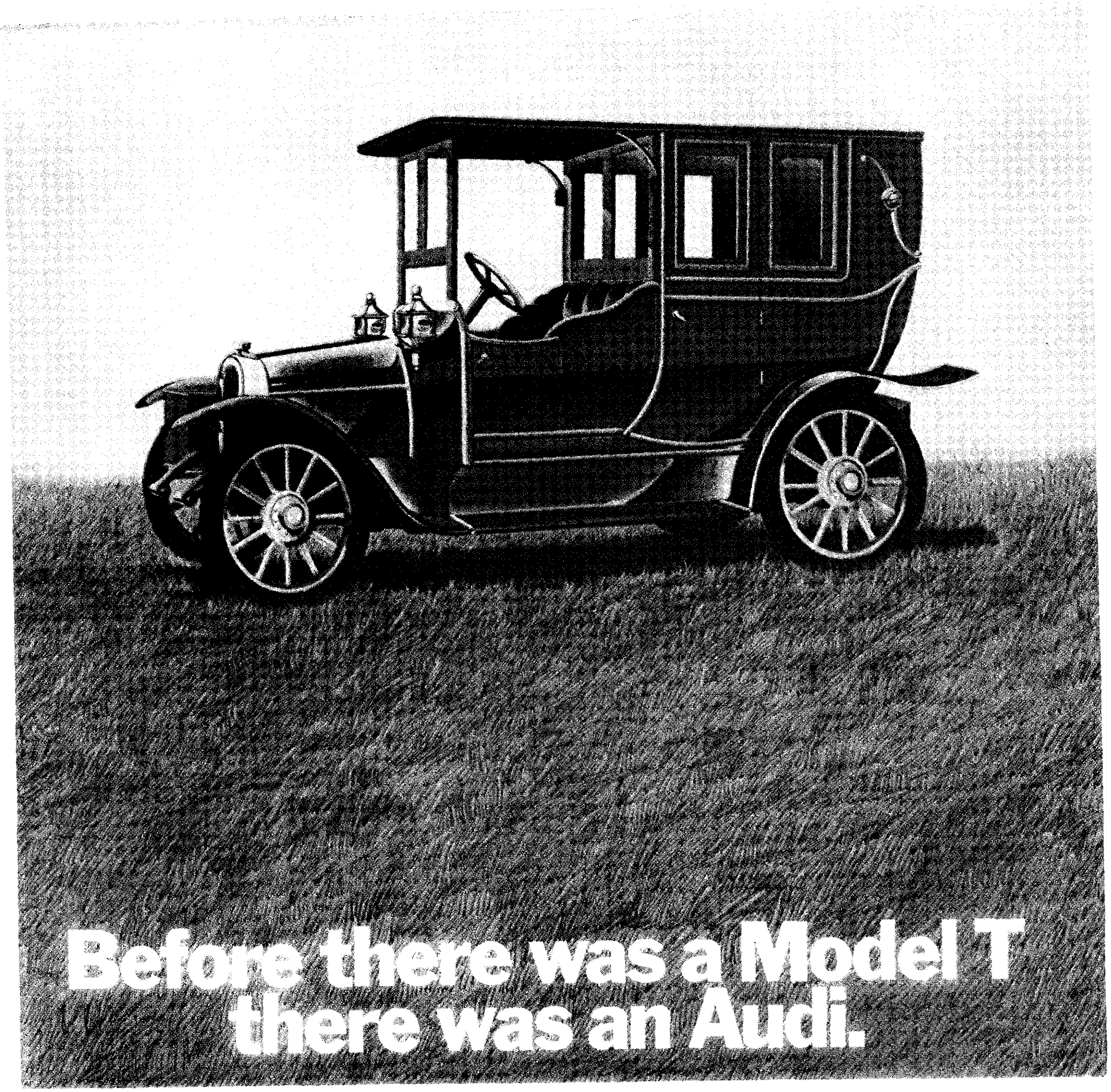

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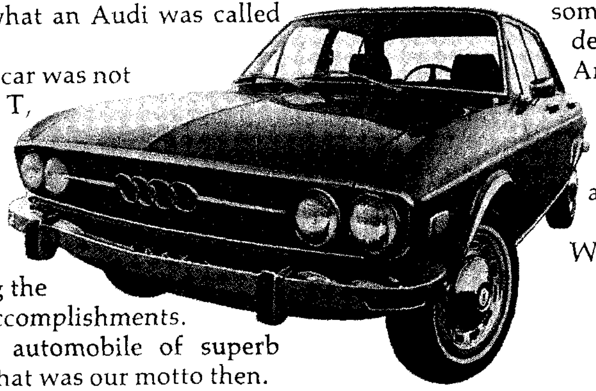

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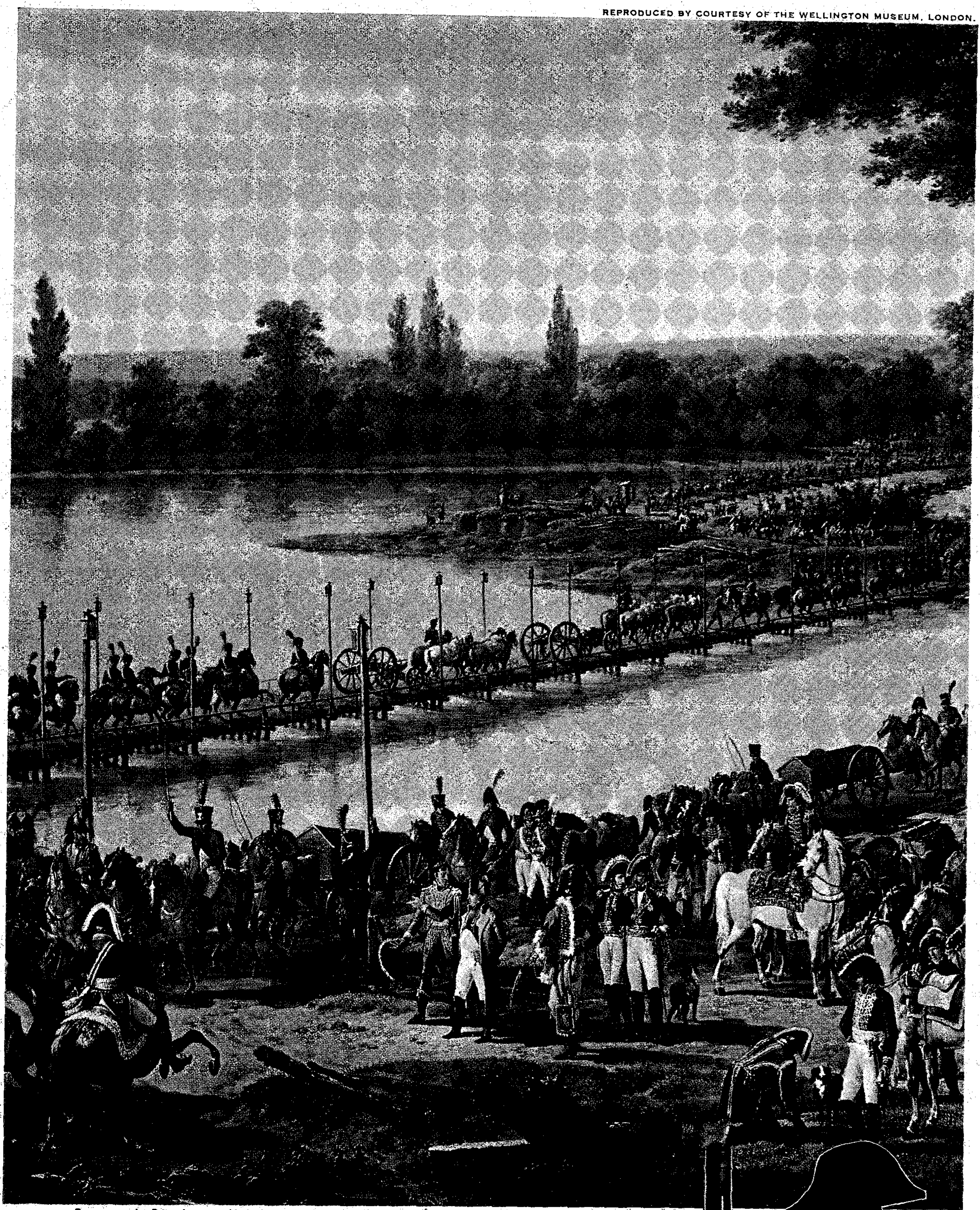

*Passage de Danube par Napoleon avant la bataille de Wagram.* Detail from the painting by Jacques-François Josef Swebach (1769-1823). On the night of July 4-5, 1809, French forces crossed the Danube to attack the Austrian army in Wagram. On July 6, 30,000 infantry crushed the fierce resistance of the Austrians, gaining Napoleon a costly victory.

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